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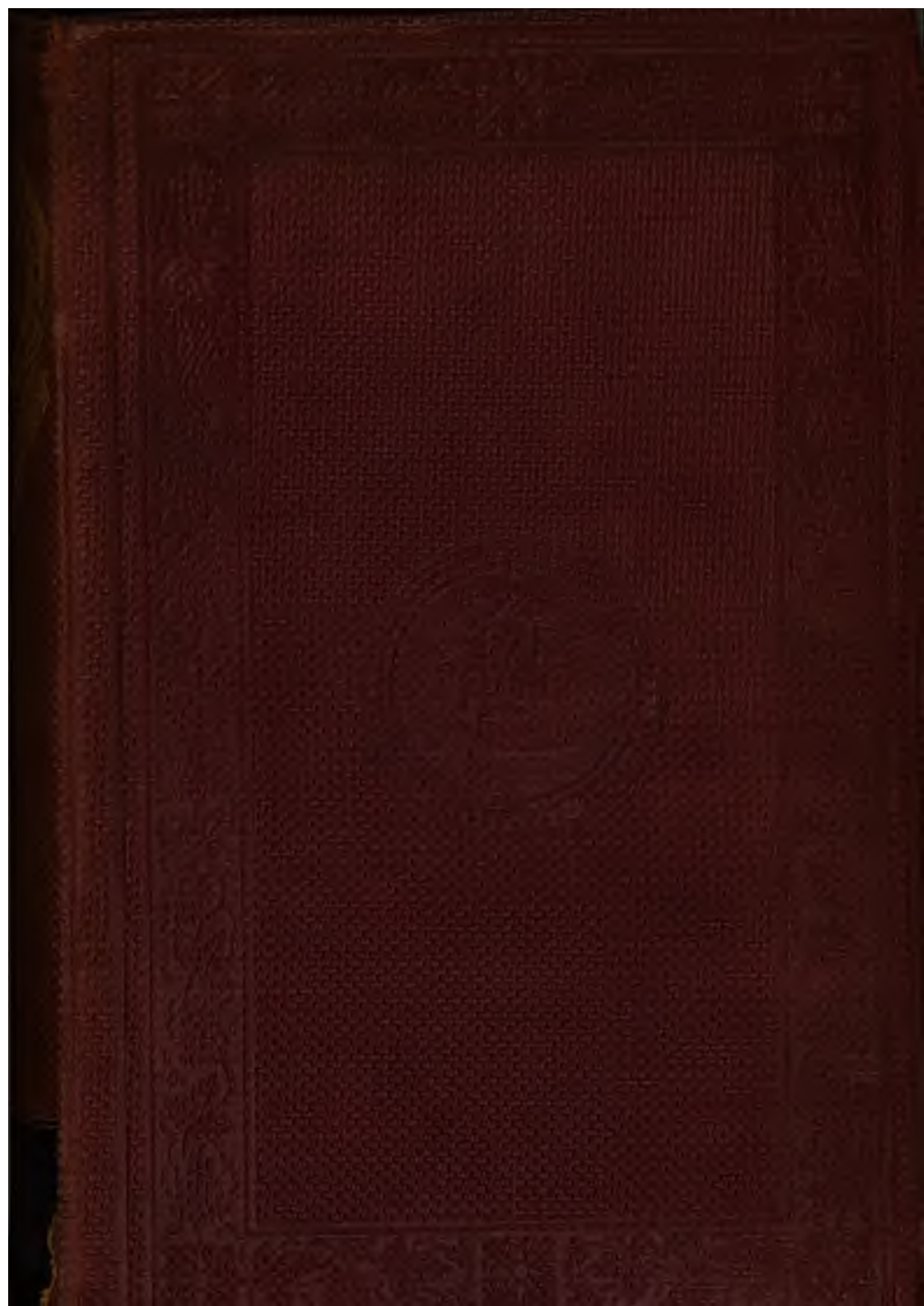
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P R E F A C E.

THE "Class-Book of English Prose" is intended as a companion volume to Scrymgeour's "Class-Book of English Poetry," and has been compiled upon similar principles.

Our prose literature, it will be seen, has been divided in the present work into four periods, for reasons which will be found explained in the Introductory Note. In accordance with this division the extracts are arranged in periods, broadly distinguished by obvious diversities of style, and not simply separated by some arbitrarily assumed chronological epoch. In the respective periods, the authors have been classed according to priority of date; in the case, however, of writers who were contemporary or nearly so, this principle has been somewhat relaxed, so as to allow of the extracts being varied in their character. It has also been the Editor's aim to give as general a representation as possible of the literature of each period: he has therefore introduced writers of all classes except those on strictly scientific subjects: divines, historians, critics, moralists, travellers, novelists, politicians, and philosophers,—writers who prepared carefully for the press, and writers whose manuscripts were not designed for the public eye. In selecting these extracts, care has been taken to choose such as may give

the reader a tolerably accurate idea of the characteristic peculiarities of each author's style.

It may seem superfluous to add, that the passages are given as they stand in the original authors, without any attempt to improve them by additions, alterations, or omissions: this forbearance, however, is far too seldom practised in school-books; and works are to be found in general circulation whose compilers have not hesitated to insert emendations of their own in the finest passages of Shakspeare. In two cases only has the Editor ventured to interfere: where quotations from Latin or Greek occurred, he has inserted the translation instead of the original; and he has carefully omitted every expression that might offend the most fastidious sense of moral propriety.

The Biographical Notices have been prepared from the best authorities, and will, it is hoped, be found generally accurate. In his critical estimates of the author's ability and the merits of his style, the Editor has chosen to rely upon his own reading and judgment, and has given his own words, rather than quotations from such writers as Hallam and Macaulay. The absence of the brilliant patchwork produced by the occasional insertion of a terse extract from Hallam, or a glittering period from Macaulay, will, it is hoped, be to some extent compensated by the greater uniformity which must prevail when all the opinions advanced are those of one individual critic. The remarks are always expressed in plain terms, avoiding, as far as possible, the conventional phraseology of literary criticism; and the Historical Sketches, though necessarily brief, will form a useful, and, it is believed, a sufficiently accurate introduction to the history of our literature. For more copious information, the student is referred to " Craik's English Literature," as much the most reliable guide which we possess on the

subject. The notes have been made as few and as brief as possible; and nothing has been explained which a pupil may be expected to discover by his own industry.

The Editor is of course in no way responsible for the opinions expressed in the various passages selected. He has indeed excluded everything that might give offence to any party; but on points on which different views are entertained, he has freely admitted every shade of opinion. This has been done not simply out of a desire to be impartial, but with the view of rendering the present work subservient to a higher use than that of a mere reading-book. For it is conceived that the careful examination of extracts which contain opinions that have been disputed, the attempt to estimate the validity of the arguments adduced in them, to detect their weakness or discover their force, will prove an admirable means of forming the judgment and cultivating the reasoning powers of the young. For a similar reason, to render the work subservient to the cultivation of taste and the practice of criticism, the extracts have been generally selected of sufficient length to furnish a specimen not only of each author's peculiar style and language, but also of his general manner of treating his subject. The pupils are thus in a position to compare the style of expression and the mode of treatment adopted by different authors at different periods; and by the aid of a judicious teacher they may thus acquire a correct taste, and habits of critical discrimination which cannot fail to prove valuable in after life. It is unnecessary to point out to the teacher the important use which may be made, especially of the earlier part of the work, in teaching etymology and tracing the gradual development of our language.

On the whole, the Editor hopes that the "Class-Book of English Prose" may tend to promote a relish for the beau-

ties of our highest literary productions ; and he is convinced that those who are best acquainted with the subject, as they are best qualified to appreciate the difficulties which attend the compilation of such a work as the present, will be most likely to look with indulgence upon its deficiencies.

ABERDEEN, *September 29, 1859.*

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EDINBURGH, *October 1, 1859.*

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE	Page 1
-------------------------------	--------

PERIOD I.—This period extends from the time of Chaucer to that of Shakspeare, or from the reign of Richard II. to near the close of that of Elizabeth. It is characterised by a general rudeness and want of polish, both in the language and the thought; redeemed, however, by many good features, which gave promise of the future excellence of our literature.

HISTORICAL SKETCH	8
-----------------------------	---

	PAGE
Geoffrey Chaucer,	
born 1328, died 1400	12
On the Choice of Friends	13
Sir John Maundeville,	
born 1322, died 1382?	15
The Dead Sea	16
Of the Country where Pepper Grows, and the Well of Youth	17
Of the Great Chan of Cathay	18
Sir Thomas More,	
born 1480, beheaded 1535	20
Description of Utopia	21
Occupations of the Utopians	23
General View of the Happiness of the Utopians	25
Wynkyn de Worde.	
Author unknown: the printer Wynkyn de Worde flourished in the beginning of the six- teenth century	27
The Profits of Tribulation	27
Bishop Latimer,	
born probably 1480, martyred 1555	28
Against Bribery and Corruption in Judges	29
Against Covetousness	30
The Devil a Diligent Preacher	31

	PAGE
Roger Ascham,	
born 1515, died 1568	32
Occupations should be suited to Men's Faculties	33
Anecdote of Lady Jane Grey	34
John Knox,	
born 1505, died 1572	35
The Downcasting of the Friars in Perth	36
Dispute between Knox and Lething- ton	38
John Fox,	
born 1517, died 1587	41
Life and Story of Bishop Ridley	41
Martyrdom of Bishop Ridley	43
Bishop Jewel,	
born 1522, died 1571	46
Claim to Antiquity made by the Ro- man Catholics	47
Raphael Holinshed and William Harrison.	
Holinshed died 1582	48
Of the Apparel and Attire of the English	49
Of the General Constitution of the Bodies of the Britons	51
Story of Canute and his Courtiers	52

	PAGE		PAGE
Robert Greene,		Robert Southwell,	
born 1560, died 1592 . . .	53	born 1560, executed 1595 . . .	56
Fortitude in Adversity . . .	54	Submission to Death . . .	55
PERIOD II.—This period extends from the time of Shakspeare to that of Pope, or from the end of the reign of Elizabeth to the accession of Anne. The literature of this period is distinguished by its earnestness, grandeur of thought, and dignity of language; it embraces most of the greatest names in our literary annals.			
HISTORICAL SKETCH			57
Richard Hooker,		Occasional Meditations . . .	104
born probably in 1553, died 1600 . . .	68	Shimei's Cursing . . .	106
An Exhortation to Candour and Moderation . . .	68	John Milton,	
Introduction to Ecclesiastical Polity; Nature of Law . . .	70	born 1608, died 1674 . . .	107
Superstition and its Two Causes . . .	73	From the Areopagitica—	
Defence of the English Service against the Puritans . . .	74	Value of a Book . . .	108
The Psalms and Church Music . . .	75	Difficulty of Enforcing a Licensing System . . .	109
Lord Bacon,		Evil Effects of Licensing in Suppressing Inquiry . . .	110
born 1561, died 1626 . . .	76	Opinion of Milton in his Later Years of the Civil War . . .	112
Of Boldness . . .	77	Milton's Personal Appearance . . .	114
Of Delays . . .	78	Thomas Hobbes,	
Of Studies . . .	79	born 1588, died 1679 . . .	115
Interpretation of the Fable of Pan . . .	80	Necessity of Precision in Using Language . . .	116
From the Advancement of Learning—		Natural State of Man one of War . . .	117
Of Unprofitable Subtlety . . .	83	Natural Laws—Nature of a Commonwealth . . .	119
Deference to Great Names . . .	84	Comparison of the Papacy with the Kingdom of Fairies . . .	120
Antiquity . . .	84	Jeremy Taylor,	
Mistakes as to the True End of Learning . . .	84	born 1613, died 1667 . . .	131
Dignity of Learning . . .	85	Considerations of the Vanity and Shortness of Man's Life . . .	132
Sir Walter Raleigh,		Of Contentedness in Poverty . . .	133
born 1552, beheaded 1618 . . .	85	Prayer hindered by Anger . . .	135
That Man is a Little World . . .	86	Prayer never out of Season . . .	136
Of the Pleasantest Habitations under the Equinoctial . . .	88	Marriage . . .	137
Of the Indian Fig-tree . . .	89	Folly of Sin . . .	138
The Transitory Nature of Human Happiness . . .	90	A Good Man the only True Friend . . .	139
William Chillingworth,		Thomas Fuller,	
born 1602, died 1644 . . .	91	born 1608, died 1661 . . .	131
That it is Easier to Understand Scripture than the Councils of the Church . . .	91	The Good Yeoman . . .	131
Against Intolerance . . .	94	The Faithful Minister . . .	132
The Religion of Protestants . . .	94	Of Books . . .	134
Sir William Drummond,		Life of Gustavus Adolphus . . .	135
born 1585, died 1649 . . .	95	Martyrdom of Ridley . . .	137
Death . . .	96	Abraham Cowley,	
Bishop Hall,		born 1618, died 1667 . . .	137
born 1574, died 1656 . . .	98	Cromwell's Government . . .	138
The Male-Content . . .	99	Essay on Solitude . . .	141
The Slothful . . .	100	Sir Thomas Browne,	
How to Spend our Days . . .	103	born 1605, died 1682 . . .	144

	PAGE		PAGE
From the Religio Medici . . .	145	The Appearance of the Dutch Fleet in the Thames . . .	182
Wonders of Nature . . .	146	Richard Baxter,	
Books . . .	147	born 1615, died 1691 . . .	183
Man's Body . . .	148	Vanity of Knowledge . . .	184
Of the End of the World . . .	148	Baxter's Opinion of the Covenant	186
From the Hydriotaphia . . .	149	The Joy of the Saints' Rest . . .	188
Lord Clarendon,		Archbishop Tillotson,	
born 1608, died 1674 . . .	152	born 1630, died 1694 . . .	189
Character of Hampden . . .	153	Imprudence of Athelism . . .	190
Battle of Dunbar . . .	154	On being Diligent in our Calling	191
Adventures of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester . . .	156	On Truth and Integrity . . .	193
John Bunyan,		John Locke,	
born 1628, died 1688 . . .	158	born 1632, died 1704 . . .	194
Christian at the Cross . . .	159	Of the Origin of our Ideas . . .	195
Christian climbs the hill Difficulty	160	Toleration . . .	196
Owen Feltham,		Duty of the Magistrate in reference to Toleration . . .	198
date of birth and death unknown	162	John Evelyn,	
Of Truth and Bitterness in Jest . . .	162	born 1620, died 1706 . . .	199
Of Reconciling Enemies . . .	163	Character of Charles II. . .	200
Of Law . . .	164	Trial of Lord Stafford . . .	201
Mrs Hutchinson,		Sir William Temple,	
born 1620 . . .	165	born 1628, died 1699 . . .	203
Character of Charles I. . .	166	Character of the English . . .	204
Origin of the name Roundhead . . .	166	Praises of Poetry and Music . . .	205
Hutchinson's Interview with Crom- well . . .	167	Comparison of Ancient and Modern Learning . . .	206
Character of Cromwell's Govern- ment . . .	168	Bishop Burnet,	
Isaak Walton,		born 1643, died 1715 . . .	209
born 1633, died 1688 . . .	169	The Massacre of Glencoe . . .	210
On Thankfulness . . .	170	On the proper Conduct of Princes	212
Praise of Song Birds, . . .	173	Character of William of Orange . . .	213
Isaac Barrow,		John Dryden,	
born 1630, died 1677 . . .	174	born 1631, died 1700 . . .	215
Benefits of Wisdom . . .	174	Comparison of Virgil and Homer	216
Government of the Tongue . . .	176	Chaucer . . .	217
Charity . . .	177	Shakspeare and Ben Jonson . . .	219
Samuel Pepys,		Robert South,	
born 1632, died 1703 . . .	179	born 1633, died 1714 . . .	220
Description of the Fire in London	179	Power of Names . . .	221
		Man before the Fall . . .	223

PERIOD III.—This period extends from the time of Pope to that of Cowper, or from the accession of Anne to the breaking out of the French Revolution. The writers of this period, while inferior in dignity and earnestness to their predecessors, were more attentive to regularity in composition, correctness in language, and vivacity in style. To this period belong our greatest historians.

HISTORICAL SKETCH		225
	PAGE	PAGE
Joseph Addison,		
born 1672, died 1719 . . .	240	
Sir Roger de Coverley at the Assizes . . .	240	
The Works of Creation . . .	243	
The Mountain of Miseries . . .	244	
The Political Upholsterer . . .	246	
Sir Richard Steele,		
born 1675, died 1729 . . .	249	
On Tedious Story-tellers . . .	249	
The Story of Inkle and Yarico . . .	251	
Flattering Companions . . .	253	
Lord Shaftesbury,		
born 1671, died 1713 . . .	254	
The Delty unfolded in His Works . . .	255	
Jonathan Swift,		
born 1687, died 1745 . . .	258	
Divisions at the Court of Lilliput . . .	259	
The Academy of Sciences at Lagado . . .	260	
The Spider and the Bee . . .	263	
Daniel Defoe,		
born 1683, died 1731 . . .	266	
Incident during the Plague in London . . .	267	
Robinson Crusoe's Difficulties with his Harvest . . .	269	
Alexander Pope,		
born 1688, died 1744 . . .	271	
Education of Martinus Scriblerus . . .	272	
On Cruelty to Animals . . .	274	
Description of an Old Country-house . . .	276	
Lord Bolingbroke,		
born 1678, died 1751 . . .	279	
The Study of Natural Philosophy . . .	279	
Disregard of Truth in Controversy . . .	280	
The Patriot King . . .	281	
Bishop Berkeley,		
born 1684, died 1753 . . .	283	
Superior Morality of Christian Countries . . .	284	
Reflections on the General Corruption of Morals in Britain . . .	286	
Bishop Butler,		
born 1692, died 1752 . . .	286	
Of the Government of God by Rewards and Punishments . . .	287	
Of Bridling the Tongue . . .	290	
Henry Fielding,		
born 1707, died 1754 . . .	292	
The Disasters which befell Jones on his Departure for Coventry . . .	293	
Adventure of Jones with a Highwayman . . .	295	
Laurence Sterne,		
born 1713, died 1768 . . .	297	
Uncle Toby and his Miniature Sieges . . .	297	
The Dead Ass . . .	299	
The Supper at the French Cottage . . .	301	
The Monk . . .	302	
Tobias Smollett,		
born 1721, died 1771 . . .	304	
Roderick Random's Progress at School . . .	305	
Roderick's Adventure with a Sharper in London . . .	306	
Oliver Goldsmith,		
born 1728, died 1774 . . .	308	
Vanity of Popular Fame . . .	309	
On the Increased Love of Life with Age . . .	311	
Moses at the Fair . . .	313	
David Hume,		
born 1711, died 1776 . . .	315	
Execution of Mary Queen of Scots . . .	316	
Manners during the Reign of James I. . .	318	
Character of Queen Elizabeth . . .	320	
Refinement Favourable to Happiness and Virtue . . .	322	
Dr Johnson,		
born 1709, died 1784 . . .	324	
General Prevalence of Discontent . . .	325	
A Disquisition upon Greatness . . .	327	
Religious Use of Retirement . . .	328	
The Reverence paid to Ancient Writers . . .	330	
Comparison of Dryden and Pope . . .	332	
The Inequality of Mankind . . .	334	
Dr Robertson,		
born 1721, died 1793 . . .	335	
Voyage of Columbus to America . . .	336	
Character of Regent Moray . . .	341	
Edward Gibbon,		
born 1737, died 1794 . . .	342	

CONTENTS.

xi

	PAGE		PAGE
Death of Mahomet	343	Advantages of the Division of Labour	367
The Crusaders	345	Hugh Blair,	
Discovery of the Holy Lance at Antioch	346	born 1718, died 1800	369
General Condition of the Roman Empire in the Age of the Antonines	348	Rise and Progress of Language	369
Horace Walpole,		Gentleness	372
born 1718, died 1797	352	Dr Adam Ferguson,	
Execution of Lords Balmerino and Kilmarnock	352	born 1724, died 1816	374
The Earthquake in London in 1750	354	Of the Influences of Climate and Situation on Society	374
Edmund Burke,		Comparison of the Greeks and Romans with Modern nations	377
born 1730, died 1797	356	Henry Mackenzie,	
English Reverence for Antiquity	356	born 1745, died 1831	378
Character of Rousseau	358	The Story of La Roche	379
Impeachment of Warren Hastings	359	Dr George Campbell,	
On Conciliation with the American Colonies	360	born 1719, died 1796	385
Adam Smith,		Necessity of Appealing to the Passions in order to effect Persuasion	386
born 1723, died 1790	362	Affected Methods of Spelling	388
Extent of Sympathy	362	James Beattie,	
That we have a Stronger Propensity to Sympathise with Joy than Sorrow	364	born 1735, died 1799	390
Inequalities in Wages	365	The Love of Nature	390

PERIOD IV.—This period extends from the time of Cowper or the French Revolution to the present day. The beginning of it was characterized by intense mental activity, and by the abundance and excellence of its poetical literature.

HISTORICAL SKETCH 393

Archdeacon Paley,		Robert Hall,	
born 1742, died 1805	412	born 1764, died 1831	431
Evidence in Favour of Christianity from the Manner of our Saviour's Teaching	412	On Infidelity	432
Adaptation of the Covering of Birds to their Condition	415	The War with Napoleon	433
Charles James Fox,		Meeting of the Pious in Heaven	435
born 1748, died 1806	418	Sir Walter Scott,	
Battle of Sedgemoor and Capture of Monmouth	418	born 1771, died 1832	436
Dugald Stuart,		Sherwood Forest in the Time of Richard I.	437
born 1753, died 1828	421	The Fisherman's Funeral	439
State of the Mind during Sleep	421	Raleigh's First Interview with Queen Elizabeth	441
The Varieties of Memory in Different Individuals	424	Sir James Mackintosh,	
William Haslitt,		born 1765, died 1832	444
born 1778, died 1830	426	Right of Resistance to Government	445
The Past and the Future	426	Samuel Taylor Coleridge,	
Indian Jugglers	427	born 1772, died 1834	447
Character of Falstaff	429	Influence of Patriotism on National Progress	448
		The Lord helpeth Man and Beast	450
		Advantage of Method	451

	PAGE		PAGE
Charles Lamb,		Invention of Paper	495
born 1775, died 1836 . . .	452	Parallel between Cromwell and Na-	
The Poor Relation . . .	453	poleon . . .	496
Thoughts on Books . . .	456		
John Foster,		Thomas Carlyle,	
born 1770, died 1843 . . .	457	born 1795 . . .	497
The Cause of Religion Injured by the		Visit to a Model Prison . . .	498
General Inferiority of Evangelical		Richard Arkwright . . .	501
Writers . . .	458	Labour . . .	501
Comparison of Countries in Ancient		Liberty . . .	503
and Modern Times . . .	460		
Robert Southey,		Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton,	
born 1774, died 1843 . . .	462	born 1805 . . .	503
Final Departure of Nelson from Eng-		Uncle Jack . . .	504
land: his Death . . .	462	Vance and Lionel at the Country	
		Fair . . .	506
Dr Chalmers,		Hampton Court Palace . . .	507
born 1780, died 1847 . . .	466		
The Transitory Nature of Visible		Lord Macaulay,	
Things . . .	467	born 1800 . . .	508
On Spiritual Blindness . . .	469	Bath and London in 1685 . . .	509
Cruelty to Animals . . .	471	Character of William Prince of	
		Orange . . .	511
Lord Jeffrey,		The Committal of the Seven Bishops	
born 1773, died 1850 . . .	472	to the Tower . . .	513
Mortality of the Immortals . . .	473	Distress and Relief of Londonderry	
Rise and Decline of the Style of Queen		Dr Johnson . . .	518
Anne's Reign . . .	475		
Sydney Smith,		Archbishop Whately,	
born 1768, died 1845 . . .	477	born 1787 . . .	522
Advantages of Studying Latin and		On Wages . . .	522
Greek . . .	478	On Good Reading . . .	525
Recommendation of Brevity to Au-			
thors . . .	479	Charles Dickens,	
Extracts from the Letters of Peter		born 1812 . . .	527
Plymley . . .	480	Burial of a Pauper . . .	528
		Death of Paul Dombey . . .	529
Professor Wilson,		Character and Appearance of Mr	
born 1785, died 1854 . . .	482	Pecksniff . . .	532
A Scottish Cottage . . .	482	Mrs Gamp's Apartment . . .	534
The Snow-storm . . .	484		
Critical Extracts — Wordsworth;		James A. Froude	
Homer . . .	486	Character of Henry VIII . . .	535
		Character of Anne Boleyn . . .	538
Hugh Miller,		Execution of Sir Thomas More . . .	540
born 1805, died 1857 . . .	488		
Improbability of any great Advance		Dr Guthrie,	
in the Present State of Things . . .	488	born 1800 . . .	542
Traces of the Ocean . . .	490	Gradual Degradation of Towns . . .	542
		Juvenile Ignorance and Misery . . .	544
Henry Hallam,			
born 1778, died 1859 . . .	491	Austin Layard,	
General View of the Advantages and		born 1817 . . .	545
Evils of the Feudal System . . .	492	Discovery of the Great Lions at Nim-	
Houses and Furniture of the Nobles		roud . . .	546
in the Middle Ages . . .	493	Lowering and Removing of the Great	
		Bull . . .	548
		John Ruskin . . .	550
		The Clouds . . .	550

HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

THE literature of our country may be conveniently considered as divided into four periods : the *first* extending from Chaucer to Shakspeare ; the *second* from Shakspeare to Pope ; the *third* from Pope to Cowper ; and the *fourth* from Cowper to the present day. These periods do not exactly coincide with any remarkable chronological eras ; nor does the division proceed upon any peculiarities in the structure and composition of the language employed by the writers comprehended in the various classes. The classification here adopted is founded on certain well-defined differences in cast of thought and mode of expression, so prominently marked that one who is but slightly acquainted with our national literature can readily discern them. Speaking generally, it may be said that the *first* period commences with the reign of Richard II., and comes down to near the close of Elizabeth's reign ; the *second* extends thence to the accession of Anne ; the *third* embraces the time between Anne's accession and the French Revolution ; and the *fourth* extends from that event to the present time. The *first* period may be briefly characterized as one of rudeness, both in thought and expression, though by no means destitute of redeeming qualities ; the *second* as one distinguished by grandeur of thought, not always, however, equally sustained, and dignity of expression, not, however, exempt from occasional rudeness ; the *third* by grace and vivacity of thought without much depth, neatness and simplicity of ex-

pression without much dignity ; and the *fourth* by a combination, with many peculiarities of its own, of the excellences of the two preceding periods. In the *first* age we see the early untutored efforts of the national mind beginning to rouse itself from the torpor of ages ; in the *second*, the influence of the revival of learning, and of the study of the great classical remains of antiquity, may be clearly traced ; in the *third*, the polish and grace, neatness and liveliness of the French writers, were regarded as the models of imitation ; while the *fourth*, influenced partly by a love for the speculations of Germany, but still more by a re-awakened enthusiasm for our own older authors, exhibits the deep-searching and dignified thought of an early period, arrayed in the chaste and graceful ease of a modern style. While these leading features will be found in general characteristic of the authors in each period, it is not of course meant to be asserted that they are equally conspicuous in all. Individual writers will be found in every period adopting a style at variance with that prevalent at the time ; but this only corroborates the truth of the general remark, as their peculiarity serves to make more palpable the general similarity of the style from which they choose to depart.

PERIOD FIRST

FROM THE TIME OF CHAUCER TO THE END OF ELIZABETH'S REIGN.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

1. To the ordinary reader English literature begins with Chaucer. Even if we admit that the writings of those who preceded him are entitled to the honourable appellation of *literature*, yet without some knowledge of Anglo-Saxon they are almost totally unintelligible. A word here and there may indeed be recognised, but the general scope and purpose of the author remain unknown. Without, therefore, entirely omitting all notice of the predecessors of Chaucer, a very brief reference to them will suffice.

During the existence of the Saxon rule, four languages were in common use in the island: the Saxon, which was spoken in England and the Lowlands of Scotland; the Gaelic, in the Highlands of Scotland; the Welsh, a kindred dialect, in Wales; and the Latin, which was everywhere the vehicle of communication among the clergy. As the clergy in those days had a monopoly of learning, they were naturally our oldest authors, and our earliest literature is thus written in the Latin language. Of our old ecclesiastical authors the most famous is the venerable Bede, a monk of Jarrow, on the Tyne (born 673, died 735), whose "Ecclesiastical History of England" is of considerable historical value. During the terrors occasioned by the Danish invasions, learning almost entirely disappeared, so that Alfred is said to have been unable to find a clergyman in England able to give him instruction in Latin. Under that illustrious and patriotic prince, learning was encouraged and liberally rewarded. With a zeal for the spread of education far in advance of his own age, he has recorded his anxious desire, "that all the free-born youth of his people might persevere in learning till they could perfectly read the English Scriptures." That good example might not be wanting, he himself translated into Saxon, for the edification of his subjects, various works, the chief being "Bede's History" and the "History of Orosius," along with some religious treatises by St Augustine and Pope Gregory the Great. By the Bishops whom he employed and rewarded for their learning, several parts of Scripture were translated into Anglo-Saxon, and the people were encouraged to study them. The only other prose writings in Anglo-Saxon were the monkish chronicles. These were brief registers of current events composed usually in some monastery; and are interesting to the antiquary,

as well as valuable to the historian. In poetry the most remarkable of the Anglo-Saxon writings is the "Vision of Cædmon" (about 680), who belonged to the Monastery of Whitby, and who, in a poem of about six thousand lines, gives a poetical summary of Scripture history from the fall of the rebel angels to the day of judgment. His poem is said to possess a sort of distant resemblance to "Paradise Lost."

2. As compared with modern English, Anglo-Saxon differs chiefly in being an inflected language, that is, in being able, by some change in the termination, to express a modification in the meaning, which in English would require the use of prepositions or other auxiliary words. The nouns in Anglo-Saxon had many more *cases* than in English; some of the pronouns had even more *numbers*; the adjectives were fully declined, as in Latin or German; and the verb, besides having a much greater variety of terminations, could express the peculiar force of the potential mood without any assistance from auxiliaries. Thus it happens that though most of the words used in Anglo-Saxon exist in some shape in modern English, yet an extract from an Anglo-Saxon writer is, to a mere English scholar, not much more intelligible than would be one from a German author. This will be seen by the following passage from Alfred's translation of "Orosius," every word of which is still in use, and which is perhaps the very simplest that could be found in Anglo-Saxon:—

"The hwæl bith micle læssa thonne othre hwælas, ne bith he lengra thonne sivan elna lang, ac on his agnum lande is se betsta hwæl huntath: tha beoþ eahta and feowertiges elna lange, and tha mæstan fiftiges elna lange, thara he sæde thaet he sixa sum ofsolege sixtig on twam dagum."

"This whale is much less than other whales, it is not (literally, not is he) longer than seven ells long, but in his (the narrator's) own land is the best whale-hunting; there are they eight and forty ells long, and the most fifty ells long, of these he said, that he with five others (literally, of six one) slew sixty in two days."

3. At the Conquest a new language, the Norman-French, was introduced. Its use was, however, confined to the higher classes, the others continuing to employ the Saxon. Efforts were made by the early Norman Kings to abolish the Saxon language, but these were unsuccessful, and the two languages existed together for some time. By degrees, however, they began to combine, each borrowing from the other, and both losing many of their peculiarities. The language formed by this combination is called *Old English*, and is the basis of the language at present in use. The transition from the Anglo-Saxon to a language recognisable as English by ordinary readers was slow and gradual, and has been by some critics divided into two periods. (1.) The *first* of these extends from the Conquest to A.D. 1230, and is called *Semi-Saxon*. This period is distinguished partly by the use of Norman words, usually of Latin origin, but chiefly by the tendency to employ less frequently the inflections which formed so marked a feature in the Saxon tongue. During this period many works were produced, the most noted being the "Saxon Chronicle," written probably in the reign of Henry I.; and a poem called the "Brut," by Layamon, a monk, which derives its name from its recording the history of England from the time of Brutus, an imaginary

Trojan hero, to whom the foundation of the British monarchy is ascribed, down to the end of the seventh century. (2.) The *second* period, or *Old English*, prevailed from A.D. 1230 to the beginning of the sixteenth century, and has been subdivided into *early* and *middle* English, the year A.D. 1330 being chosen as the separating point between the two. In the early English we can trace the continued approximation to our modern speech; most of the old terminations are dropped, and among other features, not the least noteworthy, is the use of the modern termination of the plural in "s." The language at this date begins to be intelligible to the ordinary reader, and the old plays known as the Chester, Towneley, and Coventry mysteries, which belong to this period, are well worthy of a perusal.

4. *Middle English* is the name given to that form of the language used by Chaucer and his contemporaries.

Geoffrey Chaucer is supposed to have been born about the year 1328; he is believed to have been a native of London, and having found a patron in John of Gaunt, obtained some lucrative and honourable employment in the public service. He served in the French wars, and in his official capacity travelled in France and Italy. He thus enjoyed the opportunity of personally observing nature and man in various climes and circumstances, on a more extensive scale than usually falls to the lot of poets; and as his powers of observation were fortunately equal to his advantages, his works are distinguished by accuracy in the delineation of manners, and truth in the description of nature. His chief work, the "*Canterbury Tales*," consists of a series of stories supposed to be told by a company of pilgrims, to relieve the tedium of their journey to the shrine of St Thomas at Canterbury. With two exceptions, the tales are in verse, and though only one-half of the work was finished, what we have is usually found quite sufficient for the reader's patience. Notwithstanding their prolixity, "*The Canterbury Tales*" are justly reckoned one of the greatest productions in our literature. Of Chaucer's minor works, his "*House of Fame*" is the best known, chiefly through Pope's version of it—"The Temple of Fame." Chaucer died A.D. 1400. In or near A.D. 1362 was written a singular poem called the "*Vision of Piers Plowman*." It was the production of a monk, Robert Langland, and is an allegorical work, describing and satirizing the vices of the time; in its general character it resembles the moral plays or moralities which were so popular about this period. Another contemporary of Chaucer was John Gower (died 1404), author of the "*Confessio Amantis*," or "*Lover's Confession*." This work is written in octosyllabic verse, and consists of a miscellaneous collection of stories, with which a priest seeks to comfort a penitent lover. It displays much ability in description, burdened, however, with considerable weakness of style and endless prolixity of narrative. During the same period flourished John Wickliffe (1324-1386), so well known as "*The Morning Star of the Reformation*." His translation of the Bible, executed about A.D. 1380, possesses high value, both from the important consequences of which it was remotely the cause, and from its being the earliest work of any size in English prose. Sir John Mandeville, too, the first of our travellers, has left us an exceedingly amusing account of his various journeys during upwards of thirty years previous to 1356.

5. In Scotland, literature was of later growth than in England. The turbulence of the country, the poverty of the people, and the sterility of the soil, were unfavourable to the encouragement of learning; and though Scotland produced many famous men, they received their education and spent their lives on the Continent, where their talents found a wider and more congenial sphere for exercise. In Scotland, as in England, the earliest works were in Latin, the most famous being the "Scoto-chronicon" of John of Fordoun, who died A.D. 1387, and the "History of the Exploits of Wallace," by John Blair, who had been that hero's chaplain. Of the earliest use of the vernacular in Scotland no certain account can be given; some of the old ballads are assigned to a very early period, but without good authority, and the prophecies traditionally ascribed to Thomas the Rhymer, who flourished in the reign of Alexander III., are generally admitted to be spurious. The earliest undoubted work in English is the "Acts and Life of the most victorious conqueror, Robert Bruce," compiled in 1375 by John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen. It is in eight-syllabled verse, extends to a great length, and is divided into a hundred and one books. Its spirit and energy place it without dispute at the head of all chronicles, and some of its passages, such as his apostrophe to freedom, are to be found in every collection of the beauties of British verse. At a later period (1420) Andrew Wyntoun, Prior of Loch Leven, wrote his "Chronicle Original," or General History, a work every way inferior to that of Barbour. The next name of importance in Scottish literature is that of James I., who, in his "King's Quair" (that is, King's Book) celebrates the beauty of Lady Joanna Beaufoy, to whom he was afterwards married. His poem is allowed by all critics to possess great merits, and to bear a strong resemblance in thought and style to Chaucer and Gower, whom, indeed, he professedly recognises as his masters and models. Some doubt exists as to the precise period at which Henry the Minstrel, better known as Blind Harry, flourished; there can be no doubt, however, as to the great popularity enjoyed by his "Life of Wallace." This work, a poem in twelve books, was long the favourite of the Scotch nation, and in a modernized form is still extensively read.

6. For some time after the death of Chaucer literature in England exhibits a melancholy blank. Little progress, indeed, could be expected to be made during the fifteenth century, when the foolish wars with France, and the bloody quarrels of the Roses, occupied the minds and thoughts of the nation. The only writer of eminence in the period was John Lydgate, who flourished during the first half of the century in the Monastery of Bury St Edmund's. If merit were to be judged by the quantity of matter produced, Lydgate would be the first of our English poets, for he wrote an immense number of works on a great variety of subjects. His merits, however, bear a very slight proportion to the extent of his works, of which the best known are the "Story of Thebes," the "Siege of Troy," and the "Fall of Princes." In prose, during this period, we have nothing better than a law treatise by Sir John Fortescue, Chief-Justice under Henry VI. In the midst of this dearth of learning, an event happened which was destined in a few years to change the whole face of

the literary world, and to introduce into society a principle of progress which no future war could eradicate. The art of *printing*, discovered on the Continent in A.D. 1440, was brought into England towards the end of the reign of Henry VI. The use of this art in this country is indissolubly associated with the name of William Caxton; and, though it was undoubtedly practised here before his return from the Continent, yet his industry, ability, and success well entitle him to the honour which all succeeding generations of his countrymen have agreed to pay to his memory. Caxton printed sixty-four books, nearly all of them in English; few of them, however, were composed originally in that language, the most of them being translations from the French. The first book printed in English was the "History of Troye," issued at Ghent in A.D. 1471; and the first actually printed by Caxton in England was the "Game of Chess," in A.D. 1474. Most of his publications were of a similar character, and this may be regarded as strong evidence of the very limited diffusion of sound knowledge and good taste at the period.

7. After the accession of the Tudors literature began to revive, and the reigns of Henry VIII. and his successors produced several writers of eminence both in prose and verse. Of the prose writers one of the earliest was Sir Thomas More, conspicuous alike for his abilities, learning, integrity, and melancholy fate. His chief work is his "Utopia," containing his opinions on government under the form of a history of an imaginary republic in the imaginary island of Utopia. More was a great friend of Erasmus the illustrious scholar, and contributed much to revive in England the long-extinct zeal for the study of classical literature. In this enterprise he was aided by Lilly, the author of a famous Latin Grammar; Sir Thomas Smith; Sir John Cheke; Dean Colet, founder of St Paul's School, London; and Roger Ascham, tutor to Queen Elizabeth. Leland, the antiquarian, and Thomas Wilson, a writer on logic and rhetoric, also deserve mention among the prose authors of this period. Of the poets, the earliest was John Skelton, a vigorous but somewhat rude satirist. Next came the Earl of Surrey, who, like More, fell a victim to the jealousy of the tyrannical Henry, and is the first of our English poets whose works exhibit the influence of the revival of learning. He adopted as his models the Italian poets, especially Petrarch: from them he introduced the sonnet into our language, along with a refinement of style, delicacy of sentiment, and harmony of versification before unknown. Besides sonnets, chiefly amatory, Surrey wrote a translation of two books of the "Æneid" into blank verse, being the earliest instance of the use of blank verse in England. Sir Thomas Wyatt, a contemporary of Surrey, imitated the style which that nobleman had introduced, and wrote satires of a much more polished vein than those of Skelton.

8. The important religious changes begun in the reign of Henry VIII. naturally led to much discussion, and produced a voluminous controversial literature. Many of the works then written had only a temporary interest, and soon sunk into oblivion; but this was not the case with the translations of Scripture which were issued. Of these the earliest was that executed by William Tyndale, an Oxford scholar of some note. As it was made before Henry had given permission to

publish the Scriptures in English, it was printed in Antwerp in 1526, and smuggled over into England. This edition contained only the New Testament, but a subsequent one embraced also the Pentateuch, Jonah, and some of the historical books of the Old Testament. The first complete translation of the whole Bible was that made by Miles Coverdale, and published by Henry's sanction in A.D. 1535. Various other versions followed, of which Matthew's Bible, Cranmer's, or the Great Bible, and the Geneva Bible, are the most noteworthy among the early translations, and the Bishop's Bible among the later. These versions, apart altogether from their religious importance, possess much merit as literary works: they show the high degree of excellence which the language had already reached, and enable us to determine the character and extent of the changes which, since that period, now upwards of three centuries ago, the English tongue has undergone. Surrey and Wyatt were perhaps the first who undertook to translate the Psalms into English verse, a work in which they had many followers. Of these the best known are Sternhold and Hopkins, whose version, long used for public worship both in England and Scotland, is in some respects superior to the works of Tate and Brady, and Francis Rous, which have superseded it.

9. At the head of the theological writers of this period, it is perhaps a matter of courtesy to place Henry VIII., though his treatise in "Defence of the Seven Sacraments," written, as is believed, chiefly by Sir Thomas More, has probably not found twenty readers in the last two centuries. Tyndale, already mentioned as the translator of the New Testament, wrote some brief but able controversial pamphlets. The sermons of Bishop Latimer contributed powerfully to promote the cause of the Reformers; plain and practical, they were always level to the comprehension of his audience, and their genuine good sense, earnest piety, and impressive quaintness, could not but exert a deep influence on the thousands who crowded round him at Paul's Cross. The most learned book of the time was Bishop Jewel's "Defence of the Church of England," one of the ablest works in defence of Protestantism which our country has produced. The writings of Ridley, Cranmer, and others of the Reformers, were important in their own day, and manifest considerable learning and acuteness; but they are now almost forgotten. Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" is still read; but, though interesting from the subject, and valuable from its historical information, it cannot be ranked high as a literary production. Of the theological writers of this period, it may be said in general, that they are distinguished by earnestness rather than learning; and the diffuseness and total want of method and condensation in their writings soon exhaust the patience of a modern reader. They have consequently been lost sight of amid the splendour of the great luminaries of the Church who flourished in the succeeding era. Of the contributions to general literature, Ascham's educational works, Holinshed's "Chronicles," and the "Voyages" of Hakluyt and others, are the most noticeable; and the character which has been given of the theological literature of the period applies with some slight modification to them also.

10. In Scotland, the reigns of James IV. and his successor produced many authors of importance. Henryson, a schoolmaster in

Dunfermline, wrote the "Testament of Cressida," and some fables and miscellaneous poems with much taste and considerable poetical merit. Dunbar, a clergyman who flourished at the Court of James IV., was a poet of a still higher order; and his works, which embrace allegorical, moral, and humorous pieces, display poetical merit which may be compared with that of Chaucer. Of his writings, the chief are the "Thistle and Rose" and the "Dance;" the former composed in honour of James the Fourth's marriage with Margaret of England, the latter an allegorical and highly-imaginative description of the vices. Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, wrote the "Palace of Honour" and "King Hart," both allegorical, and the former bearing some resemblance to the "Pilgrim's Progress." He also translated the *Æneid* into verse, the earliest metrical version of any classical author in this country. His translation possesses considerable merit, and the original poems, which he has prefixed by way of introduction to each book, have always been much admired. In the reign of James V. flourished Sir David Lindsay, a great favourite with the king, who, as a poet himself, could more readily appreciate poetical merit in others. Lindsay espoused the Reformed cause, which he materially aided by his vigorous satire of the ecclesiastics. His chief works are "The Three Estates," "The Complaint," "The Dream," and "Squire Meldrum," all of them largely tinged with grossness and indecency. To the same period may be referred many of the best Scotch ballads, so touching in their simple, artless pathos. The authors of most of them are unknown, but uniform tradition has assigned with much probability some of the most meritorious to King James V. The Reformation in Scotland did not produce any literature of much value to the student. The old religion was attacked not with the press, but with popular violence; and the controversies of the rival theologians were oftener settled by an appeal to arms than by a trial of argumentative skill. The early Scotch Reformers were in general men of imperfect education and little learning, and from various circumstances, to which it is unnecessary to refer, learning and literary ability received but slight encouragement under the Reformed Church. Knox wrote a number of small treatises, none of which, however, possess any claims on the attention of the literary student. His chief work, "The History of the Reformation in Scotland," is written with much vigour, in a style almost dramatically lively, and is, of course, a valuable record of the proceedings of the Reformers; but it is disfigured by extreme violence, great credulity, and frequent inaccuracy in details. In justice, however, to Knox it should be stated, that a considerable part of the work is certainly not his composition, and that the rest has been so interpolated that it is difficult to say how far he is responsible for any misstatements which it may contain. George Buchanan, the preceptor of James VI., was considered the most learned man in Scotland. His chief works are a version of the *Psalms*, and a *History of Scotland*, both in Latin. The merits of his version of the *Psalms*, though it is excessively diffuse, have been generally acknowledged; his history is now deservedly considered of little value, as it has too evidently been written to serve the interests of a party, and with a systematic disregard of truth. Among men of inferior note, Major, a professor of St Andrews; Hector Boece, principal of King's College, Aberdeen; Bel-

lenden, archdeacon of Moray ; and Bishop Leslie, the able defender of Queen Mary, are the most memorable. Andrew Melville, whose restless desire to alter the form of church government established by Knox so long embroiled the Church and country, seems to have possessed a much larger amount of boldness and self-confidence than of learning.

11. Before passing on to the Second Period of our literature, it is necessary to trace briefly the rise and progress of the drama. From the Norman Conquest downwards, dramatic representations were customarily exhibited in the churches at the periods of the great Christian festivals. The performers were churchmen, and the subjects were taken either from the Scripture narratives, or the legendary histories of the saints ; the play being called, in the first case, a *Mystery*, in the second, a *Miracle*, though these terms are often applied promiscuously. Of these plays three complete series are still in existence, known as the Chester, Coventry, and Towneley Mysteries ; and they exhibit considerable humour, some perception of character, and no contemptible power of versification. They are chiefly valuable, however, from their accurately recording the habits and manners, opinions and beliefs, language and civilisation, of the periods at which they were produced. A step in advance was taken when, for the well-known personages of Scripture, there were substituted allegorical characters, such as Vice, Virtue, Ignorance, Faith, &c. ; for this rendered it necessary to invent some plot, and to develop it by the action of the characters introduced. Plays of this sort, known as *Morals* or *Moralities*, formed one of the most powerful instruments by which the progress of the Reformation was facilitated ; both in England and Scotland they were the chief vehicle for attacking the vices of the Roman Catholic clergy, and undermining their power by the never-failing weapon of public ridicule. A still further advance was made when the allegorical personages were dropped, and real ones introduced, as was done in what are called the *Interludes*, of which Thomas Heywood was the most voluminous and popular composer, his best work being perhaps his "Four P's," or a "Merry Interlude between a Palmer, a Pardoner, a Pothicary, and a Pedlar." These interludes, in fact, differ from the regular drama only in being much shorter, in the greater simplicity of the plot, in the smaller number of characters, and in the slight extent to which the poet avails himself of action and incident. The earliest regular play in the language is entitled "Ralph Royster Doyster," and was written not later than 1550 by Nicholas Udall, head-master of Eton School, but was long lost, and was only recovered by accident in 1818. It is a play of great merit, full of humour and incident ; the characters are drawn firmly and with great skill ; the plot is happily contrived and ably developed ; and it is totally free from that grossness and indelicacy which occasionally disfigure the old drama. It is in every way superior to "Gammer Gurton's Needle," which long enjoyed the honour of being our earliest play, though it, too, is by no means destitute of merit. The earliest tragedy is "Gorboduc," or "Ferreux and Porrex," exhibited before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall in 1562 by the students of the Inner Temple. It was the joint production of Thomas Norton, and Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, and is in blank verse, being the earliest use of that kind of verse in

the drama. It contains many fine passages, but is rather declamatory and stiff, and the action is very heavy. It is unnecessary to characterize particularly the various dramatic authors who flourished before the period of Shakspeare; suffice it to state that the structure and language of the drama were gradually refined and improved by many writers, of whom Heywood, Greene, Lyly, Peele, and Nash are the best known and most meritorious. The immediate predecessor of Shakspeare was Christopher Marlowe, the son of a shoemaker in Canterbury, who exhibited, probably in 1586, the first part of "Tamburlane the Great," which was received with general approbation, and was followed by the "Second Part" of the same play, "Dr Faustus," the "Jew of Malta," "Edward II.," and the "Massacre of Paris." Marlowe was a reckless profligate, and unhappily, when only thirty years of age, fell in a drunken scuffle in the streets of Deptford. During his brief career, however, he earned for himself an imperishable name in our literature: to him belongs the merit of introducing blank verse, with all its grace and freedom, into plays intended for an ordinary audience; and though his language is sometimes extravagant, and his plots and incidents often ill constructed and incredible, he is a powerful delineator of character, and in command over the passions, especially the more terrible ones, he is certainly not inferior even to Shakspeare.

SELECTIONS.

I. CHAUCER.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER was born probably in London, A.D. 1328. He is said to have received a university education, but whether at Oxford or Cambridge has been much disputed. He served under Edward III. in the French wars, and having secured the patronage of John of Gaunt, he was rewarded with a pension. The poet afterwards became connected with his patron, by marrying the sister of Lady Swinford, the wife of John of Gaunt. Chaucer, through his patron's influence probably, was employed on honourable diplomatic missions, in one of which to Italy, he is said to have had an interview with the poet Petrarch, which exerted considerable influence on his future style. He was also appointed controller of the customs levied on wine and wool in London; and his salary, in addition to sundry other emoluments, enabled him to lead a comfortable life. On the accession of Richard II. he was involved in the disgrace which overtook the Duke of Lancaster and his adherents, and was deprived of his pensions. He was, however, restored to royal favour, and lived just long enough to receive the first fruits of the bounty of Henry IV., the son of his former patron. He died October 25, A.D. 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

His chief work, the "Canterbury Tales," is written in imitation of the "Decameron" of Boccaccio. Twenty-nine persons, of various ranks and both sexes, accidentally meet at the Tabard Inn, Southwark, all bent on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St Thomas at Canterbury; and at the proposal of the jovial host, who accompanies them, they agree to beguile the way by telling each two tales, one on their journey to Canterbury, the other on their return. This plan, however, has been only partially finished: seven of the company relate no tales; we have no account of the proceedings of the pilgrims when they reached the shrine, nor of the tales told on their way home, nor of a subject which would have afforded Chaucer's humour full scope—the supper at the Tabard, with which the ability of the best story-teller was to be rewarded on their return to Southwark. Of the Tales, two are in prose; and from the first of them, the tale of "Melibœus," the following extract is selected. In printing it, the plan adopted by Mr Cowden Clarke in his "Riches of Chaucer" has been followed. The old spelling, which is very arbitrary and fluctuating, has been modernized, without, however, either substituting new terms for old, or omitting or altering any of the old

terminations which were characteristic of the language of Chaucer's era. Of these peculiarities the chief are: the use of the infinitive termination in *en*, as *been* for *be*; the imperative ending in *eth*, as *trusteth* for *trust*; the employment of plural person endings, as *ye been* for *ye be*, *ye han* (*i. e.*, *haven*) for *ye have*; and the frequent occurrence of double negatives.

The following extract contains the advice of Sapience to her husband Melibœus:—

OF THE CHOICE OF FRIENDS—FROM CHAUCER'S "MELIBŒUS".¹
(CANTERBURY TALES.)

Now, sir, quod dame Prudence, and since ye vouchen safe to be governed by my counselling, I will inform you how ye shall govern yourself in choosing of your counsel. Ye shall first in all your works meekly beseech to the high God, that he will be your counsellor; and shape you to that intent that he give you counsel and comfort, as taught Toby his son:² "At all times thou shalt bless God, and pray him to dress thy ways; and look that all thy counsels be in him for evermore." Saint James³ eke saith: "If any of you have need of sapience, ask it of God." And afterward, then shall ye take counsel in yourself, and examine well your thoughts of such things as you thinketh⁴ that is best for your profit. And then shall ye drive from your heart three things that been⁵ contrary to good counsel: that is to say—ire, covetise,⁶ and hastiness.

First, he that asketh counsel of himself, certes,⁷ he must be without ire, for many cause. The first is this: he that hath great ire and wrath in himself, he weeneth⁸ alway he may do thing that he may not do. And secondly, he that is irous and wroth, he may not well deem;⁹ and he that may not well deem, may not well counsel. The third is this: that he that is irous and wroth, as saith Seneca, may not speak but blameful things, and with his vicious words he stirreth other folk to anger and to ire. And eke, sir, ye must drive covetise out of your heart. For the apostle¹⁰ saith that covetise is root of all harms. And trusteth¹¹ well, that a covetous man ne¹² can not deem ne think, but only to fulfil the end of his covetise; and certes that may never been¹³ accomplished; for ever the more abundance that he hath of riches, the more he de-

¹ The reader may compare the first three sentences with the original spelling as here given: "Now, sire, quod dame Prudens, and syn ye vouchen saufe to be governed by my counselling, I wil enforme you how ye schul governe youre self, in chesying of youre counsel. Ye schul first in alle youre werkes mekely bliseche to the hihe God, that he wol be your counsellour; and schape you to that extent that he give you counsel and comfort, as taughte Toby his sone. ² At alle tymes thou schalt blesse God, and pray him to dresse thy wayes; and loke that alle thi counsels be in him for evermore."

² See Tobit iv. 20.

³ James i. 5.

⁴ You thinketh, it seems to you thinketh; being used impersonally, as in our *methinks*.

⁵ Been, *i. e.*, be.

⁶ *i. e.*, covetousness.

⁷ *i. e.*, assuredly.

⁸ *i. e.*, thinketh.

⁹ *i. e.*, judge.

¹⁰ 1 Tim. vi. 10.

¹¹ Imperative, trust ye.

¹² A double negative, *ne* and *not*.

¹³ Been, the infinitive mood for *be*.

sireth. And, sir, ye must also drive out of your heart hastiness; for certes ye may not deem for the best a sudden thought that falleth in your heart, but ye must avise you on it full oft. For, as ye heard here before, the common proverb is this: that he that soon deemeth soon repenteth. Sir, ye been¹ not always in like disposition, for certes something that sometime seemeth to you that it is good for you to do, another time it seemeth to you the contrary. When ye han² taken counsel in your selfen,³ and han deemed by good deliberation such thing as you seemeth⁴ best, then rede⁵ I you that ye keep it secre.⁶ Bewray⁷ not your counsel to no person, but⁸ it so be that ye ween sickerly,⁹ that through your bewraying, your condition shall be to you the more profitable. For Jesus Sirac¹⁰ saith, "Neither to thy foe ne to thy friend discover not thy secre ne thy folly; for they will give you audience, and looking, and supportation in thy presence, and scorn in thine absence." Another clerk¹¹ saith, that scarcely shall thou find any person that may keep counsel secreely. The book saith:¹² "While thou keepest thy counsel in thine heart, thou keepest it in thy prison; and when thou bewrayest thy counsel to any wight, he holdeth thee in his snare." And therefore you is better hide your counsel in your heart, than prayen¹³ him to whom ye have bewrayed your counsel that he will keep it close and still. For Seneca saith: "If so be that thou ne mayest not thine own counsel hide, how darest thou prayen any other wight thy counsel secreely to keep?" But, natheless,¹⁴ if thou ween sickerly that thy bewraying of thy counsel to a person will make thy condition stand in the better plight, then shalt thou tell him thy counsel in this wise.

First, thou shalt make no semblant¹⁵ whether thee were liefer¹⁶ war or peace, or this or that; ne show him not thy will and thine intent; for trust well that commonly these counsellors been flatterers, namely the counsellors of the great lords, for they enforcen them¹⁷ alway rather to speak pleasant words inclining to the lord's lust,¹⁸ than words that been true and profitable. And therefore men say, that the rich man hath seldom good counsel but¹⁹ if he have it of himself. And after that thou shalt consider thy friends and thy enemies. And as touching thy friends, thou shalt consider which of them beeth²⁰ most faithful and most wise, and eldest and most approved in counselling; and of them shalt thou ask thy counsel, as the case requireth.

¹ *Been*, second person plural, present indicative, for *be*.

² *Selfen*, self; the termination being dropped in modern English.

³ *You seemeth*, seems to you; *seemeth* being used impersonally.

⁴ *Secre*, secret; an Anglo-Norman word probably introduced by Chaucer into English.

⁵ *Bewray*, disclose.

⁶ *But*, except, unless.

⁷ *Jesus Sirac*, that is, Jesus the son of Sirac; see Eccles. xix. 8.

⁸ *Clerk*, clergyman or scholar.

⁹ *Natheless*, nevertheless; this word may also be found in Milton, "Paradise Lost," Book I.

¹⁰ *Semblant*, appearance or manifestation.

¹¹ *Liefer*, rather; still used in Scotch; *thee were liefer*, it pleased thee better.

¹² *Enforcen them*, force themselves.

¹³ *But*, unless.

¹⁴ *Beeth*, is.

¹⁵ Have.

¹⁶ *Rede*, advise.

¹⁷ *Sickerly*, assuredly.

¹⁸ *Lust*, will or pleasure.

¹⁹ *Beeth*, is.

I say, that first ye shall clepe¹ to your counsel your friends that been true. For Solomon² saith, that right³ as the heart of a man delighteth in savour that is sweet, right so the counsel of true friends giveth sweetness to the soul. He saith also, there may no thing be likened to the true friend;⁴ for certes gold ne silver beeth not so much worth as the good will of a true friend. And eke he said, that a true friend is a strong defence;⁵ who that⁶ it findeth, certes he findeth a great treasure. Then shall ye eke consider if that your true friends been discreet and wise; for the book saith, Ask⁷ thy counsel alway of them that been wise. And by this same reason shall ye clepe to your counsel of your friends that been of age, such as have y-see⁸ sights and been expert⁹ in many things, and been approved in counsellings. For the book¹⁰ saith, that in old men is the sapience, and in long time the prudence. And Tullius¹¹ saith, that great things been not aye accomplished by strength, ne by deliverness¹² of body, but by good counsel, by authority of persons, and by science; the which three things ne be not feeble by age, but certes they enforcen and increasen day by day. And then shall ye keep this for a general rule: first shall ye clepe to your counsel a few of your friends that been especial. For Solomon¹³ saith, Many friends have thou, but among a thousand choose thou one to be thy counsellor. For albeit so that thou first ne tell thy counsel but to a few, thou mayest afterward tell it mo¹⁴ folk, if it be need. But look alway that thy counsellors have thilke¹⁵ three conditions that I have said before: that is to say, that they been true, and old, and of wise experience. And work not alway in every need by one counsellor alone; for some time behoveth it be counselled by many. For Solomon saith,¹⁶ Salvation of things is whereas¹⁷ there beeth many counsellors.

II. SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILLE.

OF Maundeville, the earliest of our popular travellers, little more is known with certainty than what he has himself stated in the introduction to his work. "I was born," says he, "in England, in the town of Saint Alban's, passed the sea in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ 1322, on the day of St Michael (29th September), and hitherto have been a long time over the sea, and have seen and gone through many divers lands, and many provinces, and kingdoms, and isles."

¹ *Clepe*, call.

² See Prov. xxvii. 9.

⁵ See Eccles. vi. 14.

³ *Right as*, just as.

⁴ See Prov. xviii. 24.

⁷ See Prov. xxii. 17.

⁶ *Who that*, in modern English, whosoever.

⁸ *Y-see*, seen, past participle of *to see*, formed as in German by prefixing *ge*, afterwards softened into *y*.

⁹ *Expert*, experienced.

¹⁰ See Job xii. 12.

¹¹ *Tullius*, that is, Marcus Tullius Cicero.

¹² *Deliverness*, nimbleness or agility.

¹³ See Eccles. vi. 6.

¹⁴ *Mo*, for more.

¹⁵ *Thilke*, the same; the word is still used in Scotch.

¹⁶ Prov. xi. 14.

¹⁷ *Whereas*, where.

He travelled especially in Palestine, but visited also Egypt, and most of the countries of Asia. He is exceedingly credulous, and his narrative deserves little confidence. He seems in his travels to have served as a military adventurer, and must have spent the greater part of his life abroad, for he did not return home till 1856. On his return he compiled a narrative of his travels, chiefly as a guide-book for pilgrims to the Holy Land; and as he wrote entirely from memory, this may go far to explain both the confusion that prevails in his work, and his frequent borrowing from the history of Pliny, and the travels of Marco Polo and others. His work was, as he says, originally written in Latin, then "put out of Latin into French, and translated again into English, that every man of my nation may understand it." It enjoyed for a long time a high amount of popularity. Maundeville is said to have died at Liege in 1882. The extracts are given from the edition of Mr Wright.

1. THE DEAD SEA.—(CHAPTER IX.)

From Jericho it is three miles to the Dead Sea. About that sea groweth much alum and alkatran.¹ The Dead Sea divides the lands of India and Arabia, and the sea reaches from Soara to Arabia. The water of that sea is very bitter and salt, and if the earth were moistened with that water, it would never bear fruit. And the earth and land changeth often its colour. The water casteth out a thing that is called asphalt, in pieces as large as a horse every day, and on all sides. From Jerusalem to that sea is 200 furlongs. That sea is in length 580 furlongs, and in breadth 150 furlongs, and is called the Dead Sea, because it does not run, but is ever motionless. Neither man, beast, nor anything that hath life may die in that sea; and that hath been proved many times by men that have been condemned to death who have been cast therein, and left therein three or four days, and they might never die therein, for it receiveth nothing within him² that breatheth life. And no man may drink of the water on account of its bitterness. And if a man cast iron therein it will float on the surface; but if men cast a feather therein it will sink to the bottom; and these are things contrary to nature. And there beside grow trees that bear apples very fair of colour to behold, but when we break or cut them in two we find within ashes and cinders, which is a token that, by the wrath of God, the cities and the land were burned and sunk into hell. Some call that sea the Lake Dasfetidee;³ some the River of Devils; and some the River that is ever stinking. Into that sea, by the wrath of God, sunk the five cities, Sodom, Gomorrah, Aldama, Seboym, and Segor,⁴ for the abominable sin that reigned in them. At the right side of the Dead Sea the wife of Lot still stands in likeness of a salt stone, because she looked behind her when the cities sunk into hell.

¹ This probably means bitumen. ² Old English for it. ³ i.e., d'Assa foetida.

⁴ i.e., Zoar; from Segor, Maundeville ingeniously derives Sair.

And you shall understand that the River Jordan runs into the Dead Sea and there it dies, for it runs no further, and its entrance is a mile from the Church of St John the Baptist, toward the west, a little beneath the place where Christians bathe commonly. A mile¹ from the River Jordan is the River of Jabbok, which Jacob passed over when he came from Mesopotamia. This River Jordan is no great river, but it has plenty of good fish, and it cometh out of the hill of Libanus by two wells, that are called Jor and Dan; and of those two wells it hath its name. It passes by a lake called Maron;² and after it passes through the sea of Tiberias and under the hills of Gilboa, and there is a very fair valley on both sides of the river. The hills of Libanus separate the kingdom of Syria and the country of Phœnicia. Upon these hills grow cedar trees that are very high, and bear long apples as great as a man's head.

2. OF THE COUNTRY WHERE PEPPER GROWS, AND THE WELL OF YOUTH.—(CHAPTER XV.)

Men go by sea to the land of Lomb,³ in which grows the pepper, in the forest called Combar,⁴ and it grows nowhere else in all the world; that forest extends full eighteen days in length. And you shall understand that the pepper grows like a wild vine, which is planted close by the trees of that wood to sustain it; the fruit hangs like branches of grapes, with which the tree is so laden that it seems that it would break, and when it is ripe it is all green like ivy berries; and then men cut them as they do the vines, and put them upon an oven where they become black and crisp. There are three kinds of pepper all on one tree, long pepper, black pepper, and white pepper. The long pepper comes first when the leaf begins to appear, and is like the catkins of hazel that come before the leaf, and it hangs low. Next comes the black, with the leaf like clusters of grapes, all green, and, when gathered, it becomes the white, which is somewhat less than the black, and of that but little is brought to this country, for they keep it for themselves, because it is better and milder than the black. In that country are many kinds of serpents and other vermin, in consequence of the great heat of the country and of the pepper. And some men say that, when they will gather the pepper, they make fires and burn thereabouts to make the serpents and cockodrills⁵ fly, but this is not true. But thus they do: they anoint their hands and feet with a juice made of snails and other things, of which the serpents and venomous

¹ This is probably a mistake for a *day*, that is day's journey, which is more nearly the distance of the Jabbok from the Dead Sea. ² *i.e.*, waters of Merom.

³ Perhaps Colombo and Kandy in Ceylon.

⁴ Maundeville elsewhere describes the cockodrills thus:—"These cockodrills are serpents, yellow and rayed above, having four feet, and short thighs, and great nails like claws; and some are five fathoms in length, and some of six, eight, or even ten, and when they go by places that are gravelly, it appears as if men had drawn a great tree through the gravelly place."—Cap. xviii.

beasts hate the savour, and that makes them fly before them because of the smell, and then they gather in the pepper in safety.

Toward the head of that forest is the city of Polombe, above which is a great mountain, also called Polombe, from which the city hath its name. And at the foot of that mountain is a fair and great well, which has the odour and savour of all spices ; and at every hour of the day it changes its odour and savour diversely ; and whosoever drinks three times fasting of that well is whole of all kind of sickness that he has ; and they that dwell there, and drink often of that well, never have sickness, but appear always young. I have drunk thereof three or four times, and methinks I still fare the better. Some men call it the *Well of Youth* ; for they that often drink thereof appear always young, and live without sickness. And men say that that well comes out of Paradise, and therefore it is so virtuous. All that country grows good ginger ; and therefore merchants go thither for spicery. In that land men worship the ox, for his simpleness and for his meekness, and for the profit that comes of him. They say that he is the holiest beast on earth ; for they consider that whosoever is meek and patient, he is holy and profitable, for then, they say, he hath all virtues in him.



3. OF THE GREAT CHAN OF CATHAY ; OF THE ROYALTY OF HIS PALACE, AND HOW HE SITS AT MEAT ; AND OF THE GREAT NUMBER OF OFFICERS THAT SERVE HIM.—(CHAP. XX.)

Cathay¹ is a great country, fair, noble, rich, and full of merchants. Thither merchants go to seek spices and all manner of merchandises, more commonly than in any other part. And you shall understand that merchants who come from Genoa, or from Venice, or from Romania, or other parts of Lombardy, go by sea and by land eleven or twelve months, or more sometimes, before they reach the isle of Cathay, which is the principal region of all parts beyond ; and it belongs to the Great Chan. From Cathay men go towards the east, by many days' journey, to a good city, one of the best stored with silk and other merchandises in the world. Then men come to another old city, toward the east, in the province of Cathay, near which the men of Tartary have made another city, called Caydon, which has twelve gates. And between the two gates there is always a great mile ; so that the two cities, that is to say, the old and the new, have in circuit more than twenty miles. In this city is the seat of the Great Chan, in a very great palace, the fairest in the world, the walls of which are in circuit more than two miles ; and within the walls it is all full of other palaces. And in the garden of the great palace there is a great hill, upon which there is another palace, the fairest and richest that any man may devise. And all about the palace and the hill are many trees, bearing divers fruits. And all about that hill are great and deep ditches ; and beside them are

¹ Cathay corresponds with Independent and Chinese Tartary. Its limits varied very much.

great fish-ponds, on both sides ; and there is a very fair bridge to pass over the ditches. And in these fish-ponds are an extraordinary number of wild geese, and ganders, and wild-ducks, and swans, and herons. And all about those ditches and fish-ponds is the great garden, full of wild beasts, so that when the Great Chan will have any sport, to take any of the wild beasts, or of the fowls, he will cause them to be driven, and take them at the windows, without going out of his chamber. Within the palace, in the hall, there are twenty-four pillars of fine gold ; and all the walls are covered within with red skins of animals called panthers, fair beasts and well smelling ; so that, for the sweet odour of the skins, no evil air may enter into the palace. The skins are as red as blood, and shine so bright against the sun that a man may scarcely look at them. And in the middle of this palace is the mountour¹ of the Great Chan, all wrought of gold, and of precious stones, and great pearls ; and at the four corners are four serpents of gold ; and all about there are made large nets of silk and gold, and great pearls hanging all about it.

The hall of the palace is full nobly arrayed, and full marvellously attired on all parts, in all things that men apparel any hall with. And first, at the head of the hall, is the emperor's throne, very high, where he sits at meat. It is of fine precious stones, bordered all about with purified gold, and precious stones, and great pearls. And the steps up to the table are of precious stones, mixed with gold. And at the left side of the emperor's seat is the seat of his first wife, one step lower than the emperor ; and it is of jasper, bordered with gold. And the seat of his second wife is lower than his first wife, and is also of jasper, bordered with gold, as that other is. And the seat of the third wife is still lower by a step than the second wife, for he has always three wives with him wherever he is. And after his wives, on the same side, sit the ladies of his lineage, still lower, according to their ranks. And all those that are married have a counterfeit,² made like a man's foot, upon their heads, a cubit long, all wrought with great, fine, and orient pearls, and above made with peacocks' feathers, and of other shining feathers ; and that stands upon their heads like a crest, in token that they are under man's foot, and under subjection of man. The emperor has his table alone by himself, which is of gold and precious stones ; or of crystal bordered with gold, and full of precious stones ; or of amethysts ; or of lignum aloes, that comes out of Paradise ; or of ivory, bound or bordered with gold. And under the emperor's table sit four clerks, who write all that the emperor says, be it good or evil ; for all that he says must be held good, for he may not change his word nor revoke it.

At great feasts, men bring before the emperor's table great tables of gold, and thereon are peacocks of gold, and many other kinds of different fowls, all of gold, and richly wrought and enamelled ; and they make them dance and sing, clapping their wings together, and

¹ A rising ground, or elevated part of the interior of the palace.

² *i.e.*, a figure, or imitation.

making great noise ; and whether it be by craft or by necromancy I know not, but it is a goodly sight to behold. But I have the less marvel, because they are the most skilful men in the world in all sciences and in all crafts ; for in subtlety, malice, and forethought, they surpass all men under heaven ; and therefore they say themselves that they see with two eyes, and the Christians see but with one, because they are more subtle than they. I busied myself much to learn the craft, but the master told me that he had made a vow to his god to teach it no creature, but only to his eldest son. Also above the emperor's table, and the other tables, and above a great part of the hall, is a vine made of fine gold, which spreads all about the hall ; and it has many clusters of grapes, some white, some green, some yellow, some red, and some black, all of precious stones. And they are all so properly made, that it appears a real vine bearing natural grapes. And before the emperor's table stand great lords, and rich barons, and others, that serve the emperor at meat ; and no man is so bold as to speak a word unless the emperor speak to him, except minstrels, that sing songs, and tell jests or other disports, to solace the emperor. And all the vessels that men are served with, in the hall or in chambers, are of precious stones, and, especially at great tables, either of jasper, or of crystal, or of amethyst, or of fine gold. And the cups are of emeralds, and sapphires, or topazes, or perydoz,¹ and of many other precious stones. Vessel of silver is there none, for they set no value on it to make vessels of, but they make therewith steps, and pillars, and pavements to halls and chambers. And before the hall-door stand many barons and knights full armed, to hinder any one from entering, unless by the will or command of the emperor, except they be servants or minstrels of the household.

III. SIR THOMAS MORE.

SIR THOMAS MORE was the only son of Sir John More, judge of the King's Bench in the reign of Henry VIII. He was born in 1480 in London, where he also received his early education. His precocious talents and ready wit secured for him the favour and patronage of Cardinal Morton, then Primate of England, who sent More to complete his studies at Christ Church, Oxford. From Oxford he returned to Lincoln's Inn, in London, and devoted himself to the study of the law as his profession. In this his ability would probably soon have raised him to eminence, had he not defeated all his prospects by opposing in Parliament a measure for levying a large sum of money on the country, as a portion to the eldest daughter of Henry VII., who was about to be married to James IV. of Scotland. His patriotism ruined his own prospects, and drew down upon his father the indignation of the avaricious tyrant. On the death of Henry VII., More's talents

¹ An unknown precious stone.

recommended him to the notice of the powerful Wolsey, and in a very brief space he was made a member of the Privy Council, received distinguished legal preferment, and was at last advanced to the dignity of Lord Chancellor, being the first layman on whom that important office was conferred. But his conscientious adherence to the old faith, and his honest opposition to Henry's proposed marriage, lost him the royal favour, and the ferocious monarch, who never forgave any who dared to oppose his will, brought More to the block, July 6, 1535. He was one of the most eminent characters of the reign of Henry VIII., alike for virtue, talents, and learning; and his amiable disposition and unhappy fate have secured for him the esteem of all succeeding ages. His works were principally controversial; but he also wrote a History of England during the reigns of Edward V. and Richard III., and his "History of Utopia," a political work, intended to suggest improvements on the government of England by a narrative of the laws and customs of an imaginary country, so governed as to secure universal happiness. It was written in Latin, but has been often translated. The following extracts are from a revised edition of Bishop Burnet's translation:—

1. DESCRIPTION OF UTOPIA.—("HISTORY OF UTOPIA," BOOK II.)

The island of Utopia is in the middle two hundred miles broad, and holds almost the same breadth over a great part of it; but it grows narrower towards both ends. Its figure is not unlike a crescent between its horns, the sea comes in eleven miles broad, and spreads itself into a great bay, which is environed with land to the compass of about five hundred miles, and is well secured from winds. In this bay there is no great current; the whole coast is, as it were, one continued harbour, which gives all that live in the island great convenience for mutual commerce; but the entrance into the bay, occasioned by rocks on the one hand, and shallows on the other, is very dangerous. In the middle of it there is one single rock, which appears above water, and may therefore easily be avoided, and on the top of it there is a tower in which a garrison is kept; the other rocks lie under water, and are very dangerous. The channel is known only to the natives, so that if any stranger should enter into the bay without one of their pilots, he would run great danger of shipwreck. For even they themselves could not pass it safe, if some marks that are on the coast did not direct their way; and if these should but be a little shifted, any fleet that might come against them, how great soever it were, would be certainly lost. On the other side of the island, there are likewise many harbours; and the coast is so fortified, both by nature and art, that a small number of men can hinder the descent of a great army. But they report (and there remain good marks of it to make it credible) that this was no island at first, but a part of the continent. *Utopus*, that conquered it (whose name it still carries, for *Abraxa* was its first name), brought the rude and uncivilized inhabitants into such a good government, and to that measure of politeness, that they now far excell all the

rest of mankind ; having soon subdued them, he designed to separate them from the continent, and to bring the sea quite round them. To accomplish this, he ordered a deep channel to be dug fifteen miles long ; and that the natives might not think he treated them like slaves, he not only forced the inhabitants, but also his own soldiers, to labour in carrying it on. As he set a vast number of men to work, beyond all men's expectations he brought it to a speedy conclusion ; and his neighbours, who at first laughed at the folly of the undertaking, no sooner saw it brought to perfection, than they were struck with admiration and terror.

There are fifty-four cities in the island, all large and well-built, the manners, customs, and laws of which are the same ; and they are all contrived as near in the same manner as the ground on which they stand will allow. The nearest lie at least twenty-four miles distance from one another, and the more remote are not so far distant but that a man can go on foot in one day from it to that which lies next it. Every city sends three of their wisest senators once a-year to Amaurot, to consult about the common concerns ; for that is the chief town of the island, and being situated near the centre of it, it is the most convenient place for their assemblies. The jurisdiction of every city extends at least twenty miles ; and where the towns lie wider they have much more ground. No town desires to enlarge its bounds ; for the people consider themselves rather as tenants than landlords. They have built over all the country farmhouses for husbandmen, which are well contrived, and are furnished with all things necessary for country labour. Inhabitants are sent by turns from the cities to dwell in them ; no country family has fewer than forty men and women in it, besides two slaves. There is a master and a mistress set over every family ; and over thirty families there is a magistrate. Every year twenty of this family come back to the town, after they have stayed two years in the country ; and in their room there are other twenty sent from the town, that they may learn country work from those that have been already one year in the country, as they must teach those that come to them next from the town. By this means such as dwell in those country farms are never ignorant of agriculture, and so commit no errors, which might otherwise be fatal, and bring them under a scarcity of corn. But though there is every year such a shifting of the husbandmen, to prevent any man being forced against his will to follow that hard course of life too long, yet many among them take such pleasure in it that they desire leave to continue in it many years. These husbandmen till the ground, breed cattle, hew wood, and convey it to the towns, either by land or water, as is most convenient. They breed an infinite multitude of chickens in a very curious manner ; for the hens do not sit and hatch them, but vast numbers of eggs are laid in a gentle and equal heat, in order to be hatched ; and they are no sooner out of the shell, and able to stir about, but they seem to consider those that feed them as their mothers, and follow them as other chickens do the hen that hatched

them. They breed very few horses, but those they have are full of mettle, and are kept only for exercising their youth in the art of sitting and riding them; for they do not put them to any work, either of plowing or carriage, in which they employ oxen: because, though their horses are stronger, yet they find oxen can hold out longer; and as they are not subject to so many diseases, so they are kept upon a less charge, and with less trouble; and even when they are so worn out that they are no more fit for labour, they are good meat at last. They sow no corn, but that which is to be their bread; for they drink either wine, cyder, or perry, and often water, now and then boiled with honey or liquorice, with which they abound; and though they know exactly how much corn will serve every town, and all that tract of country which belongs to it, yet they sow much more, and breed more cattle than are necessary for their consumption; giving that overplus, of which they make no use, to their neighbours. When they want anything in the country which it does not produce, they fetch that from the town, without carrying anything in exchange for it; and the magistrates of the town take care to see it given them; for they meet generally in the town once a-month, upon a festival day. When the time of harvest comes, the magistrates in the country send to those in the towns, letting them know how many hands they shall need for reaping the harvest; and the number they call for being sent to them, they commonly despatch it all in one day.

2. OCCUPATIONS OF THE UTOPIANS.—("UTOPIA," BOOK II.)

The chief, and almost the only, business of the Syphogrants¹ is to take care that no man may live idle, but that every one may follow his trade diligently; yet they do not wear themselves out with perpetual toil from morning to night, as if they were beasts of burden, which, as it is indeed a heavy slavery, so it is everywhere the common course of life amongst all mechanics except the Utopians; but they, dividing the day and night into twenty-four hours, appoint six of these for work, three of which are before dinner and three after; they then sup, and at eight o'clock, counting from noon, go to bed and sleep eight hours. The rest of their time, besides that taken up in work, eating, and sleeping, is left to every man's discretion; yet they are not to abuse that interval to luxury and idleness, but must employ it in some proper exercise according to their various inclinations, which is for the most part reading. It is ordinary to have public lectures every morning before day-break, at which none are obliged to appear, but those who are marked out for literature; yet a great many, both men and women of all ranks, go to hear lectures of one sort or other, according to their inclinations. But if others, that are not made for contemplation, choose rather to employ themselves at that time in their trades, as many

¹ The name of a magistrate in Utopia; there were two hundred Syphogrants in each town, presiding each over thirty families.

of them do, they are not hindered, but are rather commended as men that take care to serve their country. After supper they spend an hour in some diversion, in summer in their gardens, and in winter in the halls where they eat, when they entertain each other either with musick or discourse. They do not so much as know dice, or any such fooliah and mischievous games. They have, however, two sorts of games not unlike our chess ; the one is between several numbers, in which one number, as it were, consumes another ; the other resembles a battle between the virtues and the vices, in which the enmity in the vices among themselves, and their agreement against virtue, is not unpleasantly represented ; together with the special oppositions between the particular virtues and vices ; as also the methods by which vice either openly assaults or secretly undermines virtue, and virtue on the other hand resists it. But the time appointed for labour is to be narrowly examined, otherwise you may imagine, that since there are only six hours appointed for work, they may fall under a scarcity of necessary provisions. But it is so far from being true that this time is not sufficient for supplying them with plenty of all things, either necessary or convenient, that it is rather too much ; and this you will easily apprehend if you consider how great a part of all other nations is quite idle. First, women generally do little, who are the half of mankind, and if some few women are diligent, their husbands are idle ; then consider the great company of idle priests, and of those that are called religious men ; add to these all rich men, chiefly those that have estates in land, who are called noblemen and gentlemen, together with their families, made up of idle persons that are kept more for show than use ; add, further, all those strong and lusty beggars that go about pretending some disease in excuse for their begging ; and upon the whole account you will find that the number of those by whose labours mankind is supplied is much less than you perhaps imagine ; then consider how few of those that work are employed in labours that are of real service, for we, who measure all things by money, give rise to many trades that are both vain and superfluous, and serve only to support riot and luxury.

Thus from the great numbers among the Utopians that are neither suffered to be idle nor to be employed in any fruitless labour, you may easily make the estimate how much may be done in those few hours in which they are obliged to labour. But besides all that has been already said, it is to be considered that the needful arts among them are managed with less labour than anywhere else. The building or the repairing of houses among us employ many hands, because often a thriftless heir suffers a house that his father built to fall into decay, so that his successor must, at a great cost, repair that which he might have kept up with a small charge. It frequently happens, too, that the same house which one person built at a vast expense is neglected by another, who thinks he has a more delicate sense of the beauties of architecture, and, suffering it to fall to ruin, he builds another at no less charge. But among the Uto-

pians all things are so regulated that men very seldom build upon a new piece of ground ; and are not only very quick in repairing their houses, but show their foresight in preventing their decay, so that their buildings are preserved very long with but little labour ; and thus the builders, to whom that care belongs, are often without employment, except the hewing of timber and the squaring of stones, that the materials may be in readiness for raising a building very suddenly, when there is any occasion for it. As to their clothes, observe how little work is spent in them. While they are at labour they are clothed with leather and skins, cast carelessly about them, which will last seven years ; and when they appear in public they put on an upper garment which hides the other ; and these are all of one colour, which is the natural colour of the wool. As they need less woollen cloth than is used anywhere else, so that which they make use of is much less costly. They use linen cloth more, but that is prepared with less labour, and they value cloth only by the whiteness of the linen, or the cleanness of the wool, without much regard to the fineness of the thread. While in other places, four or five upper garments of woollen cloth of different colours, and as many vests of silk, will scarce serve one man, and while those that are nicer think ten too few, every man there is content with one, which very often serves him two years. Nor is there anything that can tempt a man to desire more, for if he had them he would neither be the warmer, nor would he make one jot the better appearance for it. Thus, since they are all employed in some useful labour, and since they content themselves with fewer things, it falls out that there is a great abundance of all things among them ; so that it frequently happens, that for want of other work, vast numbers are sent out to mend the highways. But when no public undertaking is to be performed, the hours of working are lessened. The magistrates never engage the people in unnecessary labour ; since the chief end of the constitution is to regulate labour by the necessities of the public, and to allow all the people as much time as is necessary for the improvement of their minds, in which they think the happiness of life consists.

3. GENERAL VIEW OF THE HAPPINESS OF THE UTOPIANS.— ("UTOPIA," BOOK II.)

Thus have I described to you, as particularly as I could, the constitution of that commonwealth, which I do not only think the best in the world, but indeed the only commonwealth that truly deserves that name. In all other places it is visible, that while people talk of a commonwealth, every man only seeks his own wealth ; but there, where no man has any property, all men zealously pursue the good of the public. And, indeed, it is no wonder to see men act so differently ; for in other commonwealths every man knows, that unless he provides for himself, how flourishing soever the commonwealth may be, he must die of hunger ; so that he sees the necessity of

preferring his own concerns to the public. But in Utopia, where every man has a right to everything, they all know, that if care is taken to keep the public stores full, no private man can want anything; for among them there is no unequal distribution—so that no man is poor, none in necessity—and though no man has anything, yet they are all rich; for what can make a man so rich as to lead a serene and cheerful life free from anxieties, neither apprehending want himself, nor vexed with the endless complaints of his wife? He is not afraid of the misery of his children, nor is he contriving to raise a portion for his daughters, but is secure in this, that both he and his wife, his children and grandchildren, to as many generations as he can fancy, will all live both plentifully and happily, since among them there is no less care taken of those who were once engaged in labour, but grow afterwards unable to follow it, than there is elsewhere of those that continue still employed. I would gladly hear any man compare the justice that is among them with that of all other nations, among whom, may I perish if I see anything that looks like justice or equity. For what justice is there in this, that a nobleman, a goldsmith, a banker, or any other man that either does nothing at all, or at best that is employed in things that are of no use to the public, should live in great luxury and splendour on what is so ill acquired; and a mean man, a carter, a smith, or a ploughman, that works harder even than the beasts themselves, and is employed in labours so necessary that no commonwealth could hold out a year without them, can only earn so poor a livelihood, and must lead so miserable a life, that the condition of the beasts is much better than theirs? For as the beasts do not work so constantly, so they feed almost as well, and with more pleasure, and have no anxiety about what is to come, whilst these men are depressed by a barren and fruitless employment, and tormented with the apprehension of want in their old age; since that which they get by their daily labour does but maintain them at present, and is consumed as fast as it comes in, there is no overplus left to lay up for old age.

Is not that government both unjust and ungrateful that is so prodigal in its favours to those that are called gentlemen, or goldsmiths, or such others who are idle, or live either by flattery, or by contriving the arts of vain pleasure, and, on the other hand, takes no care of those of a meaner sort, such as ploughmen, colliers, and smiths, without whom it could not subsist? But after the public has reaped all the advantage of their service, and they come to be oppressed with age, sickness, and want, all their labours and the good they have done is forgotten, and all the recompense given them is, that they are left to die in great misery.

Therefore I must say, that, as I hope for mercy, I can have no other notion of all the other governments that I see or know, than that they are a conspiracy of the rich, who, on pretence of managing the public, only pursue their private ends, and devise all the ways and arts they can find out, first, that they may, without danger,

preserve all that they have so ill acquired, and then that they may engage the poor to toil and labour for them at as low rates as possible, and oppress them as much as they please; yet these wicked men, after they have, by a most insatiable covetousness, divided that among themselves, with which all the rest might have been well supplied, are far from that happiness that is enjoyed among the Utopians.

IV. WYNKYN DE WORDE.

NEXT to Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde is the best known and most highly prized of our old printers. The following extract is taken from a book published by him in the year 1530. It is impossible to conjecture who was the author, but it affords a fair specimen of the style of the early productions of the English press.

THE PROFITS OF TRIBULATION.¹

Here beginneth a little short treatise, that telleth how there were six masters assembled together; every one asked other what thing they might best speak of that might please God and were² most profitable to the people. And all they were accorded³ to speak of tribulation.

The first master said, that if anything had been better to man living in this world than tribulation, God would have give⁴ it to His Son; but for He saw well there was nothing better than it, therefore He gave to Him and made Him to suffer most tribulation in this wretched world more than did ever any man or ever shall. The second master said, that if there were any man in this world that might be without spot of sin, as our Lord was, and might live thirty years (an⁵ it were possible) without meet or drink, and also were so devout in prayers that he might speak with angels in the air, as did Mary Magdalene,⁶ yet might he not deserve in that life so great meed⁷ as a man deserveth in suffering a little tribulation. The third master said, that if it so were that the mother of God and all the saints of heaven prayed all for one man, yet should they not get him so much meed as he should get himself by meekness in suffering a little tribulation. The fourth master said, we worship the cross, for our Lord hung thereon bodily, but I say we should rather, and by more right and reason, have in mind the tribulation that He suffered there upon the cross for our guilts and our trespasses. The fifth master said, I had lever⁸ be of right, and of strength, and of power to suffer the least pain of tribulation that our Lord suffered

¹ The following is the original spelling:—Here begyneth a lytell short treatyse that telleth how there were vj maysters assembled togider, enerychone asked other what thyng they myght best speke of that myght please God, and were most profytable to ye people. ² i.e., would be. ³ i.e., agreed. ⁴ for given. ⁵ i.e., if.

⁶ A reference to her vision of angels at Christ's tomb, or to some tradition.

⁷ i.e., reward.

⁸ i.e., rather.

here on earth with meekness in heart, than the meed or the reward of all worldly goods ; for, as Saint Peter saith, that none is worthy to have tribulation but he that deserveth it with a clean heart, and it learneth¹ a man to know the privities² of God, and tribulation maketh a man to know himself, and multiplieth virtues in a man, and purgeth and cleanseth him right as fire doth gold. And who-soever meekly in heart suffereth tribulation, God is with him, and beareth that heavy charge with him of tribulation, and tribulation buyeth again time that was lost, and holdeth a man in the way of righteousness ; and of all gifts that God giveth to man, tribulation is the most worthiest gift. Also it is treasure, to the which no man may make comparison, and tribulation joineth man's soul unto God. Now, asketh the sixth master, why we suffer tribulation with so evil a will ? and it is answered and said, for three things. The first is, for we have little love to our Lord Jesus Christ. The second is, for we think little of the great meed that cometh thereof. The third is, that we think full little or nought of the bitter pains and the great passion that our Lord suffered for us in redemption of our sins, and to bring us to the bliss that never shall have end.

V. BISHOP LATIMER.

HUGH LATIMER was born at Thurstaston in Leicestershire, probably in A.D. 1490, or the succeeding year. He studied at Cambridge, where he was remarkable for the purity of his life, and his zealous attachment to the doctrines of the church, which the Reformers were then beginning to impugn. Intercourse with Bilney, however, altered his opinions, and he thenceforward "forsook the school-doctors, and became an earnest student of true divinity." His preaching exposed him to the resentment of the college authorities, and he was summoned to London to give an account of himself to Wolsey, but his manly bearing won the favour of the munificent cardinal, and he was dismissed with a gentle reprimand. He had equal success with Henry himself ; he acquired the respect and esteem of the bluff monarch, became one of the royal chaplains, and was in the habit of preaching in London to large and distinguished audiences. At the instance of Cranmer, who was anxious to secure the aid of so able a coadjutor, Latimer was in 1535 advanced to the See of Worcester, and the influence which this position gave him was employed for the furtherance of the Reformation. He opposed the famous Six Articles, and thus forfeited the favour of Henry, who deprived him of his bishopric, and kept him in confinement for the rest of his reign in the house of the Bishop of Chichester. Edward VI. offered to restore him to his see, but he declined, and chose rather to spend his time in

¹ *i. e.*, teacheth ; the word *learn*, in old English, is used to denote either the work of the scholar (*learning*), or that of the teacher (*teaching*). It was not till the middle of the seventeenth century that it acquired its present restricted signification.

² *i. e.*, in the language of the authorized translation of the Bible, "the deep things of God."

preaching. On the accession of Mary he was committed to the Tower, and with Cranmer and Ridley was burned at Oxford, 16th October 1555. His works consist almost exclusively of sermons, which, during his own life and the early period of the English Church, enjoyed a very high degree of popularity, which they well deserved. They are exceedingly quaint, both in the matter and the style, and are by no means characterized either by deep learning or profound thought; but their earnestness, their familiarity, their terseness, their bold and uncompromising condemnation of wrong in all ranks, are worthy of one of the greatest of our Reformers, and fully explain the wonderful effect which the preaching of Latimer is said to have had in promoting the Reformation.

1. AGAINST BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION IN JUDGES.—(FROM THE
THIRD SERMON BEFORE EDWARD VI.)

Isaiah calleth the princes of the Jews, thieves. What! princes thieves? What a seditious fellow was this! Was he worthy to live in a commonwealth that would call princes in this wise, fellows of thieves? Had they a standing at Shooter's-hill or Standgate-hole,¹ to take a purse? Why! did they stand by the highway-side? Did they rob, or break open any man's house or door? No, no; this is a gross kind of thieving. They were princes: they had a prince-like kind of thieving, "they all love bribes." Bribery is a princely kind of thieving. They will be waged² by the rich, either to give sentence against the poor, or to put off the poor man's causes. This is the noble theft of princes and of magistrates. They are bribe-takers. Now-a-days they call them gentle rewards: let them leave their colouring, and call them by their Christian name, bribes: "all the princes, all the judges, all the priests, all the rulers, are bribers." What! were all the magistrates in Jerusalem all bribe-takers? None good? No doubt there were some good. This word *all* signifieth the most part; and so there be some good, I doubt not of it, in England. But yet we be far worse than those stiff-necked Jews. For we read of none of them that winced nor kicked against Esay's preaching, or said that he was a seditious fellow.³ Wo worth these gifts! they subvert justice everywhere: "They follow bribes." Somewhat was given to them before, and they must needs give somewhat again; for Giffe-gaffe was a good fellow; this Giffe-gaffe led them clean from justice. "They follow gifts."

A good fellow on a time bade another of his friends to a breakfast, and said, "if you will come, you shall be welcome; but I tell you aforehand, you shall have slender fare: one dish, and that is all." "What is that?" said he. "A pudding, and nothing else." "Marry," said he, "you cannot please me better; of all meats, that

¹ Localities in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, which were formerly infamous as the scenes of robbery.

² *i.e.*, must receive wages.

³ An accusation which was often brought against Latimer at the time, hence his allusion to it.

is for mine own tooth; you may draw me round about the town with a pudding." These bribing magistrates and judges follow gifts faster than the fellow would follow the pudding.

Now-a-days the judges be afraid to hear a poor man against the rich, insomuch they will either pronounce against him, or so drive off the poor man's suit, that he shall not be able to go through with it. The greatest man in the realm cannot so hurt a judge as a poor widow; such a shrewd turn she can do him. And with what armour, I pray you? She can bring the judge's skin over his ears, and never lay hands upon him. And how is that? "The tears of the poor fall down upon their cheeks, and go up to heaven," and cry for vengeance before God, the judge of widows, the father of widows and orphans. Poor people be oppressed even by laws. Wo worth to them that make evil laws against the poor! What shall be to them that hinder and mar good laws? "What will ye do in the day of great vengeance, when God shall visit you?" He saith, He will hear the tears of poor women when He goeth on visitation. For their sake He will hurt the judge, be he never so high. He will for widows' sakes change realms, bring them into temptation, pluck the judges' skins over their heads.

Cambyses was a great emperor, such another as our master is: he had many lords-deputies, lords-presidents, and lieutenants under him. It is a great while ago since I read the history. It chanced he had under him in one of his dominions a briber, a gift-taker, a gratifier of rich men; he followed gifts as fast as he that followed the pudding; a hand-maker in his office, to make his son a great man; as the old saying is, "Happy is the child whose father goeth to the devil." The cry of the poor widow came to the emperor's ear, and caused him to flay the judge quick, and laid his skin in his chair of judgment, that all judges that should give judgment afterward should sit in the same skin. Surely it was a goodly sign, a goodly monument, the sign of the judge's skin. I pray God we may once see the sign of the skin in England.

2. AGAINST COVETOUSNESS.

God will not allow a king too much, will He then allow a subject too much? No; that He will not. Have any men here in England too much? I doubt most rich men have too much; for without too much we can get nothing. As, for example, the physician: if the poor man be diseased, he can have no help without too much. And of the lawyer, the poor man can get no counsel, expedition, nor help in his matter, except he give him too much. At merchants' hands, no kind of ware can be had, except we give for it too much. You landlords, you rent-raisers, I may say, you step-lords, you unnatural lords, you have for your possessions yearly too much.¹ For that here before went for twenty or forty pound by year (which

¹ Of the great rise of rents at this time, and the complaints which it occasioned, every historian of England treats.

is an honest portion to be had gratis in one lordship of another man's sweat and labour), now is let for fifty or an hundred pound by year. Of this "too much" cometh this monstrous and portentous dearth made by man, notwithstanding God doth send us plentifully the fruits of the earth, mercifully, contrary unto our deserts: notwithstanding "too much," which these rich men have, causeth such dearth that poor men, which live of their labour, cannot with the sweat of their face have a living, all kinds of victuals is so dear; pigs, geese, capons, chickens, eggs, &c., these things with other are so unreasonably enhanced; and I think verily that if it thus continue, we shall at length be constrained to pay for a pig a pound.

My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of three or four pound by the year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half-a-dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep; and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went to Blackheath field.¹ He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the king's majesty now. He married my sisters with five pound, or twenty nobles, apiece; so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor. And all this he did of the said farm, where he that now hath it payeth sixteen pound by year, or more, and is not able to do anything for his prince, for himself, nor for his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor.

3. THE DEVIL A DILIGENT PREACHER.—(FROM THE SERMON OF THE PLOUGH, PREACHED IN THE SHROUDS,² AT PAUL'S CHURCH, LONDON, JANUARY 18, 1548.)

I would ask a strange question: Who is the most diligentest bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him, who it is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will you know who it is? I will tell you; it is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other; he is never out of his diocess; he is never from his cure; ye shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times; ye shall never find him out of the way; call for him when you will, he is ever at home; the diligentest preacher in all the realm; he is ever at his

¹ Where the Cornish rebels were defeated in 1497.

² The sermons usually preached at St. Paul's Cross were, in bad weather, preached in a place called the *Shrouds*, which was, according to Stow, "at the side of the cathedral church, where was covering and shelter."

plough ; no lording¹ or loitering can hinder him ; he is ever applying² his business ; ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition, to set up idolatry, to teach all kind of popery. He is ready as he can be wished for to set forth his plough ; to devise as many ways as can be to deface and obscure God's glory. Where the devil is resident, and hath his plough going, there away with books, and up with candles ; away with bibles, and up with beads ; away with the light of the gospel, and up with the light of candles, yea, at noon-days. Where the devil is resident, that he may prevail, up with all superstition and idolatry ; censing, painting of images, candles, palms, ashes, holy water, and new service of men's inventing ; as though man could invent a better way to honour God with than God himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross, up with purgatory pick-purse, up with him, the popish purgatory, I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor, and impotent ; up with decking of images, and gay garnishings of stocks and stones : up with man's traditions and his laws, down with God's traditions and His most Holy Word. Down with the old honour due to God, and up with the new god's honour. Let all things be done in Latin : there must be nothing but Latin, not so much as "Remember, man, that thou art ashes, and into ashes thou shalt return :"³ which be the words that the minister speaketh unto the ignorant people, when he giveth them ashes upon Ash-Wednesday ; but it must be spoken in Latin : God's Word may in no wise be translated into English.

Oh that our prelates would be as diligent to sow the corn of good doctrine, as Satan is to sow cockle and darnel ! But here some man will say to me, What, sir, are ye so privy of the devil's counsel that ye know all this to be true ? Truly I know him too well, and have obeyed him a little too much in condescending to some follies ; and I know him as other men do, yea, that he is ever occupied, and ever busy in following his plough. I know by St Peter, which saith of him, "He goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." There never was such a preacher in England as he is. Who is able to tell his diligent preaching, which every day and every hour laboureth to sow cockle and darnel ?

VI. ROGER ASCHAM.

AMONG the most strenuous promoters of the revival of classical learning in England was Roger Ascham. His high reputation as a scholar recommended him to the attention of Henry VIII., who signified his approbation of Ascham by appointing him preceptor of his daughter Elizabeth ; and we perhaps owe in some measure to the wise instructions of her able tutor the singularly firm and manly character

¹ i.e., acting as a lord, in an indolent, dignified way.

² In the sense of plying or accomplishing.

of that accomplished princess. His works are distinguished by an almost total absence of pedantry, and by the good sense of his educational views, which are, indeed, so remarkable, that Dr Johnson commended them as containing the best advice that could be given on the subject. Still more recently, one of the most distinguished classical scholars of our day in England has reprinted great part of one of Ascham's educational tracts on the best method of learning Latin, and advocates a return to his system as better than any now practised. Ascham died in 1568, much regretted by his royal pupil. His educational views are contained in his "Schoolmaster." His "Toxophilus" is a dialogue in commendation of archery, and he has also written an account of affairs in Germany, a country which he visited as ambassador during the reign of Edward VI.

1. OCCUPATIONS SHOULD BE SUITED TO MEN'S FACULTIES.—
(FROM THE "TOXOPHILUS.")

If men would go about matters which they should do and be fit for, and not such things which wilfully they desire, and yet be unfit for, verily greater matters in the commonwealth than shooting should be in better case than they be. This ignorance in men, which know not for what time and to what thing they be fit, causeth some wish to be rich, for whom it were better a great deal to be poor; other to be meddling in every man's matter, for whom it were more honesty to be quiet and still; some to desire to be in the Court, which be born and be fitter rather for the cart;¹ some to be masters and rule other, which never yet began to rule themselves; some always to jangle and talk, which rather should hear and keep silence; some to teach, which rather should learn; some to be priests, which were fitter to be clerks. And this perverse judgment of the world, when men measure themselves amiss, bringeth much disorder and great unseemliness to the whole body of the commonwealth, as if a man should wear his hose on his head, or a woman go with a sword and a buckler, every man would take it as a great uncomeliness, although it be but a trifle in respect of the other.

This perverse judgment of men hindereth nothing so much as learning, because commonly those that be unfitted for learning be chiefly set to learning. As if a man now-a-days have two sons, the one impotent, weak, sickly, lisping, stuttering, and stammering, or having any mis-shape in his body, what doth the father of such one commonly say? This boy is fit for nothing else but to set to learning and make a priest of, as who would say, the outcasts of the world, having neither countenance, tongue, nor wit (for of a perverse body cometh commonly a perverse mind), be good enough to make those men of which shall be appointed to preach God's Holy Word, and minister His blessed sacraments, besides other most weighty matters in the commonwealth, put oft times and worthily to learned

¹ That is, to be treated as criminals, who in capital cases were taken to the place of execution in a cart, and for minor offences were whipped through the town at the cart's tail.

men's discretion and charge ; when rather such an office so high in dignity, so goodly in administration, should be committed to no man which should not have a countenance full of comeliness to allure good men, a body full of manly authority to fear¹ ill men, a wit² apt for all learning, with tongue and voice able to persuade all men. And although few such men as these can be found in a commonwealth, yet surely a goodly-disposed man will both in his mind think fit, and with all his study labour to get such men as I speak of, or rather better, if better can be gotten, for such an high administration, which is most properly appointed to God's own matters and business. This perverse judgment of fathers, as concerning the fitness and unfitness of their children, causeth the commonwealth have many unfit ministers ; and seeing that ministers be, as a man would say, instruments wherewith the commonwealth doth work all her matters withal, I marvel how it chanceth that a poor shoemaker hath so much wit, that he will prepare no instrument for his science, neither knife nor awl, nor nothing else, which is not very fit for him. The commonwealth can be content to take at a fond father's hand the riff-raff of the world, to make those instruments of wherewithal she would work the highest matters under heaven. And surely an awl of lead is not so unprofitable in a shoemaker's shop, as an unfit minister made of gross metal is unseemly in the commonwealth. Fathers in old time, among the noble Persians, might not do with their children as they thought good, but as the judgment of the commonwealth thought best. This fault of fathers bringeth many a blot with it, to the great deformity of the commonwealth. And here surely I can praise gentlewomen, which have always at hand their glasses, to see if anything be amiss, and so will amend it ; yet the commonwealth, having the glass of knowledge in every man's hand, doth see such uncomeliness in it, and yet winketh at it. This fault, and many such like, might be soon wiped away, if fathers would bestow their children always on that thing whereunto nature hath ordained them most apt and fit. For if youth be grafted straight and not awry, the whole commonwealth will flourish thereafter. When this is done, then must every man begin to be more ready to amend himself than to check another, measuring their matters with that wise proverb of Apollo, *Know thyself : that is to say, learn to know what thou art able, fit, and apt unto, and follow that.*

2. ANECDOTE OF LADY JANE GREY.—(FROM "THE SCHOOLMASTER.")

One example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child for virtue and learning, I will gladly report, which may be heard with some pleasure, and followed with more profit. Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much be-

¹ i.e., to frighten.

² i.e., natural capacity.

holden. Her parents, the Duke and the Duchess,¹ with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber reading Plato's "Phædo" in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccaccio.² After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park. Smiling, she answered me, "I wiss, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant." "And how came you, madam," quoth I, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure? And what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have obtained thereunto?" "I will tell you," quoth she, "and tell you a truth which, perchance, you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures in very deed be but trifles and troubles unto me."

VII. JOHN KNOX.

JOHN KNOX, the Scottish Reformer, was born in 1505, in the village of Gifford in East Lothian, or, according to other authorities, in a suburb of the town of Haddington called Gifford-gate. His parents were respectable peasant-farmers, able to give their son a regular scholastic education, first at the Grammar School of Haddington, and afterwards at the University of Glasgow, which he entered in 1521. At the close of his university education he turned his thoughts to the church, and was regularly admitted into priestly orders. Of his career as a Roman Catholic priest little is known; but as the doctrines of the Reformers were gradually disseminated more and more widely over Scotland, his religious opinions changed, and in 1542 he professed himself a Protestant, and became the disciple and companion of

¹ Viz., of Suffolk.

² i.e., Boccaccio.

the famous Wishart. On the martyrdom of his master at St Andrews, Knox deemed it prudent to withdraw for some time from public notice, and became tutor in the family of the Laird of Langniddrie, one of the English agents in Scotland, where probably he met with many of those with whom he afterwards so vigorously co-operated, and whose political opinions exercised so powerful an influence on his own. On the assassination of Beaton, Knox came to St Andrews, and became the pastor of the Protestant congregation there; and on the capture of the castle he was taken prisoner along with the conspirators, and was sent to France, where he remained in confinement till 1549. When released he passed over into England, where Cranmer availed himself of his services, and but for some objections which Knox entertained to the English ritual, would have advanced him to ecclesiastical dignity. When Mary succeeded, Knox fled to the Continent, and after various wanderings, he, in 1559, finally returned to Scotland, where his preaching and energetic character were of essential service in promoting the cause of the Reformation. He died at Edinburgh in 1572. His writings are numerous, but as they were almost all written in haste, to meet some pressing emergency, they possess little permanent value. The chief are his "Blast against the Monstrous Regimen of Women," "Exposition upon the Sixth Psalm," "Exposition upon the Temptations of our Lord," and "History of the Reformation." This last work is written in a lively and vigorous style, and gives proof of no small power of graphic description. It displays throughout excessive violence and considerable credulity; it is due, however, to Knox to state, that the work was not published till after his death; that part of it is confessedly not his; that there are strong suspicions that the whole has been largely interpolated; and that the genuineness of the MSS. is open to much doubt. The whole matter, in fact, calls for a more careful examination than it has yet received.

1. THE DOWNCASTING OF THE FRIARS IN ST JOHNSTON, PERTH.—
(KNOX'S "HISTORY," BOOK II.)

¹ The preachers before had declared how odious was idolatry in God's presence, what commandment He had given for the destruction of the monuments thereof; what idolatry and what abomination was in the mass. It chanced that the next day, which was the 11th of May, after that the preachers were exiled, that after the sermon, which was vehement against idolatry, that a priest in contempt would go to the mass, and to declare his malapert² presumption, he would open up a glorious tabernacle³ which stood upon the high altar. There stood beside certain godly men, and amongst others a young boy who cried with a loud voice, "This is intolerable, that when God by His Word hath plainly damned idolatry, we shall stand

¹ The reader may compare with this the original spelling, "The preacheours befor had declaired, how odious was idolatrie in God's presence; what commandment He had gevin for the destructioun of the monumentis thairof: what idolatrie and what abhominatioun was in the messe. It chanced, that the next day, which was the eleventh of May, after that the preacheours wer exyled," &c.

² i. e., presumptuous or arrogant.

³ A little shrine in which images are kept.

and see it used in despite." The priest, hereat offended, gave the child a great blow; who in anger took up a stone, and casting at the priest did hit the tabernacle and break down an image; and immediately the whole multitude that were about cast stones, and put hands to the said tabernacle, and to all other monuments of idolatry; which they dispatched, before the tent¹ man in the town were advertised (for the most part were gone to dinner), which noised abroad, the whole multitude convened, not of the gentlemen, neither of them that were earnest professors, but of the rascal multitude, who finding nothing to do in that church, did run without deliberation to the Grey and Black Friars; and notwithstanding that they had within them very strong guards kept for their defence, yet were their gates incontinent² burst up. The first invasion was upon the idolatry;³ and thereafter the common people began to seek some spoil; and in very deed the Greyfriars⁴ was a place so well provided, that unless honest men had seen the same, we would have feared to have reported what provision they had. Their sheets, blankets, beds, and covertors⁵ were such as no earl in Scotland hath the better: their napery was fine. They were but eight persons in convent, and yet had eight puncheons of salt beef (consider the time of the year, the eleventh day of May⁶), wine, beer, and ale, besides store of victuals effering⁷ thereto. The like abundance was not in the Blackfriars;⁸ and yet there was more than became men professing poverty. The spoil was permitted to the poor; for so had the preachers before threatened all men, that for covetousness' sake none should put their hand to such a reformation, that no honest man was enriched thereby the value of a groat. Their conscience so moved them that they suffered those hypocrites⁹ take away what they could of that which was in their places. The prior¹⁰ of Charter-house was permitted to take away with him even so much gold and silver as he was well able to carry. So was men's consciences before beaten with the Word, that they had no respect to their own particular profit, but only to abolish idolatry, the places and monuments thereof; in which they were so busy and so laborious, that within two days, these three great places, monuments of idolatry, to wit the Grey and Black *Thieves* and Charter-house monks (a building of a wondrous cost and greatness¹¹), was so destroyed, that the walls only did remain of all these great edifications. Which

¹ This probably means the calling out of every *tenth man* to assist in putting down quarrels.

² *i.e.*, immediately.

³ *i.e.*, the images.

⁴ This monastery lay on the south of Perth, just outside the walls. ⁵ *i.e.*, coverlets.

⁶ It was customary in those days to kill, at the end of autumn, most of the cattle, and salt them for winter provisions; in the month of May, however, there was abundance of grass, and fresh provisions might soon be expected; hence the surprise expressed at the quantity still in the monastery. ⁷ *i.e.*, belonging.

⁸ This monastery lay on the north of Perth. In it, as will be remembered, James I. was murdered. ⁹ *Viz.*, the friars.

¹⁰ Adam Fortman was then prior, and on the destruction of his monastery retired to Errol.

¹¹ This abbey was erected by James I. in 1429; it belonged to the White Friars, and was said to be the fairest and best-built abbey of any in Scotland.

reported to the queen,¹ she was so enraged that she did avow² "utterly to destroy Saint Johnston,³ man, woman, and child, and to consume the same by fire, and thereafter to salt⁴ it, in sign of a perpetual desolation." We, suspecting nothing such cruelty, but thinking that such words might escape her in choler, without purpose determinate, because she was a woman set afire by the complaints of those hypocrites who flocked unto her, as ravens to a carrion: We (we say) suspecting nothing such beastly cruelty, returned to our own houses; leaving⁵ in Saint Johnston John Knox to instruct, because they were young and rude in Christ. But she, set afire, partly by her own malice, partly by commandment of her friends in France, and not a little by bribes, which she and Monsieur D'Oysel⁶ received from the bishops and priests here at home, did continue in her rage. And first she sent for all the nobility, to whom she complained that we meant nothing but a rebellion. She did grievously aggravate⁷ the destruction of the Charter-house, because it was a King's foundation;⁸ and there was the tomb of King James the First: and by such other persuasions she made the most part of them grant to pursue us.

2. DISPUTE BETWEEN KNOX AND LETHINGTON.—("HISTORY," BOOK IV.)

"Will ye," said Lethington, "make subjects to control their princes and rulers?"

"And what harm," said Knox, "should the commonwealth receive, gif⁹ that the corrupt affections of ignorant rulers were moderated, and so bridled by the wisdom and discretion of godly subjects, that they should do wrong nor violence to no man?"

"All this reasoning," said Lethington, "is not of the purpose; for we reason as gif the Queen¹⁰ should become such an enemy to our religion, that she should persecute it, and put innocent men to death, which I am assured she never thought, nor never will do. For gif I should see her begin at that end, yea, gif I should suspect any such thing in her, I should be also far¹¹ forward in that argument as ye or any other within this realm. But there is not such a thing. Our question is, Whether that we may and ought to suppress the Queen's mass?¹² or whether her idolatry shall be laid to our charge?"

"What ye may," said the other, "by force, I dispute not; but what ye may and ought to do by God's express commandment, that I can tell. Idolatry ought not only to be suppressed, *but the idolater ought to die the death*, unless that we will accuse God."

¹ i.e., Mary of Guise, Queen Regent; the event happened A.D. 1559.

² i.e., vow. ³ So Perth was then called.

⁴ i.e., to sow it with salt.

⁵ This passage (and many more occur in the history) is either an interpolation, or a proof that Knox was not the author of the "History of the Reformation."

⁶ The French ambassador.

⁷ i.e., aggravate, exaggerate.

⁸ See previous note on the Charter-house.

⁹ for if.

¹⁰ Queen Mary is of course meant here.

¹¹ i.e., as far.

¹² i.e., the private mass which the Queen attended in the chapel royal; this was exceedingly offensive to the more violent Reformers, who repeatedly tried to put it down by force, and declared in general terms, as Knox does in the next sentence, that for so doing Mary should be put to death.

"I know," said Lethington, "the idolater is commanded to die the death, but by whom?"

"By the people of God," said the other; "for the commandment was given to Israel, as ye may read—'Hear, Israel,' says the Lord, 'the statutes and the ordinances of the Lord thy God,' &c. Yea, a commandment was given, that if it be heard that idolatry is committed in any one city, inquisition shall be taken; and if it be found true, that then the whole body of the people shall arise and destroy that city, sparing in it neither man, woman, nor child."

"But there is no commandment given to the people," said the secretary, "to punish their king gif he be an idolater."

"I find no more privilege granted unto kings," said the other, "by God, more than unto the people, to offend God's majesty."

"I grant," said Lethington, "but yet the people may not be judges unto their king to punish him, albeit he be an idolater."

"God," said the other, "is the Universal Judge, as well unto the king as to the people; so that what His Word commands to be punished in the one, is not to be absolved in the other."

"We agree in that," said Lethington, "but the people may not execute God's judgment, but must leave it unto Himself, who will either punish it by death, by war, by imprisonment, or by some other plagues."

"I know the last part of your reason," said John Knox, "to be true; but for the first, to wit, that the people, yea, or a part of the people, may not execute God's judgments against their king, being an offender, I am assured you have no other warrant except your own imagination, and the opinion of such as more fear to offend princes than God."

"Why say ye so?" said Lethington; "I have the judgments of the most famous men within Europe, and of such as ye yourself will confess both godly and learned."

And with that he called for his papers, which, produced by Mr Robert Maitland, he began to read with great gravity the judgments of Luther, Melancthon, the minds of Bucer,¹ Musculus, and Calvin, how Christians should behave themselves in time of persecution.

"As for my argument," said the other, "ye have infirmed² it nothing; for your first two witnesses speak against the Anabaptists,³ who deny that Christians should be subject to magistrates, or yet that is lawful for a Christian to be a magistrate; which opinion I do no less abhor than ye do, or any other that lives do. The others speak of Christian subjects unto tyrants and infidels, so dispersed that they have no other force but only to sob to God for deliverance. That such indeed should hazard any farther than these godly men wills them, I can not hastily be of counsel. But my argument has

¹ Bucer was an eminent Reformer; he was invited by Cranmer to visit England, and was made professor of theology in Cambridge. Musculus was professor of divinity at Berne, and wrote valuable commentaries on Scripture; the others mentioned are too well known to need description.

² i.e., weakened.

³ A turbulent religious sect at the time of the Reformation.

another ground : for I speak of the people assembled together in one body of a commonwealth, unto whom God has given sufficient force, not only to resist, but also to suppress all kind of open idolatry : and such a people, yet again I affirm, are bound to keep their land clean and unpolluted. When our poor brethren before us gave their bodies to the flames of fire, for the testimony of the truth, and when scarcely could ten be found into a country that rightly knew God, it had been foolishness to have craved either of the nobility, or of the mean subjects, the suppressing of idolatry ; for that had been nothing but to have expounded¹ the simple sheep in a prey to the wolves. But since that God has multiplied knowledge, yea, and has given the victory to His truth, even in the hands of His servants, gif ye suffer the land again to be defiled, ye and your princes shall both drink the cup of God's indignation, she for her obstinate abiding in manifest idolatry, in this great light of the Evangill² of Jesus Christ, and ye for your permission and maintaining her in the same !"

Lethington said, "In that point we will never agree : and where find ye, I pray you, that ever any of the prophets or of the apostles taught such a doctrine, that the people should be plagued for the idolatry of the prince ; or yet, that the subjects might suppress the idolatry of their rulers, or punish them for the same ?"

"What was the commission given to the apostles," said he ; "my lord, we know : it was to preach and plant the evangill of Jesus Christ, where darkness afore had dominion ; and therefore it behoved them first to let them see the light before that they should will them to put to³ their hands to suppress idolatry. What precepts the apostles gave unto the faithful in particular, other than that they commanded all to flee from idolatry, I will not affirm : but I find two things which the faithful did ; the one was, they assisted their preachers, even against the rulers and magistrates ;⁴ the other was, they suppressed idolatry wheresoever God gave unto them force, asking no leave at the emperor,⁵ nor at his deputies. And as to the doctrine of the prophets, we know they were interpreters of the law of God ; and we know they spake as well to the kings as to the people. I read that neither of both would hear them ; and therefore came the plague of God upon both. God's laws pronounces death, as before I have said, to idolaters, without exception of any person. Now, how the prophets could reprove the vices, and not show the people their duty, I understand not. For the probation, I am ready to produce the fact of one prophet : for ye know, my lord," said he, "that Eliseus sent one of the children of the prophets to anoint Jehu, who gave him in commandment to

¹ i. e., exposed.

² i. e., gospel ; *evangill* is the Greek form of the word, from which *evangelist*, &c., are formed.

³ i. e., to apply ; the phrase is still current in Scotland.

⁴ Knox must be understood here to refer to events *not* recorded in Scripture, which expressly forbids any such action.

⁵ i. e., the Roman emperor.

destroy the house of his master Ahab for the idolatry committed by him ; which he obeyed, and put in full execution."

"There is enough," said Lethington, "to be answered thereto : for Jehu was a king before he put anything in execution ; and besides this, the fact is extraordinary, and ought not to be imitated."

VIII. JOHN FOX.

JOHN FOX, the martyrologist, was born at Boston in Lincolnshire, in 1517. He received his education at the University of Oxford, where he was distinguished for his industrious prosecution of his studies, but having become a Protestant he was expelled from his college as a heretic. For some time he suffered much hardship, and was even in danger of starvation ; but at last he obtained employment as tutor in the family of the Duchess of Richmond. The persecution in the reign of Mary compelled him to take refuge on the Continent, where he supported himself by correcting for the press at Basle. On the accession of Elizabeth he returned to his native country, and was appointed to a prebendal stall in the cathedral of Salisbury, the peculiar views which he had adopted on the Continent preventing his receiving any higher ecclesiastical promotion. He died in 1687. Fox wrote many works, but he is best known by his "Acts and Monuments," or an account of "The Great Persecutions and Horrible Troubles that have been wrought and practised by the Romish Prelates, especially in this Realm of England and Scotland, from the Year of our Lord a Thousand, unto the Time now present." In compiling this work he occupied eleven years, and he availed himself of all the means in his power to acquire accurate information. His statements have been sometimes called in question,¹ and some few of them may be erroneous, but his work as a whole is characterized by extreme fidelity and truth. He frequently indulges in coarse language, but allowance must be made for the excitement of the times, and the personal feelings of one who had himself been a sufferer. His narrative, from the copiousness of detail in which he indulges, and its unaffected simplicity, has a depth of pathos which has seldom been equalled.

1. LIFE AND STORY OF BISHOP RIDLEY.

Among many other worthy and sundry histories and notable acts of such as of late days have been turmoiled, murdered, and martyred for the gospel of Christ in Queen Mary's reign, the tragical story and life of Dr Ridley I thought good to commend to chronicle, and leave to perpetual memory ; beseeching thee, gentle reader, with care and study well to peruse, diligently to consider, and deeply to print the same in thy breast, seeing him to be a man beautified with such excellent qualities, so ghostly² inspired and godly learned,

¹ One Roman Catholic styled it a "Dunghill of Stinking Martyrs"

² *i. e.*, spiritually.

and now written doubtless in the book of life with the blessed saints of the Almighty, crowned and throned amongst the glorious company of martyrs.

He was passingly well learned, his memory was great, and he of such reading withal, that of right he deserved to be comparable to the best of this our age, as can testify as well divers his notable works, pithy sermons, and sundry his disputations in both the universities, as also his very adversaries, all which will say no less themselves. Besides all this, wise he was of counsel, deep of wit, and very polite in all his doings. How merciful and careful he was to reduce the obstinate Papists from their erroneous opinions, and by gentleness to win them to the truth, his gentle ordering and courteous handling of Doctor Heath, late Archbishop of York, being prisoner with him in King Edward's time in his house one year, sufficiently declareth. In fine, he was such a prelate, and in all points so good, godly, and ghostly a man, that England may justly rue the loss of so worthy a treasure.

He was a man right comely and well-proportioned in all points, both in complexion and lineaments of the body. He took all things in good part, bearing no malice nor rancour from his heart, but straightways forgetting all injuries and offences done against him. He was very kind and natural to his kinsfolk, and yet not bearing with them anything otherwise than right would require, giving them always for a general rule, yea even to his own brother and sister, that they doing evil should seek or look for nothing at his hand, but should be as strangers and aliens unto him, and they to be his brother or sister which used honesty and a godly trade of life.

He, using all kinds of ways to mortify himself, was given to much prayer and contemplation; for duly every morning, as soon as his apparel was done¹ upon him, he went forthwith to his bed-chamber, and there upon his knees prayed the space of half an hour, which being done, immediately he went to his study (if there came no other business to interrupt him), where he continued till ten of the clock, and then came to common prayer daily used in his house. The prayers being done he went to dinner, where he used little talk, except otherwise occasion by some had been ministered, and then was it sober, discreet, and wise, and sometimes merry, as cause required.

The dinner done, which was not very long, he used to sit an hour or thereabouts playing at the chess; that done, he returned to his study, and there would continue, except suitors or business abroad were occasion of the contrary, until five of the clock at night, and then would come to common prayer, as in the forenoon, which being finished he went to supper, behaving himself there as at his dinner before; after supper, recreating himself in playing at chess the space of an hour, he would then return again to his study,

¹ i. e., put; the verb *do on* contracted *don*.

continuing there till eleven of the clock at night, which was his common hour to go to bed, then saying his prayers upon his knees, as in the morning when he rose. Being at his manor of Fulham,¹ as divers times he used to be, he read daily a lecture to his family at the common prayer, beginning at the Acts of the Apostles, and so going throughout all the Epistles of St Paul, giving to every man that could read a New Testament, hiring them besides with money to learn by heart certain principal chapters, but especially the thirteenth chapter of the Acts; reading also unto his household oftentimes the one hundred and first Psalm, being marvellous careful over his family, that they might be a spectacle of all virtue and honesty to other. To be short, as he was godly and virtuous himself, so nothing but virtue and godliness reigned in his house, feeding them with the food of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

2. MARTYRDOM OF DR RIDLEY.

The wicked sermon (by Dr Smith) being ended, Dr Ridley and Master Latimer kneeled down upon their knees towards my Lord Williams of Thame, the vice-chancellor of Oxford, and divers other commissioners appointed for that purpose, who sat upon a form thereby; unto whom Master Ridley said, "I beseech you, my lord, even for Christ's sake, that I may speak but two or three words." And whilst my lord bent his head to the mayor and vice-chancellor, to know (as it appeared) whether he might give him leave to speak, the bailiffs and Dr Marshall, vice-chancellor, ran hastily unto him, and with their hands stopped his mouth, and said, "Master Ridley, if you will revoke your erroneous opinions, and recant the same, you shall not only have liberty so to do, but also the benefit of a subject; that is, have your life." "Not otherwise?" said Master Ridley. "No," quoth Dr Marshall. "Therefore if you will not so do, then there is no remedy but you must suffer for your deserts." "Well," quoth Master Ridley, "so long as the breath is in my body, I will never deny my Lord Christ and His known truth: God's will be done in me!" And with that he rose up, and said with a loud voice, "Well, then, I commit our cause to Almighty God, which shall indifferently judge all." To whose saying Master Latimer added his old posy,² "Well! there is nothing hid but it shall be opened." And he said he could answer Smith well enough, if he might be suffered.

Incontinently³ they were commanded to make them ready, which they with all meekness obeyed. Master Ridley took his gown and his tippet, and gave it to his brother-in-law Master Shipside, who all his time of imprisonment, although he might not be suffered to come to him, lay there at his own charges to provide him necessaries, which, from time to time, he sent him by the sergeant that kept

¹ The episcopal residence of the Bishop of London, on the Thames.

² *i. e.*, motto, or maxim.

³ *i. e.*, forthwith. Immediately.

him. Some other of his apparel that was little worth he gave away, other the bailiffs took.

He gave away, besides, divers other small things to gentlemen standing by, and divers of them pitifully weeping; as to Sir Henry Lea he gave a new groat, and to divers of my Lord Williams' gentlemen some napkins, some nutmegs, and rases¹ of ginger; his dial, and such other things as he had about him, to every one that stood next him. Some plucked the points off his hose. Happy was he that might get any rag of him.

Master Latimer gave nothing, but very quietly suffered his keeper to pull off his hose and his other array, which to look unto was very simple; and being stripped unto his shroud, he seemed as comely a person to them that were there present as one should lightly² see; and whereas in his clothes he appeared a withered and crooked silly old man, he now stood bolt upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold.

Then Master Ridley, standing as yet in his truss, said to his brother, "It were best for me to go in my truss still." "No," quoth his brother, "it will put you to more pain; and the truss will do a poor man good." Whereunto Master Ridley said, "Be it, in the name of God;" and so unlaced himself. Then, being in his shirt, he stood upon the foresaid stone and held up his hand, and said, "O heavenly Father, I give unto Thee most hearty thanks, for that Thou hast called me to be a professor of Thee, even unto death. I beseech Thee, Lord God, take mercy upon this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies."

Then the smith took a chain of iron, and brought the same about both Dr Ridley's and Master Latimer's middle; and as he was knocking in a staple, Dr Ridley took the chain in his hand and shook the same, for it did gird in his belly, and looking aside to the smith, said, "Good fellow, knock it in hard, for the flesh will have his course." Then his brother did bring him gunpowder in a bag, and would have tied the same about his neck. Master Ridley asked what it was. His brother said, "Gunpowder." "Then," said he, "I will take it to be sent of God; therefore I will receive it as sent of Him. And have you any," said he, "for my brother?" meaning Master Latimer. "Yea, sir, that I have," quoth his brother. "Then give it unto him," said he, "betime, lest ye come too late." So his brother went, and carried of the same gunpowder unto Master Latimer. In the meantime Dr Ridley spake unto my Lord Williams, and said, "My lord, I must be a suitor unto your lordship in the behalf of divers poor men, and specially in the cause of my poor sister. I have made a supplication to the Queen's majesty in their behalfs. I beseech your lordship, for Christ's sake, to be a mean to her grace for them. My brother here hath the supplication, and will resort to your lordship to certify you hereof. There is nothing in all the world that troubleth my conscience, I

¹ i. e., roots or pieces.

² i. e., easily.

praise God, this only excepted. Whilst I was in the see of London divers poor men took leases of me, and agreed with me for the same. Now, I hear say, the bishop¹ that now occupieth the same room will not allow my grants unto them made, but, contrary unto all law and conscience, hath taken from them their livings, and will not suffer them to enjoy the same. I beseech you, my lord, be a mean for them : you shall do a good deed, and God will reward you."

Then they brought a faggot, kindled with fire, and laid the same down at Dr Ridley's feet. To whom Master Latimer spake in this manner : " Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

And so the fire being given unto them, when Dr Ridley saw the fire flaming up towards him, he cried with a wonderful loud voice, " O Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit : Lord receive my spirit." And after repeated this latter part often, " Lord, Lord, receive my spirit." Master Latimer crying as vehemently on the other side, " O Father of heaven, receive my soul," who received the flame as it were embracing of it. After that he had stroked his face with his hands, and, as it were, bathed them a little in the fire, he soon died (as it appeared) with very little pain or none. And thus much concerning the end of this old and blessed servant of God, Master Latimer, for whose laborious travails, fruitful life, and constant death, the whole realm hath cause to give great thanks to Almighty God.

But Master Ridley, by reason of the evil making of the fire unto him, because the wooden faggots were laid about the gorse,² and over-high built, the fire burned first beneath, being kept down by the wood ; which, when he felt, he desired them for Christ's sake to let the fire come unto him. Which when his brother-in-law heard, but not well understood, intending to rid him out of his pain (for the which cause he gave attendance), as one in such sorrow not well advised what he did, heaped faggots upon him, so that he clean covered him, which made the fire more vehement beneath, that it burned clean all his nether parts before it once touched the upper ; and that made him leap up and down under the faggots, and often desire them to let the fire come unto him, saying, " I cannot burn." Which indeed appeared well ; for after his legs were consumed by reason of his struggling through the pain (whereof he had no release, but only his contentation in God), he showed that side toward us clean, shirt and all untouched with flame. Yet in all this torment he forgot not to call upon God still, having in his mouth, " Lord, have mercy upon me," intermingling his cry, " Let the fire come unto me, I cannot burn." In which pangs he laboured till one of the standers-by with his bill pulled off the faggots above, and where he saw the fire flame up he wrested himself unto that side. And when the flame touched the gunpowder he was seen to stir no more,

¹ This was Boner, one of the chief agents in the persecution of the Protestants.

² i. e., whin or furze bushes.

but burned on the other side, falling down at Master Latimer's feet ; which, some said, happened by reason that the chain loosed ; others said, that he fell over the chain by reason of the poise of his body, and the weakness of his nether limbs.

Some said, that before he was like to fall from the stake, he desired them to hold him to it with their bills. However it was, surely it moved hundreds to tears in beholding the horrible sight ; for I think there was none, that had not clean exiled¹ all humanity and mercy, which would not have lamented to behold the fury of the fire so to rage upon their bodies. Signs there were of sorrow on every side. Some took it grievously to see their deaths, whose lives they held full dear ; some pitied their persons, that thought their souls had no need thereof. His brother moved many men, seeing his miserable case, seeing (I say) him compelled to such infelicity, that he thought then to do him best service when he hastened his end. Some cried out of the fortune, to see his endeavour (who most dearly loved him, and sought his release) turn to his greater vexation and increase of pain. But whose considered their preferments in time past, the places of honour that they sometime occupied in this commonwealth, the favour they were in with their princes, and the opinion of learning they had in the university where they studied, could not choose but sorrow with tears, to see so great dignity, honour, and estimation, so necessary members sometime accounted, so many godly virtues, the study of so many years, such excellent learning, to be put into the fire, and consumed in one moment. Well, dead they are, and the reward of this world they have already. What reward remaineth for them in heaven, the day of the Lord's glory, when He cometh with His saints, shall shortly, I trust, declare.

IX. BISHOP JEWEL.

JOHN JEWEL was born near Ilfracombe, in Devonshire, in 1522. He studied at the University of Oxford, and early became a convert to those Protestant doctrines which his learning was destined so signally to promote. He was afterwards appointed vicar of a country parish in Berks, where he discharged his clerical duties with zeal and success ; and on the accession of Mary, like so many others of the Protestants, he was obliged to leave his native land. His eminent learning secured him a ready reception abroad, and at Strasbourg he became vice-principal of the college. On the death of Mary, and the re-establishment of Protestantism under Elizabeth, he was invited home, and was shortly after his return appointed Bishop of Salisbury. He died in 1571. He wrote various polemical works, but his chief work is his "Apology for the Church of England." This was written in Latin, and was speedily translated not only into English, but into every con-

¹ i.e., banished

tinental language, and is said, with good reason, to have contributed more than any other work to the promotion of the cause of the Reformation. It is distinguished by extreme gracefulness of Latinity, moderation of tone, acuteness of reasoning, and extent of learning. Though styled an "Apology for the Church of England," it is in reality a defence of Protestantism against the Roman Catholics, and has no reference to the peculiar opinions of any particular section of Protestants. It is in many respects superior to the famous work of Chillingworth on the same subject; and is perhaps the best and most learned of all the treatises in defence of Protestantism. The following is from a translation by Lady Bacon, mother of the famous Bacon :—

CLAIM TO ANTIQUITY MADE BY THE ROMAN CATHOLICS.—("APOLOGY,"
PART V., CHAPTER V., DIVISION IV., ETC.)

What great pomp and crack¹ is this they (the Roman Catholics) make of antiquity? Why brag they so of the ancient fathers, and of the new and old councils? Why will they seem to trust to their authority, whom when they list they despise at their own pleasure?

But I have a special fancy to common² a word or two rather with the pope's good holiness, and to say these things to his own face. Tell us, I pray you, good holy father, seeing ye do crack so much of all antiquity, and boast yourself that all men are joined to you alone, which of all the fathers have at any time called you by the name of the highest prelate,³ the universal bishop, or the head of the church? Which of the ancient fathers or doctors ever said that both the swords were committed to you? Which of them ever said that you have authority and a right to call councils? Which of them ever said that the whole world is but your diocese? Which of them, that all bishops have received of your fulness? Which of them, that all power is given to you as well in heaven as in earth? Which of them, that neither kings, nor the whole clergy, not yet all people together, are able to be judges over you? Which of them, that kings and emperors by Christ's commandment and will do receive authority at your hand? Which of them, with so precise and mathematical limitation, hath surveyed and determined you to be seventy and seven times greater than the mightiest kings? Which of them, that more ample authority is given to you than to the residue of the patriarchs?⁴ Which of them, that you are the Lord God, or that you are not a mere natural man, but a certain substance made and grown together of God and man? Which of them, that you are the only head-spring of all law? Which of them, that you have power over purgatories? Which of them, that you are able to command the angels of God as you list yourself? Which of them that ever said that you are the Lord of lords, and the King of kings?

¹ i. e., talk or boast.

² i. e., commune, exchange.

³ All the assertions which follow had been made by modern Roman Catholic authors.

⁴ i. e., the Archbishops of Constantinople, Antioch, and Alexandria.

We can also go further with you in like sort. What one amongst the whole number of the old bishops and fathers ever taught you, either to say private mass whiles the people stared on, or to lift up the sacraments over your head (in which point consisteth now all your religion); or else to mangle Christ's sacraments, and to bereave the people of the one part, contrary to Christ's institution and plain expressed words? But, that we may once come to an end, what one is there of all the fathers which hath taught you to distribute Christ's blood and the holy martyrs' merits, and to sell openly as merchandizes your pardons and all the rooms and lodgings of purgatory? These men are wont to speak much of a certain secret doctrine of theirs, and manifold and sundry readings. Then let them bring forth somewhat now, if they can, that it may appear they have at least read, or do know somewhat. They have often stoutly noised in all corners where they went, how all the parts of their religion be very old, and have been approved not only by the multitude, but also by the consent and continual observation of all nations and times. Let them, therefore, once in their life show this their antiquity; let them make appear at eye, that the things whereof they make such ado have taken so long and large increase: let them declare that all Christian nations have agreed by consent to this their religion.

X. RAPHAEL HOLINSHED AND WILLIAM HARRISON.

Of these, the most important of our old chroniclers, scarce anything is known. Holinshed is said to have been of a respectable family in Cheshire; to have been employed as steward to a gentleman in Warwickshire; and to have died in 1582. His "*Chronicles*" were first published in 1577, and consist of a very voluminous history of England, Scotland, and Ireland, from the earliest periods to the reign of Elizabeth. To this is prefixed a description of the physical features of Great Britain, with an account of the productions, animal, vegetable, and mineral, of the country; and of the appearance, manners, dress, and food of the inhabitants. This part was written by Harrison, and is so extremely minute, and in general so accurate, that its value as a historical document cannot be overrated. The historical part of the "*Chronicles*" was compiled by Holinshed, with the assistance of John Hooker (said to be uncle to the famous Richard Hooker, author of the "*Ecclesiastical Polity*"), John Stow, Richard Stainhurst, and others. Much of it is fabulous, and has been superseded by modern discoveries; yet it has been drawn with great care from the heterogeneous compositions of nearly two hundred preceding writers, and has furnished the chief part of the materials of all succeeding historians. To the student of literature, it is further interesting as having supplied many of our old poets and dramatists with the outlines of their plots, and the ground-work of their poems. In fact, without the information which Holinshed affords, much of our older history and literature

would be to the modern student almost unintelligible. A revised edition of the "Chronicles" appeared in 1587, enlarged and improved by Abraham Fleming, one of the minor poets of the period, and an admirable reprint was issued at London in 1807. Its size may be estimated by the fact that this edition extends to six bulky quarto volumes, each containing nearly eight hundred pages of close type. The style of the "Chronicle" is in general dry and lumbering; it is not, however, without occasional vigour, as the following extracts will show.

1. OF THE APPAREL AND ATTIRE OF THE ENGLISH.—("DESCRIPTION OF ENGLAND" BY HARRISON, BOOK II., CHAP. VII.)

An Englishman, endeavouring sometime to write of our attire, made sundry platforms for his purpose, supposing by some of them to find out one steadfast ground whereon to build the sum of his discourse. But in the end, when he saw what a difficult piece of work he had taken in hand, he gave over his travel, and only drew the picture of a naked man, unto whom he gave a pair of shears in the one hand, and a piece of cloth in the other, to the end he should shape his apparel after such fashion as himself liked, sith¹ he could find no kind of garment that could please him anywhyle together, and this he called an Englishman. Certes this writer² (otherwise a lewd popish hypocrite and ungracious priest) showed himself herein not to be altogether void of judgment, sith the phantastical folly of our nation, even from the courtier to the carter, is such, that no form of apparel liketh us longer than the first garment is in the wearing, if it continue so long and be not laid aside, to receive some other trinket newly devised by the fickle-headed tailors, who covet to have several tricks in cutting, thereby to draw fond customers to more expense of money.

For my part I can tell better how to inveigh against this enormity than describe any certainty of our attire; sithence such is our mutability, that to day there is none³ to the Spanish guise, to-morrow the French toys are most fine and delectable, ere long no such apparel as that which is after the high Alman⁴ fashion, by-and-by the Turkish manner is generally best liked of, otherwise the Morisco⁵ gowns, the Barbarian⁶ sleeves, and the short French breeches make such a comely vesture, that except it were a dog in a doublet, you shall not see any so disguised as are my countrymen of England. And as these fashions are diverse, so likewise it is a world to see the costliness and the curiosity; the excess and the vanity; the pomp and the bravery; the change and the variety;

¹ *i. e.*, since; the form *sithence* is also used for *since*; the old spelling has been in general retained in these extracts.

² Harrison refers to one Andrew Boord, and being somewhat of a Puritan, he indulges in a little vindictive spleen at the writer's religion.

³ *i. e.*, there is no dress thought comparable to the Spanish guise.

⁴ *i. e.*, German.

⁵ Moorish.

⁶ *i. e.*, in the fashion of Barbary.

and finally, the fickleness and folly that is in all degrees, insomuch that nothing is so constant in England as inconstancy of attire.

Oh how much cost is bestowed now-a-days upon our bodies, and how little upon our souls ! How many suits of apparel hath the one, and how little furniture hath the other ! How long time is asked in decking up of the first, and how little space left wherein to feed the latter ! How curious, how nice also, are a number of men and women, and how hardly can the tailor please them in making it fit for their bodies ! How many times must it be sent back again to him that made it ! What chafing ! What fretting ! What reproachful language doth the poor workman bear away ! And many times when he doeth nothing to it at all, yet when it is brought home again, it is very fit and handsome : then must we put it on, then must the long seams of our hose be set by a plumb-line, then we puff, then we blow, and finally sweat till we drop, that our clothes may stand well upon us. I will say nothing of our heads, which sometimes are polled, sometimes curled, or suffered to grow at length like woman's locks, many times cut above or under the ears round as by a wooden dish.¹ Neither will I meddle with our variety of beards, of which some are shaven from the chin like those of Turks, not a few cut short like to the beard of Marquess Otto, some made round like a rubbing-brush, others with a *pique de vent* (O fine fashion !) or now and then suffered to grow long, the barbers being grown to be so cunning in this behalf as the tailors. And therefore if a man have a lean and straight face, a Marquess Otto's cut will make it broad and large ; if it be platter-like, a long slender beard will make it seem the narrower ; if he be weasel-beaked, then much hair left on the cheeks will make the owner look big like a bowdled² hen, and so grim as a goose ; many old men do wear no beards at all. Some lusty courtiers also and gentlemen of courage do wear either rings of gold, stones, or pearl in their ears, whereby they imagine the workmanship of God to be not a little amended. But herein they rather disgrace than adorn their persons, as by their niceness in apparel, for which I say most nations do not unjustly deride us, as also for that we do seem to imitate all nations round about us, wherein we be like to the chameleon. In women also it is most to be lamented, that they do now far exceed the lightness of our men (who nevertheless are transformed from the cap even to the very shoe), and such staring attire, as in time past was supposed meet for none but light housewives only, is now become a habit for chaste and sober matrons. What should I say of their doublets, with pendant pieces on the breast full of jags and cuts, and sleeves of sundry colours ? their galligascons³ to make their attire sit plum round (as they term it) about them ? their fardingals,⁴ and diversely-coloured nether stocks of silk, jersey, and such like, whereby their

¹ Alluding to a primitive method of haircutting, not yet obsolete in rural districts, by placing a wooden or earthenware bowl on the head, and then cropping the hair close round by the edge.

² i. e., large nose.

³ i. e., swollen, puffed out, ruffled with rage.

⁴ i. e., hoops.

bodies are rather deformed than commended? I have met with some of them in London so disguised, that it hath past my skill to discern whether they were men or women. Certes¹ the common-wealth cannot be said to flourish where these abuses reign, but is rather oppressed by unreasonable exactions made upon rich farmers, and of poor tenants, wherewith to maintain the same. Neither was it ever merrier with England than when an Englishman was known abroad by his own cloth, and contented himself at home with his fine kersey hosen² and a mean slop;³ his coat, gown, and cloak, of brown, blue, or puce, with some pretty furniture of velvet or fur, and a doublet of sad,⁴ tawny,⁵ or black velvet, or other comely silk, without such cuts and garish colours as are worn in these days, and never brought in but by the consent of the French, who think themselves the gayest men when they have most diversities of jags and change of colours about them.

2. OF THE GENERAL CONSTITUTION OF THE BODIES OF THE BRITONS.—
 ("DESCRIPTION OF BRITAIN," BOOK I., CAP. XX.)

Such as are bred in this island are men for the most part of a good complexion, tall of stature, strong in body, white of colour, and thereto of great boldness and courage in the wars. As for their general comeliness of person, the testimony of Gregory the Great, at such time as he saw English captives sold at Rome,⁶ shall easily confirm what it is, which yet doth differ in sundry shires and soils. As concerning the stomachs⁷ also of our nation in the field, they have always been in sovereign admiration among foreign princes; for such hath been the estimation of our soldiers from time to time, since our ile⁸ hath been known to the Romans, that wheresoever they have served in foreign countries, the chief brunts of service have been reserved unto them. Of their conquest and bloody battles won in France, Germany, and Scotland, our histories are full; and where they have been overcome, the victors themselves confessed their victories to have been so dearly bought, that they would not gladly covet to overcome often, after such difficult manner. In martial prowess, there is little or no difference between Englishmen and Scots; for albeit that the Scots have been often and very grievously overcome by the force of our nation, it hath not been for want of manhood on their parts, but through the mercy of God showed on us, and His justice upon them, sith they always have be-

¹ i. e., certainly.

² The old form of the plural for hose; similar instances occur in oxen, &c. ³ i. e., trousers. ⁴ i. e., dark-coloured. ⁵ Brown, the colour of tanned leather, hence the name.

⁶ According to a well-known story, Pope Gregory, struck with admiration of the beauty of some captives set up for sale in the slave-market at Rome, asked them who they were; they replied that they were *Angli* (English); "you are well named *Angeli* (angels)," said the Pope, "for your beauty is more than mortal."

⁷ i. e., courage.

⁸ *Ile* is always in Holinshed spelled *ile*; as the spelling prevailed generally at the time, it will explain our omission in pronunciation of the *s*, which for etymological reasons we retain in the spelling.

gun the quarrels, and offered us mere injury with great despite and cruelty.

With us (although our good men care not to live long, but to live well), some do live an hundred years, very many unto fourscore ; as for threescore, it is taken but for our entrance into age, so that in Britain no man is said to wax old till he draw unto threescore, at which time *God speed you well* cometh in place ; as Epaminondas sometime said in mirth, affirming that until thirty years of age, *you are welcome* is the best salutation, and from thence to threescore, *God keep you* ; but after threescore, it is best to say, *God speed you well* : for at that time we begin to grow toward our journey's end, whereon many a one have very good leave to go. These two are also noted in us (as things appertaining to the firm constitutions of our bodies), that there hath not been seen in any region so many carcases of the dead to remain from time to time without corruption as in Britain ; and that after death, by slaughter or otherwise, such as remain unburied, by four or five days together, are easy to be known and discerned by their friends and kindred. In like sort the comeliness of our living bodies do continue from middle age, for the most, even to the last gasp, specially in mankind. And albeit that our women do after forty begin to wrinkle apace, yet are they not commonly so wretched and hard-favoured to look upon in their age as the French women, who thereto¹ be so often wayward and peevish, that nothing in manner may content them.

I might here add somewhat also of the mean² stature generally of our women, whose beauty commonly exceedeth the fairest of those of the main.³ This, nevertheless, I utterly mislike in the poorer sort of them (for the wealthier do seldom offend herein), that being of themselves without government, they are so careless in the education of their children (wherein their husbands also are to be blamed), by means whereof, oftentimes, very many of them, neither fearing God, neither regarding either manners or obedience, do oftentimes come to confusion, which, if any correction or discipline had been used toward them in youth, might have proved good members of their commonwealth and country, by their good service and industry. Thus much, therefore, of the constitutions of our bodies.

3. STORY OF CANUTE AND HIS COURTIER. — (HOLINSHED'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND," BOOK VII., CHAP. XIII.)

This Canute⁴ was the mightiest prince that ever reigned over the English people, for he had the sovereign rule over all Denmark, England, Norway, Scotland, and part of Sweden. While he was at Rome he received many great gifts of the emperor,⁵ and was highly honoured of him, and likewise of the Pope, and of all other the high

¹ i.e., besides.

² i.e., moderate, neither too tall nor too little.

³ i.e., the Continent.

⁴ So the Danes spell the name which we usually spell Canute.

⁵ Conrad, Emperor of Germany, is meant.

princes at that time present at Rome, so that when he came home (as some write) he did grow greatly into pride, insomuch that being near to the Thames, or rather (as others write) upon the sea-strand, near to Southampton, and perceiving the water to rise by reason of the tide, he cast off his gown, and wrapping it round together, threw it on the sands very near the increasing water, and sat him down upon it, speaking these or the like words to the sea,—“Thou art,” saith he, “within the compass of my dominion, and the ground whereon I sit is mine, and thou knowest that no wight¹ dare disobey my commandments; I therefore do now command thee not to rise upon my ground, nor to presume to wet any part of thy sovereign lord and governor.” But the sea, keeping her course, rose still higher and higher, and overflowed not only the king’s feet, but also flashed up into his legs and knees. Wherewith the king started suddenly up and withdrew from it, saying withal to his nobles that were about him,—“Behold you noblemen, you call me king, which cannot so much as stay by my commandment this small portion of water. But know ye for certain, that there is no king but the Father only of our Lord Jesus Christ, with whom He reigneth, and at whose beck all things are governed. Let us therefore honour Him, let us confess and profess Him to be the Ruler of heaven, earth, and sea, and besides Him none other.”

From thence he went to Winchester, and there with his own hands set the crown upon the head of the image of the crucifix, which stood there in the church of the apostles Peter and Paul; and from thenceforth he would never wear that crown nor any other. Some write that he spake not the former words to the sea upon any presumptuousness of mind, but only upon occasion of the vain title, which in his commendation one of his gentlemen gave him by way of flattery (as he rightly took it), for he called him the most mightiest king of all kings, which ruled most at large both men, sea, and land. Therefore to reprove the fond² flattery of such vain persons, he devised and practised the deed before mentioned, thereby both to reprove such flatterers, and also that men might be admonished to consider the omnipotence of Almighty God.

XI. ROBERT GREENE.

ROBERT GREENE was born in 1560, and educated at Cambridge. He became a writer for the stage, and is supposed to have written some of those plays which were afterwards remodelled by Shakspere. After a very immoral life, he died of a surfeit in 1592. His works do not possess much literary merit, but from their casual allusions to the early career of Shakspere, they are much valued by antiquarians.

¹ *i.e.*, person.

² *Fond* in our old writers means always *foolish*.

FORTITUDE IN ADVERSITY.—(GREENE'S "ARCADIA, OR MENAPHON.")

Sephestia, thou seest no physic prevails against the gaze of the basilisk, no charm against the sting of the tarantula, no prevention to divert the decree of the fates, nor no means to recall back the baleful hurt of fortune. Incurable sores are without Avicenna's¹ aphorisms, and therefore no salve for them but patience. Then, my *Sephestia*, sith thy fall is high and fortune low, thy sorrows great and thy hope little, seeing me partaker of thy miseries, set all upon this, "it is a consolation to the wretched to have companions in their sorrow."² Chance is like Janus, double-faced, as well full of smiles to comfort as of frowns to dismay; the ocean at the deadest ebb returns to a full tide; when the eagle means to soar highest, he raiseth his flight in the lowest dales; so fareth it with fortune, who in her highest extremes is most inconstant; when the tempest of her wrath is most fearful, then look for a calm; when she beats thee with nettles, then think she will strew thee with roses; when she is most familiar with furies, her intent is to be most prodigal, *Sephestia*. Thus are the arrows of fortune feathered with the plumes of the bird halcyon, that changeth colour with the moon, which, however she shoots them, pierce not so deep but they may be cured. But, *Sephestia*, thou art daughter to a king, exiled by him from the hope of a crown; banished from the pleasures of the court to the painful fortunes of the country; parted for love from him thou canst not but love; from Maximus,³ *Sephestia*, who for thee hath suffered so many disfavours as either discontent or death can afford. What of all this? is not Hope the daughter of Time? Have not stars their favourable aspects as they have froward opposition? Is there not a Jupiter as there is a Saturn? Cannot the influence of smiling Venus stretch as far as the frowning constitution of Mars? I tell thee, *Sephestia*, Juno foldeth in her brows the volumes of the destinies; whom melancholy Saturn deposeth from a crown, she mildly advanceth to a diadem; then fear not, for if the mother live in misery, yet hath she a sceptre for the son; let the unkindness of thy father be buried in the cinders of obedience, and the want of Maximus be supplied with the presence of his pretty babe, who, being too young for fortune, lies smiling on thy knee, and laughs at fortune. Learn by him, *Sephestia*, to use patience, which is like the balm in the Vale of Jehosaphat, that findeth no wound so deep but it cureth; thou seest already fortune begins to change her view, for after the great storm that pent our ship, we found a calm that brought us safe to shore; the mercy of Neptune was more than the envy of Æolus, and the discourtesy of thy father is proportioned with the favour of the gods. Thus, *Sephestia*, being copartner of thy misery, yet do I seek to allay thy martyrdom; being sick to

¹ i. e., Avicenna, the famous Arabian physician.² Greene here quotes the well-known Latin line, "Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris."³ The husband of *Sephestia*.

myself, yet do I play the physician to thee, wishing thou mayest bear thy sorrows with as much content as I brook my misfortunes with patience.

XII. ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL was born in 1560, and educated at Douay. He entered the order of Jesuits, and in England, where the order was viewed with much suspicion, he was frequently imprisoned on the charge of being concerned in plots against the Queen, and was at last executed at Tyburn 1596. He wrote "St Peter's Complaint," and other poems, and the "Triumphs over Death," to console the Hon. R. Sackville for the death of his lady. This last work is highly eloquent.

SUBMISSION TO DEATH.¹—(SOUTHWELL'S "TRIUMPHS OVER DEATH.")

Nature's debt is sooner exacted of some than of other, yet is there no fault in the creditor that exacteth but his own, but in the greediness of our eager hopes, either repining that their wishes fail, or willingly forgetting their mortality, whom they are unwilling by experience to see mortal; yet the general tide washeth all passengers to the same shore, some sooner, some later, but all at the last; and we must settle our minds to take our course as it cometh, never fearing a thing so necessary, yet ever expecting a thing so uncertain. It seemeth that God purposely concealed the time of our death, leaving us resolved between fear and hope of longer continuance: cut off unripe cares, lest with the notice and pensiveness of our divorce from the world, we should lose the comfort of needful contentment, and before our dying day languish away with expectation of death. Some are taken in their first step into this life, receiving in one their welcome and farewell, as though they had been born only to be buried, and to take their passport in this hourly middle of their course; the good, to prevent change; the bad, to shorten their impiety. Some live till they be weary of life, to give proof of their good hap that had a kindlier passage; yet though the date be divers, the debt is all one, equally to be answered of all as their time expireth; for who is the man "shall live and not see death?" sith we all die, "and like water slide upon the earth."²

Seeing, therefore, that death spareth none, let us spare our tears for better uses, being but an idle sacrifice to this deaf and implacable executioner. And for this, not long to be continued, where they can never profit, Nature did promise us a weeping life, exacting tears for custom as our first entrance, and for suiting our whole

¹ This and the previous extract are taken from reprints of scarce works in Sir E. Brydges's *Archæica*; the meaning of some expressions is rather obscure, and some typographical mistakes may be suspected, either in the original copies or in Sir Egerton's re-issue.

² See 2 Samuel xiv. 14.

course in this doleful beginning ; therefore they must be used with measure that must be used so often, and so many causes of weeping lying yet in the debt, sith we cannot end our tears, let us at the least reserve them. If sorrow cannot be shunned, let it be taken in time of need, sith otherwise being both troublesome and needless, it is a double misery, or an open folly. We moisten not the ground with precious waters ; they were stilled to nobler ends, either by their fruits to delight our senses, or by their operation to preserve our healths. Our tears are water of too high a price to be prodigally poured in the dust of any graves ; if they be tears of love, they perfume our prayers, making them odour of sweetness, fit to be offered on the altar before the throne of God ; if tears of contrition, they are water of life to the dying souls ; learn, therefore, to give sorrow no long dominion over you.

They that are upon removing send their furniture before them ; and you,¹ still standing upon your departure, what ornament could you rather wish in your new abode than this² that did ever please you ? God thither sendeth your adamants, whether He would draw your heart ; and casteth your anchors where your thoughts should lie at road, that seeing your love taken out of the world, and your hopes disanchored from the stormy shore, you might settle your desires where God seemeth to require them. The terms of our life are like the seasons of the year, some for sowing, some for growing, and some for reaping ; in this only different, that as the heavens keep their prescribed periods, so the succession of times have their appointed changes. But in the seasons of our life, which are not³ the law of necessary causes, some are reaped in the seed, some in the blade, some in the unripe ears, all in the end ; this harvest depending upon the reaper's will.

Withdraw your eyes from the ruin of this cottage, and cast them upon the majesty of the second building, which St Paul saith shall be incorruptible, glorious, strange, spiritual, and immortal. Night and sleep are perpetual mirrors, figuring in their darkness, silence, shutting up of senses, the final end of our mortal bodies ; and for this some have entitled sleep the eldest brother of death ; but with no less convenience it might be called one of death's tenants, near unto him in affinity of condition, yet far inferior in right, being but tenant for a time of that which is death's inheritance. For by virtue of the conveyance made unto him in paradise, that dust we were, and to dust we must return, he hath hitherto showed his seigniory over all, exacting of us not only the yearly, but hourly reverence of time, which even by minutes we defray unto him ; so that our very life is not only a memory,⁴ but a part of our death, sith the longer we have lived, the less we have to live. What is the daily lessening of our life but a continual dying ?

¹ The Honourable Robert Sackville.

² Lady Sackville.

³ Some such expression as "regulated by" seems to be wanted here to make the sense complete.

⁴ i. e., a memorial, something to remind us of death.

PERIOD SECOND.

FROM THE END OF ELIZABETH'S REIGN TO THE ACCESSION OF ANNE.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

1. The literature of this period may be conveniently considered as falling into two sections, that which preceded, and that which followed, the Restoration.

1. *Period before the Restoration.*

The former of these is universally regarded as the brightest in our annals, distinguished beyond all others by its abundance in men of genius of the highest order. For this extraordinary fertility in talent many reasons may be assigned. It was not till the reign of Elizabeth that the influence of learning could be said to have been sensibly felt among any considerable proportion of the people of England. Much, indeed, had been already accomplished by the revival of letters, and the diffusion of knowledge through the press; and so rapid had been the progress of events, that the same citizen, who in his youth had gazed with wonder at Caxton as he pursued his mysterious craft in the Abbey at Westminster, might in his age have listened to the sermons of Latimer at Paul's Cross. Within fifty years from the issuing of the "Game of Chess," the Bible was printed in English, the Papal authority was disowned, the monasteries were destroyed, and the Reformation was begun. During the troubled reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, no great progress in the diffusion of knowledge was made; still, printing was gradually making more accessible to all the stores of learning hitherto monopolized by a few, religious disputes awakened the public mind to action, and the Reformation, which owed its origin to the revival of letters, contributed in its turn to disseminate still more widely that enlightenment and spirit of free inquiry which were essential to its own existence. With each new generation, knowledge was diffused more extensively among the community, and hence the writers in the end of Elizabeth's reign—in the fourth generation from the introduction of printing—were at length furnished with an audience capable of appreciating their merits, and the natural stimulus which the sympathy of numbers supplies, operating then with more vigour from its novelty, incited genius to its highest efforts. Nor was empty applause all for which an author might look: literary ability was still sufficiently uncommon to be valued for its rarity, and

the rich and noble were proud to honour, befriend, and reward the man of talent; rank, office, and estates were conferred by Elizabeth on the friends of the muses, and her courtiers did not fail to imitate her example. The spirit of enterprise and adventure, moreover, so widely prevalent at the time, was highly favourable to the growth of vigour and originality of thought, and the difficulties of Elizabeth's position, surrounded on all sides by enemies who menaced her with ever-impending destruction, served to kindle and keep alive in the minds of her subjects a warmth of patriotic feeling that could not but excite an equally ardent glow in the pages of the writers of her reign. Nor were circumstances less favourable in the days of Elizabeth's successors; literary talent was still favoured with royal patronage; James, with all his conceit and pedantry, was not destitute of real wit, and was no despicable scholar; and Charles, with all his faults, was the most liberal and discriminating patron of literature and the arts that has ever occupied the British throne since the days of Alfred. From the continued influence of these various causes, the first half of the seventeenth century was unusually productive of talented writers; to it most of the greatest names in our literature belong; it is the era of Hooker, and Hall, and Taylor; of Spenser, and Shakspeare, and Milton; of Raleigh, and Bacon, and Hobbes; and it may perhaps, without undue national vanity, be doubted whether any country can produce as many names equally illustrious who flourished in a period of equal length.

2. The first distinguished poet of this period was Edmund Spenser. He was born in London, educated at Cambridge, and, like many other literary men of that period, was employed in political missions, and rewarded with a considerable grant of land at Kilcolman near Cork, which he had, however, the misfortune to lose in Tyrone's rebellion. His chief work, the "Faery Queen," is an allegorical poem, which was originally intended to fill twelve books, but of these only six remain, and it is doubtful whether Spenser ever finished the work. It is written in the stanza which from him has been called *Spenserian*, and in melody of language, and beauty of poetical description, it has never been surpassed; but it is generally admitted that the complicated nature of the allegory, and the superabundant profuseness of his invention, render the continuous perusal of the whole work tiresome to a modern reader. Sir Philip Sidney, the contemporary of Spenser, is more favourably known by his noble character than by his sonnets, which are stiff and artificial. Shakspeare, besides his dramas, wrote one hundred and fifty-four sonnets and two longer poems, "Venus and Adonis," and the "Rape of Lucrece," all displaying many of his characteristic excellences, and sufficient to have secured him an abiding reputation as a poet, though his admirers could wish that some of his sonnets had never been associated with his name. The next name of importance in our poetic literature is that of Michael Drayton. His "Polyolbion" is an interesting and curious poetical account of the topography of Britain; it is of immense length, extending to nearly thirty thousand lines, and though often highly beautiful and vigorous, the double disadvantage of being long and allegorical has proved too much for its merits. The same allegorizing style prevails in, and has ruined the reputation of, the

poems of the two Fletchers, Phineas, and Giles, and is, in fact, more or less visible in all the poetry of the period. Among lyric poets, Carew, Herrick, Suckling, and Davenant, have, along with much that is worthless, produced some short pieces, which are not inferior to any in the language. The pastoral poetry of William Browne, once famous and full of feeling, is now forgotten. Two other pastoral poems, or dramas, are, however, still read with pleasure: Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess" is, without doubt, the finest pastoral poem in the language, and was the model of Milton's "Comus," which it even excels in pastoral simplicity; Jonson's "Sad Shepherd," though every way inferior to Fletcher's poem, is yet worthy of Jonson's ability. The religious poems of George Herbert, and the quaint conceits of Philip Quarles, though often offending against good taste, still find a large circle of admirers. Bishop Hall was the first who wrote polished satire, and Donne and Sir John Davis were the earliest composers of metaphysical and didactic poetry. Many of the dramatists have interspersed in their plays songs and lyrical poems of various merit, those of Ben Jonson being usually esteemed the best; and the sonnets of Raleigh, in dignity, melody, and pathos, have few superiors in our literature. To this period also belong Milton's "Comus," "Lycidas," and "Arcades," which, though the earliest productions of his muse, have all his peculiar beauties in language and thought, and are not surpassed by anything that he afterwards wrote.

3. The dramatic writers of this period were uncommonly numerous and equally meritorious. All the three sovereigns were distinguished patrons of the drama; it was even objected against Charles, and that by Milton, that he made Shakspeare the closest companion of his solitude. The greatest name in the dramatic literature of the period is that of the pride and glory of our nation, Shakspeare. It is unnecessary to give any particulars of his life or literary career; not much is known, but what is ascertained is familiar to every one. His plays were produced in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, and are now regarded—and that not only by English partiality—as the greatest productions of the human mind. In the ability to delineate character in all its shades, to pourtray man under the influence of all the passions, gentle and stormy, to which our nature is subject, Shakspeare is admitted to be without a rival. His fame prevails wherever the English language is known, his works are considered a treasure of wisdom and sound philosophy, and the study of them is an essential part of a liberal education. Of the other dramatists of this period, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger, are the best. The tragedies of Ben Jonson are pedantic and declamatory; but his comedies are excellent, the best being the "Alchemist," "Volpone," the "Silent Woman," and "Every Man in his Humour." Beaumont and Fletcher wrote in combination fifty-two plays, many of them containing passages of superlative merit, but betraying too frequently tokens of hasty composition, and constantly alloyed with an intermixture of much that is worthless and indecent. Massinger, too, often offends against decency, but has many fine characters, and many striking scenes, and is perhaps on the whole entitled to rank next to Shakspeare in our dramatic literature. His best plays are the "New Way to Pay Old Debts," the "City Madam," the "Fatal Dowry," and

the "Duke of Milan." Of the other dramatic authors, many of them men who in any other age would deserve longer notice, it will be sufficient to mention Marston, Chapman, Webster, Dekker, Marmion, Suckling, and Davenant. The theatre fell with the power of Charles; the Puritans had all along been hostile to the stage, and one of the first consequences of their ascendancy was an act for shutting up the theatres, which were not re-opened till after the Restoration. It has sometimes been said that this step was justified by the immorality of our older dramatists; but this remark has very little foundation in truth. There is, undoubtedly, in these writers an occasional indecency of language, but the whole tendency and scope of their writings is to encourage men to the practice of virtue, and to hold vice up to public scorn. The fact is, that it was not because the theatres were schools of vice that the Puritans closed them, but because they were places of amusement, and in their eyes all amusement was sinful.

4. Our prose literature begins to be valuable in the end of Elizabeth's reign. Richard Hooker, born about 1558, published in 1594 the first four books of his "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity," a work designed as a defence of the Church against the Puritans. It is not, however, confined to a mere refutation of the objections, often trifling and absurd, of his opponents, but enters into a large and philosophical investigation of the fundamental nature of law in general, and hence has a permanent value which no merely polemical treatise can ever possess. It would be difficult to name any English writer superior to Hooker: his learning is extensive, his reasoning acute and logical, his judgment so unflinching, that succeeding ages have agreed to style him "the judicious;" his reflections are deep and philosophical, and his style is manly, dignified, and harmonious. As a controversialist his moderation and candour have never been equalled. Raleigh, after distinguishing himself as a courtier and a soldier, devoted the enforced leisure of his captivity to the composition of a "History of the World," which has been generally admired not so much on account of its historical value, as for its graceful style, and the vein of eloquent, penetrating, and melancholy reflection which pervades it; his political works, most of them posthumous, are neither so well known nor so meritorious. Bacon, whose most important works belong to the reign of James, is distinguished above all writers by the magnificence of his designs, which extended to nothing short of the remodelling of all human knowledge. His writings, which exhibit a condensation of matter not usual in the age in which he lived, are composed in a grave, dignified style, admirably in keeping with the importance of the subject; they are pregnant with thought, and have exercised an incalculable influence upon the progress of knowledge ever since his day. Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" is one of the most singular books in the language; full of quaint wit, overflowing with Latin quotation and learned allusion, and highly amusing, it long enjoyed a high degree of popularity, but is now little read. Chillingworth, as a close, powerful reasoner, has no superior in our literature; the study of his "Religion of Protestants" is itself a complete logical education. Selden, "the chief of learned men," according to Milton, wrote several learned treatises on the "Syrian Gods," "Tithes," "Titles of Honour," &c., which are now known

only to the antiquary, but his "Table-Talk" continues to enjoy a modified share of popularity. Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, is one of the greatest of our English writers; his works, poetical, devotional, and controversial, are very numerous, and some of them are still extensively read. They display great power of observation, and rare knowledge of human nature; and the quaintness of the style renders more emphatic the shrewd and penetrating remarks with which his works abound. Hobbes, also a very voluminous writer, is viewed with considerable suspicion, his works being supposed to defend atheism and tyranny; his opinions, however, it is believed, have been somewhat misrepresented; but there can be no doubt as to the excellency of his style, which is the very perfection of philosophical clearness and precision. Sir Thomas Browne, a physician at Norwich, is perhaps the most musical writer in the language; and his works, the production of an original, well-informed, and honest, though somewhat eccentric mind, continue to be favourites with a large circle of readers. Jeremy Taylor, the most eloquent of British divines, lived during the stormy period of the civil wars and the Commonwealth. His works, characterized throughout by saint-like purity of thought and practical sagacity, abound in passages of the most gorgeous eloquence, rich with the imagery and inspiration of poetry. From them detached portions could be selected, to which, in point of truth, beauty, and eloquence, nothing comparable could be produced from the works of any other writer in the language. Of the other writers of the period, Usher, Fuller, Camden, May, and Speed, are the best known. James was himself an author, though his works are now only regarded as literary curiosities; and Charles was the reputed author of the famous "Eikon Basilike," which made such an impression on its first appearance, and has occasioned so much controversy ever since. Most of Milton's prose works appeared during the Commonwealth; they contain, as might be expected, many eloquent and noble passages, but on the whole have not added to the writer's reputation. They are disfigured by extreme violence of style; many of them are written in defence of peculiar and mistaken social views, or on subjects with which Milton was imperfectly acquainted, and, except his "Areopagitica," are maintained in existence only by the fame of the author of "Paradise Lost."

5. Of the prose writers of this period it may be remarked in general, that, as compared with their predecessors, they exhibit greater elegance and dignity of style, greater copiousness of language, and greater condensation of thought; that their fancy is more vigorous, their imagery more varied, and their eloquence more impassioned. There is, however, a great want of equality in their writings; beauties and blemishes occur promiscuously; and there is no effort made to sustain any continuous uniformity of style. Although more condensed than the previous period, their works are still very diffuse and prolix; the language, and even the idiom, is too frequently pedantic, and, in fact, Latin rather than English; the thoughts often degenerate into verbal conceits, and it is difficult to select a passage of any length, even from the best writer of this period, in which the fastidious criticism of modern times would not immediately detect numerous faults. By far the greater part of the literature previous to the Restoration treats

of theological subjects, and especially of the two grand ecclesiastical controversies,—that between the Calvinists and Arminians, and that between the Church and the Puritans. The former of these controversies related to certain abstruse metaphysical points in theology, and did not begin till the time of Charles, when, under the patronage of Laud, the views of Arminius, a Dutch divine, gradually supplanted the Calvinistic opinions which had formerly prevailed in the Church. The other controversy was waged fiercely almost from the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, and referred to the discipline and ritual of the Established Church, which were attacked by the one party as unscriptural and superstitious, and defended by the other as decent and of wholesome tendency, and, if not scriptural and apostolic, at least sanctioned by the practice of the earliest ages of Christianity. It is unnecessary to enter into a controversy which, though it led to such momentous consequences, is not generally interesting to the student of literature. It may, however, be remarked in general, that as the two parties argued upon different grounds, and as neither admitted the fundamental principles of the other, it was evident from the first that no agreement could possibly be arrived at; and, as might have been anticipated, the combatants, becoming daily more exasperated and further estranged, proceeded to physical violence; the Churchmen fined, imprisoned, and pilloried their puritanical opponents, and these in their turn retaliated with equal violence when the civil war threw the power into their hands. On the Church side the chief advocate was Hooker,—distinguished from all the other combatants, not more by the incontrovertible strength of his arguments than by his good temper and moderation,—Hall, Usher, Bramhall, Hammond, Taylor, and others; while the cause of the Puritans was maintained by Calamy, Newcomen, Young, and Marshall. On the whole, the preponderance perhaps of argument, and certainly of learning, lay with the Church party. It would be an abuse of words to apply the name *literature* to the senseless writings of Fox, the founder of the Quakers, or the crazy ravings of Muggleton and the other fanatics who established religious sects, and became the spiritual guides of multitudes in the era of the Commonwealth.

2. *Period after the Restoration.*

6. The early Puritans were remarkable for an austere moral system, which they not only practised in their lives, but exhibited in their writings, and even in their dress and amusements. This system, when they obtained power, they imposed upon all. But morality cannot be established by act of Parliament; and it was impossible that any permanent reform of morals could be effected by the system of the Puritans. It was overdone; it was more than grave and serious; it was sour and ascetic, and led naturally to a violent re-action. Success corrupted their purity; and even in Cromwell's time, an attentive reader of English history can trace the origin and gradual progress of a corruption of manners, which, getting full liberty after the Restoration, swept away religion and morality before it. Nowhere is this demoralizing process more conspicuously observable than in

the literature of the period. The writers, especially those of the lighter departments of literature, yielded without effort to the tide of corruption, and used their influence to debase the morals of the people.

Of the poets of this period, the earliest is Waller, whose works are chiefly amatory sonnets. Cowley, the greatest of the metaphysical poets, produced his most famous work, "The Mistress," in the heat of the war; but his most popular work is his "Anacreontics," short, spirited poems, after the model of the Greek lyric, from whom they receive their name. His "Davideis," an unfinished epic poem, is heavy and uninteresting, yet it contains many passages which Milton has not disdained to imitate in his great poem. It was after the restoration that Milton wrote his longest poems, "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained." The former published in 1667 is beyond all question the greatest epic poem in the language. The subject is the noblest which any poet has undertaken to celebrate, and no poet was better qualified than Milton to do justice to it; his piety, his loftiness of thought, his vivid imagination, the dignity and beauty of his language, and his thorough acquaintance with Scripture, pre-eminently fitted him for his work. The merits of "Paradise Lost" were acknowledged, from the very first, and its right to occupy the highest place in our poetic literature has never been disputed. "Paradise Regained," while it contains many splendid passages worthy of the genius of Milton, must, in its general conception, be considered as a failure; for Paradise was not *regained* by Christ's successful resistance of the assaults of Satan in the wilderness, but by that glorious victory on the cross which the poet has left altogether unsung. "Samson Agonistes," written in imitation of the ancient drama, possesses many beauties, but has little merit as a dramatic production. Samuel Butler, a contemporary of Milton, has given to the world, in his "Hudibras," the wittiest of all poems. His work is a satire upon the absurdities and extravagances exhibited during the reign of the Puritans, and is an inexhaustible repository of wit, humour, and sarcasm; the very superabundance of its wit is perhaps its only fault, as the reader is almost overborne by the exuberance of the author's too copious fancy. Next to Milton, Dryden is the greatest name in the poetical literature of this period. In forcible expression and vigorous versification, he has, indeed, never been surpassed in our country, and had he used his influence honestly, he might perhaps have stemmed the torrent of that vicious and fantastic style which overflowed the country after the Restoration. But Dryden was poor, and wealth was to be acquired only by complying with the fashionable style; and disregarding all the restraints of modesty and the dictates of his own better nature, he flattered to the full the vices of the day, and much of his poetry is in consequence a disgrace to our literature. This applies especially to his dramatic works, which constitute the largest portion of his writings, and which have few excellences to compensate their want of moral purity; for Dryden had no peculiar qualifications for dramatic composition, and only practised it as it was then the best remunerated. Of his poems, his "Fables," "Tales from Chaucer," "Absalom and Achitophel," "MacFlecnoe," and "Ode for St Cecilia's Day," are the most admired, and amply justify his title to be considered as one

of the great masters of English verse. Of the other versifiers of the period it is unnecessary to speak; Lords Dorset, Roscommon, Halifax, and Rochester, and the other minor poets, after enjoying a brief reputation, are now almost forgotten. The same oblivion has overtaken most of the dramatic productions of this age; indecent, unnatural, un-English, and recommended only by their vice, rodomontade, and extravagance, they have passed away with the generation which produced and applauded them. Of the tragic literature of the period, the "Venice Preserved" of Otway is the only play that still maintains its existence. The comedies of Wycherley possess much comic merit, which is, however, completely overbalanced by his gross licentiousness.

7. The theological literature of the period is copious and valuable, and much less tinctured with the false taste which pervades the style of other departments of literature. The old theological controversies between the Church and the Puritans still prevailed, and to these were now added disputes between Protestants and Roman Catholics, and arguments for and against the doctrines of non-resistance and passive obedience, and the principles of the non-jurors. No theological writer, indeed, of this age can be compared to Hooker, Taylor, or Hall, in the preceding; but a greater approach was made by the divines than by any other class of writers to the glories of the period before the civil war. Among the Churchmen, the earliest of note was Isaac Barrow, distinguished alike as a divine and a mathematician. His "Treatise on the Pope's Supremacy" is an admirable controversial work; and his sermons, though disfigured by an affectation of new words, are full of thought, and rich in sound, eloquent advice. Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury, a man of most estimable character, was also the most famous preacher of his day; and his sermons were long considered the models of pulpit eloquence, though now, when our older literature is better known, and a more vehement style of oratory is in vogue, their popularity has somewhat declined. Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester, is one of the most acute and forcible reasoners in the language; Sherlock is well known by his eloquent treatise on "Death;" and the sermons of South, though not particularly evangelical in their character, yet display such power of wit, such knowledge of character, and such command of language, combined sometimes with eloquence of the very highest order, that they are deservedly reckoned inferior to none that our country has produced. Of the other theologians of the Church party, the best known are Wilkins, Sprat, Pearson, Thomas Burnet, More, Cudworth, Prideaux, Aldrich, Collier, Patrick, Beveridge, Sharp, Bull, and Bishop Burnet; many of them men of great ability and extensive learning, whose works are still highly valued by the theological student. Of the Dissenters who flourished at this period, the most famous was Richard Baxter, one of the most voluminous writers in the language. He was a man of great ability, estimable in his character, and moderate in his views; and his works, though inferior to those of the great Church divines of the age, are distinguished by an earnestness and piety which have secured for them an extensive popularity. John Owen, President of Christ Church, Oxford, during the Commonwealth, was much more learned than Baxter, but his works have never been very popular. In fact,

with the exception of one or two minor treatises, his works are eminently unreadable, and this not only from the nature of their subjects, and the heavy mode of treating them, but from the total disregard of all the graces of style, which, Owen carefully informs us, he avoided and despised upon principle. Bates, Calamy, and Howe, men of considerable repute in their own day, and possessing much merit, are now fallen into oblivion, which, except in reference to some fragments of their works, only a few courageous readers disturb; but the commentary of Matthew Henry is still popular with those whose object in consulting such a work is to find merely a plain practical exposition of the doctrines of Scripture. Poole, by his learned "Synopsis," entitles himself to rank with Walton, Castell, and Lightfoot, the great scholars at that time in the ranks of the Church. But the most distinguished of all the dissenters was John Bunyan, the immortal tinker of Elstow, known over the whole civilized world, and even beyond it, as the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress." Whatever might have been the case last century, when a false and artificial taste was predominant, it is not now, at all events, necessary to apologize for referring to so vulgar an author; nor will any minor imperfections in his work deduct from the praise justly due to the most able allegory of which our literature can boast.

8. Among the historians of this age the highest place is occupied by Lord Clarendon, whose "History of the Rebellion" is in all respects one of the most valuable books in our language. Clarendon was a distinguished member of the Long Parliament, and was in almost constant attendance upon Charles during the progress of hostilities, so that he had abundant opportunities of becoming acquainted with the whole course of events. Subsequent criticism has discovered inconsistencies and imperfections in his narrative, though the importance of these has been considerably overrated. His work is, however, written with strong Royalist opinions, though this should not mislead any reader, as Clarendon does not pretend to impartiality, but distinctly avows that he writes with the view of justifying as far as possible the conduct of the king. Independently of its historical merits, its able reasoning and admirable delineation of character entitle the book to very high commendation. Clarendon wrote also a history of his own life, which forms a valuable continuation of the history of the civil war. The only other great historical name of the period is Bishop Burnet, whose "History of the Reformation in England" is still the standard work on that subject. His "History of My Own Times" contains a narrative of events from the Restoration to the peace of Utrecht, and possesses great value from the author's personal concern in many of the most important transactions, and personal acquaintance with most of the actors. Not much can be said in praise of Burnet's style, which is neither elegant nor vigorous; and, as he is even a more violent partisan than Clarendon, and was impressed with an extraordinary opinion of his own importance, his accuracy has been sometimes called in question. In addition to the professed historians of the period, various memoirs and diaries which have been preserved furnish the historical student with valuable information, especially in reference to matters of domestic detail, and the secret springs which led to many important events, subjects which graver authors too often

overlook. The most valuable works of this sort are the "Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson," and the Diaries of Evelyn and Pepys.

9. Of the miscellaneous prose writers, Cowley has left a few essays on various subjects, and a "Discourse on Cromwell," written with unusual vigour and grace. Algernon Sidney wrote some political tracts, recommending his own views of government. Sir William Temple, the famous statesman, wrote a number of essays on a great variety of subjects, exhibiting considerable acuteness of reasoning and power of observation, in a singularly graceful and harmonious style. Of scientific writers, Wilkins, Thomas Burnet, Ray, and Boyle are entitled to favourable notice, and are still known to fame, though they have been eclipsed by the renown of Barrow and Newton, the greatest names in the scientific annals of our country. Of the cultivators of mental philosophy Locke is the most distinguished, and his "Essay on the Human Understanding" still exercises a most important influence on philosophical speculation, both in Britain and elsewhere. Cudworth, an able and learned writer on morals, has been more appreciated on the Continent than in his own country, where his "Intellectual System" is seldom read; and of the numerous host of authors who combated the moral dogmas of Hobbes, and obtained at the time a larger or smaller share of public applause, only a few are known even by name to well-informed readers. Dryden, in the preface to his poetical works, laid the foundation of the art of poetical criticism, and his critical canons are so just as to render all the more flagrant and inexcusable his wide departure from them. To the antiquarian the names of Dugdale, Wood, and Rymer, who flourished at this era, are familiar as "household words;" and their works, the "Baronage and Monasteries of England," the "Athenæ Oxonienses," and the "Fœdera," are valuable repositories of information. Newspapers, too, may be considered as taking their origin at this period. They had, indeed, during the civil war been issued by the different parties, with the view of disseminating their own peculiar opinions; but they appeared only occasionally, and at irregular intervals; and it was not till the time of the Revolution that they began to be of importance in the country. Their increased importance was in a great measure due to the enterprise of Roger L'Estrange.

10. The contributions to literature by Scottish authors during this period were both few and of comparatively little value. In poetry the highest name is that of Drummond of Hawthornden, whose poems, particularly his sonnets, are written in the style of Spenser; and, though somewhat deficient in vigour, are characterized by gracefulness in thought and beauty of language. No other poet of this era is now generally known, though Sir Robert Ayton, Hume of Logie, the Earl of Stirling, and James VI., not to mention others, wrote minor poems of some merit; those of Ayton, indeed, were commended by Dryden as among the best of the age. Latin poetry was still cultivated, especially by Arthur Johnston, a native of Aberdeenshire, whose Latin version of the Psalms is by some critics preferred to that of Buchanan. The prose literature of the period, notwithstanding the ceaseless theological and political contests, which might have been expected to call forth at least controversial talents, is not of much value. Buchanan wrote a political tract which has sometimes found

admirers; Calderwood and Archbishop Spottiswoode have left historical works, which, especially the latter, are still consulted; and Patrick and John Forbes, successively Bishops of Aberdeen, were men of very considerable learning. Of the controversial works produced during the dispute between the Presbyterian and Episcopal parties, scarcely even the names are now known; the ground taken by the Presbyterian party was extreme and untenable, and was maintained with a rigid intolerance wholly indefensible, and such as to provoke the indignation even of Milton, who was himself by no means of a tolerant disposition. Some of these works by Calderwood, Gillespie, and Rutherford, have been recently reprinted; but their popularity has too manifestly passed away with the age which produced them. The letters of Rutherford still enjoy a considerable reputation in certain quarters; and those of Baillie, containing an account of the proceedings in London during the Westminster Assembly, are more generally known, and are of some historical value. The only theological writer of the period who has acquired any celebrity out of Scotland is Archbishop Leighton, a man of great ability, and most estimable character, whose "Commentary on St Peter" is still extensively popular, and has had its reputation considerably augmented of late by the praises which Coleridge has bestowed on it. The period after the Restoration is in theological literature nearly a blank; the outed ministers did, indeed, defend their peculiar opinions in numerous works, of which "Naphtali, or the Hind let Loose," is one of the best known and most characteristic. Such works are not, however, usually deemed worthy of a place in the literature of the country. Drummond, already mentioned as a poet, was perhaps superior as a prose writer; at least, his "Cypress Grove" is not excelled by any of his poetical productions. In the latter part of the period the chief prose writer was Sir George Mackenzie, whose conduct as Lord-Advocate brought him into bad odour with the covenanting party, but whose essays, which have been highly lauded by Evelyn—no mean judge—give abundant evidence of a highly-cultivated mind, well acquainted with all the literature of the day.

SELECTIONS.

I. RICHARD HOOKER.

RICHARD HOOKER was born near Exeter, probably in 1553. His parents were too poor to give him a regular education, and for his university training he was indebted to the discriminating patronage of the learned Bishop Jewel. At Oxford he was distinguished by his knowledge of the Oriental languages, and he was also an eloquent preacher, but being of a retiring character, and averse to the vexatious turmoil of a public life, he resigned the position of lecturer at the Temple, to which, on account of his abilities, he had been advanced, and retired to the quiet country rectory of Boscomb in Wiltshire, where he devoted his leisure to the composition of his great work on "Ecclesiastical Polity." The first half of his work, embracing four books, was published in 1594, and the next year he was rewarded with the rectory of Bishop's-Bourne in Kent, where he died in 1600. The fifth book of his work appeared in 1597, but the remaining three were not published till 1647, long after the author's death, and there are, in consequence, some doubts as to the genuineness of the text of the sixth book as usually printed. His work was designed to supply a defence of the Church against the Puritans, not by answering all their objections, which were innumerable, many of them exceedingly trifling, not made upon any uniform principle, and some of them capable of being brought against every possible ecclesiastical system, but by showing the fundamental nature of law, the indispensable conditions of all church polity, and the general conformity of the Church of England to them. Every requisite of a great writer Hooker possessed in an eminent degree; extensive learning, sound judgment, acute reasoning powers, unfailing moderation, and unlimited command of rich, musical, and dignified language. He is perhaps the greatest of our prose authors, nor can his ability be better estimated than by a comparison with the meagre writings of his predecessors.

1. AN EXHORTATION TO CANDOUR AND MODERATION.—(FROM THE CONCLUSION OF THE PREFACE TO THE "ECCLESIASTICAL POLITY.")

The best and safest way for you, therefore, my dear brethren, is to call your deeds past to a new reckoning, to re-examine the cause

ye have taken in hand, and to try it even point by point, argument by argument, with all the diligent exactness ye can ; to lay aside the gall of that bitterness wherein your minds have hitherto overabounded, and with meekness to search the truth. Think ye are men ; deem it not impossible for you to err ; sift impartially your own hearts, whether it be force of reason or vehemency of affection which hath bred and still doth feed these opinions in you. If truth do anywhere manifest itself, seek not to smother it with glossing delusions ; acknowledge the greatness thereof, and think it your best victory when the same doth prevail over you.

That ye have been earnest in speaking or writing again and again the contrary way should be no blemish or discredit at all unto you. Amongst so many so huge volumes as the infinite pains of Saint Augustine have brought forth, what one hath gotten him greater love, commendation, and honour, than the book¹ wherein he carefully collecteth his own oversights, and sincerely condemneth them ? Many speeches there are of Job's whereby his wisdom and other virtues may appear ; but the glory of an ingenuous mind he hath purchased by these words only,² " Behold, I will lay my hand on my mouth ; I have spoken once, yet will I not therefore maintain argument ; yet twice, howbeit for that cause further I will not proceed." Far more comfort it were for us (so small is the joy we take in these strifes) to labour under the same yoke, as men that look for the same eternal reward of their labours, to be joined with you in bands of indissoluble love and amity, to live as if our persons being many our souls were but one, rather than in such dismembered sort to spend our few and wretched days in a tedious prosecuting of wearisome contentions ; the end whereof, if they have not some speedy end, will be heavy even on both sides. Brought already we are even to that estate which Gregory Nazianzen³ mournfully describeth, saying, " My mind leadeth me (since there is no other remedy) to fly and to convey myself into some corner out of sight, where I may 'scape from this cloudy tempest of maliciousness, whereby all parts are entered into a deadly war among themselves, and that little remnant of love which was is now consumed to nothing. The only godliness we glory in is to find out somewhat whereby we may judge others to be ungodly. Each other's faults we observe as matter of exprobration, and not of grief. By these means we are grown hateful in the eyes of the heathens themselves ; and (which woundeth us the more deeply) able we are not to deny but that we have deserved their hatred. With the better sort of our own,⁴ our fame and credit is clean lost. The less we are to marvel if they judge vilely of us, who, although we did well, would hardly allow thereof. On our backs⁵ they also build that are lewd ; and what we

¹ Augustine's Confessions.

² Job xxxix. 37. Hooker, of course, uses the old translation.

³ A famous Bishop, so called from his See, Nazianzum, in Cappadocia.

⁴ i. e., those of our own country or religion.

⁵ i. e., the wicked found their arguments upon the assertions which we mutually make against each other.

object one against another, the same they use to the utter scorn and disgrace of us all. This we have gained by our mutual home-dissensions. This we are worthily rewarded with, which are more forward to strive than becometh men of virtuous and mild disposition." But our trust in the Almighty is, that with us contentions are now at their highest float, and that the day will come (for what cause of despair is there) when, the passions of former enmity being allayed, we shall, with ten times redoubled tokens of our unfeignedly reconciled love, show ourselves each towards other the same, which Joseph and the brethren of Joseph were at the time of their interview in Egypt. Our comfortable expectation and most thirsty desire, whereof what man soever amongst you shall any way help to satisfy (as we truly hope there is no one amongst you but some way or other will), the blessings of the God of peace, both in this world and in the world to come, be upon him more than the stars of the firmament in number.

2. INTRODUCTION OF THE SUBJECT : DEFINITION OF LAW :
NATURAL LAW.—(BOOK I., SECTIONS I. II. III.)

He that goeth about to persuade a multitude that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favourable hearers, because they know the manifold defects whereunto every kind of regiment¹ is subject ; but the secret lets² and difficulties, which in public proceedings are innumerable and inevitable, they have not ordinarily the judgment to consider. And because such as openly reprove supposed disorders of state are taken for principal friends to the common benefit of all, and for men that carry singular freedom of mind, under this fair and plausible colour whatsoever they utter passeth for good and current. That which wanteth in the weight of their speech, is supplied by the aptness of men's minds to accept and believe it. Whereas, on the other side, if we maintain things that are established, we have not only to strive with a number of heavy prejudices deeply rooted in the hearts of men who think that herein we serve the time, and speak in favour of the present state because thereby we either hold or seek preferment ; but also to bear such exceptions as minds so averted beforehand usually take against that which they are loath should be poured into them. Albeit, therefore, much of that we are to speak in this present cause may seem to a number perhaps tedious, perhaps obscure, dark, and intricate (for many talk of the truth which never sounded the depth from whence it springeth ; and therefore, when they are led thereunto, they are soon weary, as men drawn from those beaten paths wherewith they have been inured) ; yet this may not so far prevail as to cut off that which the matter itself requireth, howsoever the nice humour of some be therewith pleased or no. They, unto whom we shall seem tedious, are in nowise injured by us, because it is in their own hands to spare that labour which

¹ i.e., government.

² i.e., hindrances.

they are not willing to endure. And if any complain of obscurity, they must consider, that in these matters it cometh no otherwise to pass than in sundry the works both of art and also of nature, where that which hath greatest force in the very things we see, is notwithstanding itself oftentimes not seen. The stateliness of houses, the goodliness of trees, when we behold them, delighteth the eye ; but that foundation which beareth up the one, that root which ministereth unto the other nourishment and life, is in the bosom of the earth concealed ; and if there be at any time occasion to search into it, such labour is then more necessary than pleasant, both to them which undertake it, and for the lookers on. In like manner the use and benefit of good laws ; all that live under them may enjoy with delight and comfort, albeit the grounds and first original causes from whence they have sprung be unknown, as to the greatest part of men they are. But when they who withdraw their obedience pretend that the laws which they should obey are corrupt and vicious, for better examination of their quality, it behoveth the very foundation and root, the highest well-spring and fountain of them, to be discovered. Which, because we are not oftentimes accustomed to do, when we do it, the pains we take are more needful a great deal than acceptable ; and the matters which we handle seem, by reason of newness (till the mind grow better acquainted with them), dark, intricate, and unfamiliar.

And because the point about which we strive is the quality of our laws, our first entrance hereinto cannot better be made than with consideration of the nature of law in general.

All things that have some operation not violent or casual. Neither doth anything ever begin to exercise the same without some fore-conceived end for which it worketh. And the end which it worketh for is not obtained, unless the work be also fit to obtain it by. For unto every end every operation will not serve. That which doth assign unto each thing the kind,¹ that which doth moderate the force and power, that which doth appoint the form and measure of working, the same we term a *Law*. So that no certain end could ever be obtained unless the actions whereby it is obtained were regular, that is to say, made suitable, fit, and correspondent unto their end by some canon, rule, or law.

Moses, in describing the work of creation, attributeth speech unto God : " God said, let there be light ; let there be a firmament ; let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place ; let the earth bring forth ; let there be lights in the firmament of heaven." Was this only the intent of Moses, to signify the infinite greatness of God's power by the easiness of His accomplishing such effects, without travail, pain, or labour ? Surely it seemeth that Moses had herein besides this a further purpose, namely, first to teach that God did not work as a necessary, but a voluntary Agent, intending beforehand and decreeing with Himself that which did

¹ *i. e.*, the nature and species of its operation.

outwardly proceed from Him ; secondly, to show that God did then institute a law natural to be observed by creatures, and therefore, according to the manner of laws, the institution thereof is described as being established by solemn injunction. His commanding those things to be which are, and to be in such sort as they are, to keep that tenure and course which they do, importeth the establishment of nature's law. This world's first creation, and the preservation since of things created, what is it but only so far forth a manifestation by execution, what the eternal law of God is concerning things natural ? And as it cometh to pass in a kingdom rightly ordered, that after a law is once published it presently takes effect far and wide, all states framing themselves thereunto ; even so let us think it fareth in the natural course of the world : since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of His law upon it, heaven and earth have hearkened unto His voice, and their labour hath been to do His will. "He made a law for the rain, he gave his decree unto the sea, that the waters should not pass his commandment." Now, if nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own laws ; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have ; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself ; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubilities turn themselves any way as it might happen ; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run its unwearied course, should, as it were through a languishing faintness, begin to stand and to rest himself ; if the moon should wander from her beaten way ; the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture ; the winds breathe out their last gasp ; the clouds yield no rain ; the earth be defeated of heavenly influence ; the fruits of the earth pine away as children at the withered breasts of their mother, no longer able to yield them relief ; what would become of man himself, whom these things now do all serve ? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world ? Notwithstanding, with nature it cometh sometimes to pass as with art. Let Phidias¹ have rude and obstinate stuff to carve, though his art do that it should, his work will lack that beauty which otherwise in fitter matter it might have had. He that striketh an instrument with skill may cause, notwithstanding, a very unpleasant sound, if the string whereon he striketh chance to be incapable of harmony. In the matter whereof things natural consist, that of Theophrastus taketh place : "much of it is oftentimes such as will by no means yield to receive that impression which were best and most perfect." Which defect in the matter of things natural, they who gave themselves unto the contemplation of nature amongst the heathen observed often ; but the true original cause thereof,

¹ The most famous of the Athenian sculptors.

divine malediction, laid for the sin of man upon those creatures which God had made for the use of man, this being an article of that saving truth which God hath revealed to His Church, was above the reach of their merely natural capacity and understanding.

3. SUPERSTITION AND ITS TWO CAUSES, ZEAL AND FEAR.—("ECCLESIASTICAL POLITY," BOOK V. 3.)

Two affections there are, the forces whereof, as they bear the greater or lesser sway in man's heart, frame accordingly the stamp and character of his religion,—the one zeal, the other fear. Zeal, unless it be rightly guided, when it endeavoureth most busily to please God, forceth upon Him those unseasonable offices which please Him not. For which cause, if those who this way swerve be compared with such sincere, sound, and discreet, as Abraham was in matter of religion, the service of the one is like unto flattery, the other like the faithful sedulity of friendship. Zeal, except it be ordered aright, when it bendeth itself unto conflict with things either in deed, or but imagined to be, opposite unto religion, useth the razor many times with such eagerness, that the very life of religion itself is thereby hazarded; through hatred of tares, the corn in the field of God is plucked up. So that zeal needeth both ways a sober guide. Fear, on the other side, if it have not the light of true understanding concerning God, wherewith to be moderated, breedeth likewise superstition. It is therefore dangerous that in things divine we should work too much upon the spur either of zeal or fear. Fear is a good solicitor to devotion. Howbeit sith¹ fear in this kind doth grow from an apprehension of deity endued with irresistible power to hurt, and is of all affections (anger excepted) the unaptest to admit any conference with reason, for which cause the wise man² doth say of fear, that it is a betrayer of the forces of reasonable understanding; therefore, except men know beforehand what manner of service pleaseth God, while they are fearful they try all things which fancy offereth. Many there are who never think on God but when they are in extremity of fear: and then, because what to think, or what to do, they are uncertain, perplexity not suffering them to be idle, they think and do, as it were in a phrenzy, they know not what. Superstition neither knoweth the right kind, nor observeth the due measure of actions belonging to the service of God, but is always joined with a wrong opinion touching things divine. Superstition is, when things are either abhorred or observed with a zealous or fearful, but erroneous relation to God. By means whereof the superstitious do sometimes serve, though the true God, yet with needless offices, and defraud Him of duties necessary, sometimes load others than Him with such honours as properly are His. The one, their oversight who miss in the choice

¹ *i. e.*, since; the word occurs in the Scotch version of the Psalms.

² See Wisdom xvii. 11.

of that wherewith ; the other, theirs who fail in the election of Him towards whom they show devotion : this, the crime of idolatry ; that, the fault of voluntary either niceness or superfluity in religion.

4. DEFENCE OF THE ENGLISH SERVICE AGAINST THE PURITANS.—
 ("ECCLESIASTICAL POLITY," BOOK V. SECT. 34.)

Our intermingling of lessons with prayers is in their¹ taste a thing as unsavoury, and as unseemly in their sight, as if the like should be done in suits and supplications before some mighty prince of the world. Our speech to worldly superiors we frame in such sort as serveth best to inform and persuade the minds of them, who otherwise neither could nor would greatly regard our necessities ; whereas, because we know that God is indeed a King, but a *great* King, who understandeth all things beforehand which no other king besides doth, a King readier to grant than we to make our requests, therefore in prayer we do not so much respect what precepts art delivereth touching the method of persuasive utterance in the presence of great men, as what doth most avail to our own edification in piety and godly zeal. If they on the contrary side do think that the same rules of decency which serve for things done unto terrene powers should universally decide what is fit in the service of God ; if it be their meaning to hold it for a maxim, that the Church must deliver her public supplications unto God in no other form of speech than such as were decent if suit should be made to the great Turk, or some other monarch, let them apply their own rule unto their own form of common prayer. Suppose that the people of a whole town, with some chosen man before them, did continually twice or thrice in a week resort to their king, and every time they came first acknowledge themselves guilty of rebellions and treasons, then sing a song, after that explain some statute of the land to the standers by, and therein spend at the least an hour ; this done, turn themselves again to the king, and for every sort of his subjects crave somewhat of him ; at the length sing him another song, and so take their leave ; might not the king well think that "either they knew not what they would have, or else that they were distracted in mind, or some such other like cause of the disorder of their supplication."² This form of suing unto kings were absurd. This form of praying unto God they allow. When God was served with legal sacrifices, such was the miserable and wretched disposition of some men's minds, that the best of everything they had being called out for themselves, if there were in their flocks any poor, starved, or diseased thing not worth the keeping, they thought it good enough for the altar of God, pretending (as wise hypocrites do when they rob God to enrich themselves) that the fatness of calves doth bene-

¹ i.e., the taste of the Puritans. This passage is given as a specimen of Hooker's method of meeting particular objections.

² These were the very words in which the Puritans expressed their opinions on the service of the Church ; Hooker ingeniously retorts their own criticisms upon themselves.

fit Him nothing, to us the best things are most profitable ; to Him all as one if the mind of the offerer be good, which is the only thing He respecteth. In reproof of which their devout fraud, the prophet Malachi allegeth that gifts are offered unto God, not as supplies of His want indeed, but yet as testimonies of that affection wherewith we acknowledge and honour His greatness. For which cause, sith the greater they are whom we honour, the more regard we have to the quality and choice of those presents which we bring them for honour's sake, it must needs follow, that, if we dare not disgrace our worldly superiors with offering unto them such refuse as we bring unto God Himself, we show plainly that our acknowledgment of His greatness is but feigned ; in heart we fear *Him* not so much as we dread *them*.

5. THE PSALMS, AND CHURCH MUSIC.—("ECCELESIASTICAL POLITY,"
BOOK V. 37, 38.)

The choice and flower of all things profitable in other books, the Psalms do both more briefly contain, and more movingly also express, by reason of that poetical form wherewith they are written. The ancients, when they speak of the Book of Psalms, use to fall into large discourses, showing how this part, above the rest, doth of purpose set forth and celebrate all the considerations and operations which belong to God ; it magnifieth the holy meditations and actions of divine men ; it is of things heavenly an universal declaration, working in them whose hearts God inspireth with the due consideration thereof, an habit or disposition of mind whereby they are made fit vessels both for receipt and delivery of whatsoever spiritual perfection. What is there necessary for man to know which the Psalms are not able to teach ? They are to beginners an easy and familiar introduction, a mighty augmentation of all virtue and knowledge in such as are entered before, a strong confirmation to the most perfect amongst others. Heroical magnanimity, exquisite justice, grave moderation, exact wisdom, repentance unfeigned, unwearied patience, the mysteries of God, the sufferings of Christ, the terrors of wrath, the comforts of grace, the works of providence over this world, and the promised joys of that world which is to come, all good necessary to be either known or done or had, this one celestial fountain yieldeth. Let there be any grief or disease incident into the soul of man, any wound or sickness named, for which there is not in this treasure-house a present comfortable remedy at all times ready to be found.

Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low in sounds a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is, or hath in it, harmony. A thing which delighteth all ages, and becometh all states ; a thing as seasonable in grief as in

joy; as decent being added unto actions of greatest weight and solemnity, as being used when men most sequester themselves from action. The reason hereof is an admirable facility which music hath to express and represent to the mind, more inwardly than any other sensible mean, the very standing, rising, and falling, the very steps and inflections every way, the turns and varieties of all passions whereunto the mind is subject; yea, so to imitate them, that whether it resemble unto us the same state wherein our minds already are, or a clean contrary, we are not more contentedly by the one confirmed, than changed and led away by the other. In harmony, the very image and character even of virtue and vice is preserved, the mind delighted with their resemblances, and brought, by having them often iterated, into a love of the things themselves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of harmony; than some, nothing more strong and potent unto good. And that there is such a difference of one kind from another, we need no proof but our own experience, inasmuch as we are at the hearing of some more inclined unto sorrow and heaviness; of some, more mollified and softened in mind; one kind apter to stay and settle us, another to move and stir our affections; there is that draweth to a marvellous grave and sober mediocrity; there is also that carrieth as it were into ecstasies, filling the mind with a heavenly joy, and for the time in a manner severing it from the body. So that, although we lay altogether aside the consideration of ditty¹ or matter, the very harmony of sounds being framed in due sort, and carried from the ear to the spiritual faculties of our souls, is, by a native puissance and efficacy, greatly available to bring to a perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled; apt as well to quicken the spirits, as to allay that which is too eager; sovereign against melancholy and despair; forcible to draw forth tears of devotion, if the mind be such as can yield them; able both to move and to moderate all affections. They must have hearts very dry and tough from whom the melody of Psalms doth not sometimes draw that wherein a mind religiously affected delighteth.

II. LORD BACON.

FRANCIS BACON was born in London, 22d January 1561. His father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, was Keeper of the Great Seal; and his mother, a lady of distinguished ability, translated Jewel's "Apology" into English. The young Bacon was, at the age of thirteen, sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he remained little more than two years. After a brief sojourn on the Continent he returned to London, and applied himself to the study of law; but though his abilities soon became known, though his relations were of high rank, and he himself made a conspicuous figure in Parliament, he was very slow in obtaining promotion. Even the influence of Elizabeth's powerful favourite

¹ i.e., the subject, the words of the song.

Essex, who generously espoused his interests, was unable to procure him any lucrative or honourable appointment. Till the death of the Queen he remained comparatively obscure, but on the accession of James he was rapidly promoted; in 1607 he was made Solicitor-General, in 1618 Attorney-General, in 1617 Lord Keeper, and in 1618 was finally advanced to the dignity of Lord Chancellor. In the same year he was created Lord Verulam, and in 1621 was raised to the higher title of Viscount St Albans. A few weeks stripped him of all his honours: he was accused by the Parliament of bribery and corruption, and, on his own confession, was fined L.40,000, deprived of all his offices, and committed to the Tower. After a few days' imprisonment James set him at liberty, and mitigated his fine; but, overwhelmed with disgrace, he retired to his country-seat, where he spent the most of the remainder of his life in the pursuits of literature and science, till his death in 1626. Posterity, in admiration of his distinguished talents, have forgotten his corrupt selling of justice, his mean betrayal of his friend Essex, and his abject flattery of every despicable court-minion whose influence might promote his advancement, and have agreed to reverence him as the father of modern philosophy, who taught men to look for truth not in the ingenious theories of their own brain, but in the careful investigation of nature. His works are numerous and varied, but all of a high order of excellence; they are written in a grave and dignified style, less diffuse than that of most of his contemporaries, and highly impressive, but, except his "Essays," are not calculated to be extensively popular. The most important of his writings are his "Essays," first published in 1597, but enlarged in subsequent editions; the "Advancement of Learning," 1606, a publication which forms an era in the history of the human mind; the "Wisdom of the Ancients," 1610; the "Novum Organum," 1620; and the "History of the Reign of King Henry VII.," 1622.

1. OF BOLDNESS.¹—"ESSAYS," NO. XII.)

It is a trivial grammar-school text, but yet worthy a wise man's consideration: question was asked of Demosthenes, What was the chief part of an orator? He answered, Action. What next? Action. What next again? Action. He said it that knew it best, and had by nature himself no advantage in that he commended. A strange thing, that the part of an orator, which is but superficial, and rather the virtue of a player, should be placed so high above those other noble parts of invention, elocution, and the rest; nay, almost alone, as if it were all in all. But the reason is plain. There is in human nature generally more of the fool than of the wise; and therefore those faculties, by which the foolish part of men's minds is taken, are most potent. Wonderful like is the case of boldness in civil business. What first? Boldness. What second and third? Boldness. And yet boldness is a child of ignorance and baseness, far inferior to other parts. But nevertheless it doth fascinate, and bind

¹ This was one of the *Essays* added by Bacon in the last edition, that of 1625.

hand and foot those that are either shallow in judgment or weak in courage, which are the greatest part, yea, and prevailleth with wise men at weak times ; therefore we see it hath done wonders in popular states, but with senates and princes less ; and more, ever upon the first entrance of bold persons into action, than soon after ; for boldness is an ill keeper of promise. Surely, as there are mountebanks for the natural body, so are there mountebanks for the politick body : men that undertake great cures, and perhaps have been lucky in two or three experiments, but want the grounds of science, and therefore cannot hold out ; nay, you shall see a bold fellow many times do Mahomet's miracle. Mahomet made the people believe that he would call a hill to him, and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled : Mahomet called the hill to come to him again and again : and when the hill stood still he was never a whit abashed, but said, " If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill." So these men, when they have promised great matters, and failed most shamefully, yet (if they have the perfection of boldness) they will but slight it over, and make a turn, and no more ado. Certainly, to men of great judgment, bold persons are a sport to behold ; nay, and to the vulgar also, boldness hath somewhat of the ridiculous ; for if absurdity be the subject of laughter, doubt you not but great boldness is seldom without some absurdity. Especially it is a sport to see when a bold fellow is out of countenance, for that puts his face into a most shrunken and wooden posture, as needs it must, for in bashfulness the spirits do a little go and come ; but with bold men, upon like occasion, they stand at a stay, like a stale¹ at chess, where it is no mate, but yet the game cannot stir ; but this last were fitter for a satire than for a serious observation. This is well to be weighed, that boldness is ever blind, for it seeth not dangers and inconveniences ; therefore it is ill in counsel, good in execution, so that the right use of bold persons is, that they never command in chief, but be seconds, and under the direction of others. For in counsel it is good to see dangers ; and in execution not to see them, except they be very great.

2. OF DELAYS.²—"ESSAYS," XXI.)

Fortune is like the market, where many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall. And again, it is sometimes like Sybilla's³ offer, which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price. For occasion (as it is in the common verse) turneth a bald noddle after she hath presented her locks in front, and no hold taken ; or at least turneth the handle of the bottle first to be received, and after the belly, which is hard to clasp. There is surely no greater wisdom than well to time the

¹ i.e., what in modern language is called *stale mate*.

² This is also one of the *Essays* added by Bacon in 1625.

³ Alluding to the well-known story of Tarquin and the sybil.

beginning and onsets of things. Dangers are no more light, if they once seem light ; and more dangers have deceived men than forced them. Nay, it were better to meet some dangers half way, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon their approaches ; for if a man watch too long, it is odds he will fall asleep. On the other side, to be deceived with too long shadows (as some have been when the moon was low, and shone on their enemies' back), and so to shoot off before the time ; or to teach dangers to come on by over early buckling towards them, is another extreme. The ripeness or unripeness of the occasion (as we said) must ever be well weighed ; and generally it is good to commit the beginnings of all great actions to Argus, with his hundred eyes ; and the ends to Briareus, with his hundred hands,—first to watch, and then to speed. For the helmet of Pluto, which maketh the politick man go invisible, is secrecy in the counsel, and celerity in the execution. For when things are once come to the execution, there is no secrecy comparable to celerity ; like the motion of a bullet in the air, which flieth so swift as it outruns the eye.

3. OF STUDIES.¹—("ESSAYS," L.)

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring ; for ornament, is in discourse ; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For *expert* men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one ; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are *learned*. To spend too much time in studies is sloth ; to use them too much for ornament is affectation ; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience, for natural abilities are like natural plants that need pruning by study ; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies ; simple men admire them ; and wise men use them ; for they teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute ; nor to believe and take for granted ; nor to find talk and discourse ; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested ; that is, some books are to be read only in parts ; others to be read, but not curiously ; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others ; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books ; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man ; conference a ready man ; and writing an exact man ; and therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory ; if he confer little, he had

¹ This Essay, first printed in 1597, was enlarged in 1612, and again in 1625.

need have a present wit ; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise ; poets witty ; the mathematicks subtle ; *natural* philosophy deep ; *moral* grave ; logic and rhetoric able to contend. Studies exercise influence upon the morals ;¹ nay, there is no *stond*² or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies ; like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins ; shooting for the lungs and breast ; gentle walking for the stomach ; riding for the head ; and the like. So, if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematicks ; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again ; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find difference, let him study the schoolmen, for they are hair-splitters ; if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer's cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

4. INTERPRETATION OF THE FABLE OF PAN.—("WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS,"³ FABLE VI. PAN, OR NATURE.)

The ancients have exquisitely described nature under the person of Pan, whose original they leave doubtful. But, howsoever begotten, the *Parcæ*⁴ (they say) were his sisters. He is portrayed in this guise : on his head a pair of horns that reach to heaven, his body rough and hairy, his beard long and shaggy, his shape bifurmed, above like a man, below like a beast, his feet like goat's hoofs, bearing these ensigns of his jurisdiction, to wit, in his left hand a pipe of seven reeds, and in his right a sheep-hook, or a staff crooked at the upper end, and his mantle made of a leopard's skin. His dignities and offices were these : he was the god of hunters, of shepherds, and of all rural inhabitants ; chief president also of hills and mountains, and, next to Mercury, the ambassador of the gods. Moreover, he was accounted the leader and commander of the nymphs, which were always wont to dance the rounds and frisk about him ; he was accosted⁵ by the Satyrs and the old Sileni.⁶ He had power also to strike men with terrors, and those especially vain and superstitious, which are called *panic* fears.

This (if any be) is a noble tale, as being laid out and big with the secrets and mysteries of nature.

¹ I have ventured thus to translate the fragment of a line from Ovid, which Bacon here uses, "abundant studiis in morea." Heroid. xv. 83.

² i.e., stand, want, weakness.

³ In this, the most ingenious of all his works, Bacon interprets the most important of the ancient fables, so as to extract from them the lessons of hidden wisdom which they were intended to convey. It embraces thirty-one fables ; that of Pan (from which the extract given above is abridged) being the most admired. It was written in Latin, but translated into English by Bacon's friend, Sir Arthur Gorges, in 1619.

⁴ The fates who presided over the destinies of human life.

⁵ Accosted is here used in its original sense, the meaning being, "the Satyrs and the old Sileni were at his side."

⁶ A name given to the Fauns and Satyrs, the drunken companions of Bacchus.

Pan (as his name imports) represents and lays open the all of things or nature. Concerning his original, there are two only opinions that go for current ; for either he came of Mercury, that is the Word of God, which the Holy Scriptures without all controversy affirm, and such of the philosophers as had any smack of divinity assented unto ; or else from the confused seeds of things. The Destinies may well be thought the sisters of Pan or nature, because the beginnings, and continuances, and corruptions, and depressions, and dissolutions, and eminences, and labours, and felicities of things, and all the chances which can happen unto anything, are linked with the chain of causes natural.

Horns are attributed unto him, because horns are broad at the root and sharp at the ends, the nature of all things being like a pyramid, sharp at the top. For individual or singular things being infinite are first collected into species, which are many also ; then from species into generals ; and from generals (by ascending) are contracted into things or notions more general, so that at length nature may seem to be contracted into a unity. Neither is it to be wondered at that Pan toucheth heaven with his horns, seeing the height of nature or universal ideas do in some sort pertain to things divine, and there is a ready and short passage from metaphysic to natural theology.

The body of nature is elegantly and with deep judgment depicted hairy, representing the beams or operations of creatures ; for beams are as it were the hairs and bristles of nature, and every creature is either more or less beamy ; which is most apparent in the faculty of seeing, and no less in every virtue and operation that effectuates upon a distant object ; for whatsoever works upon anything afar off, that may rightly be said to dart forth rays or beams. Moreover, Pan's beard is said to be exceeding long, because the beams or influences of celestial bodies do operate and pierce farthest of all, and the sun (when his higher half is shadowed with a cloud), his beams break out in the lower, and looks as if he were bearded.

Nature is also excellently set forth with a bifurmed body, with respect to the differences between superior and inferior creatures. For the one part, by reason of their pulcritude,¹ and equability of motion, and constancy, and dominion over the earth and earthly things, is worthily set out by the shape of man ; and the other part, in respect of their perturbations and unconstant motions, and therefore needing to be moderated by the celestial, may be well fitted with the figure of a brute beast. This description of his body pertains also to the participation of species, for no natural being seems to be simple, but as it were participating and compounded of two. As, for example, man hath something of a beast, a beast something of a plant, a plant something of an inanimate body ; so that all natural things are in very deed bifurmed, that is to say, compounded of a superior and inferior species.

It is a witty allegory, that some of the feet of a goat, by reason

¹ i.e., beauty.

of the upward tending motion of terrestrial bodies towards the air and heaven, for the goat is a climbing creature that loves to be hanging about the rocks and steep mountains. And this is done also in a wonderful manner, even by those things which are destined to this inferior globe, as may manifestly appear in clouds and meteors.

The two ensigns which Pan bears in his hands do point, the one at harmony, the other at empyry. For the pipe consisting of seven reeds doth evidently demonstrate the consent, and harmony, and discordant concord of all inferior creatures, which is caused by the motion of the seven planets;¹ and that of the sheep-hook may be excellently applied to the order of nature, which is partly right,² partly crooked; this staff, therefore, or rod, is especially crooked in the upper end, because all the works of divine providence in the world are done in a far-fetched and circular manner, so that one thing may seem to be effected and yet indeed a clean contrary brought to pass, as the selling of Joseph into Egypt, and the like. Besides, in all wise human government, they that sit at the helm do more happily bring their purposes about, and insinuate more easily into the minds of the people by pretexts and oblique courses than by direct methods; so that all sceptres and maces of authority ought in very deed to be crooked in the upper end.

Pan's cloak or mantle is ingeniously feigned to be the skin of a leopard, because it is full of spots. So the heavens are spotted with stars, the sea with rocks and islands, the land with flowers, and every particular creature also is for the most part garnished with divers colours about the superficies, which is, as it were, a mantle unto it. The office of Pan can be by nothing so lively conceived and expressed as by feigning him to be the god of hunters, for every natural action is nothing else but a hunting. Arts and sciences have their works, and human counsels their ends, which they earnestly hunt after. All natural things have either their food as a prey, or their pleasure as a recreation, which they seek for, and that in most expert and sagacious manner.

Pan is also said to be the god of the country clowns, because men of this condition lead lives more agreeable unto nature than those that live in the cities and courts of princes, where nature by too much art is corrupted. He was held to be lord-president of the mountains, because in the high mountains and hills nature lays herself most open, and men most apt to view and contemplation. Whereas Pan is said to be (next unto Mercury) the messenger of the gods, there is in that a divine mystery contained, for, next to the Word of God, the image of the world proclaims the power and wisdom Divine, as sings the sacred poet, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth the works of His hands."

The nymphs, that is, the souls of living things, take great delight

¹ As our older authors constantly speak of the *seven planets*, it is right to mention that these were, the sun, the moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. The earth was considered the centre of the system, round which all the other bodies revolved.

² i. e., straight.

in Pan. For these souls are the delights or minions of nature, and the direction or conduct of these nymphs is with great reason attributed unto Pan, because the souls of all things living do follow their natural dispositions as their guides, and with infinite variety every one of them after his own fashion doth leap and frisk and dance with incessant motion about her. The Satyrs and Sileni also, to wit, youth and old age, are some of Pan's followers; for of all natural things there is a lively, jocund, and (as I may say) a dancing age, and an age again that is dull, bibling,¹ and reeling. The carriages and dispositions of both which ages, to some such as Democritus² was (that would observe them duly), might peradventure seem as ridiculous and deformed as the gambols of the Satyrs or the gestures of the Sileni.

Of those fears and terrors of which Pan is said to be the author, there may be this wise construction made, namely, that nature hath bred in every living thing a kind of care and fear, tending to the preservation of its own life and being, and to the repelling and shunning of all things hurtful. And yet nature knows not how to keep a mean, but always intermixes vain and empty fears with such as are discreet and profitable; so that all things (if their insides might be seen) would appear full of Panic frights. But men, especially in hard, fearful, and diverse times, are wonderfully infatuated with superstition, which indeed is nothing else but a Panic terror.

5. SELECTIONS FROM THE "ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING," BOOK I.

1. *Of unprofitable subtlety.*—The precept of St Paul is at all times seasonable: "avoid profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called." He assigns two marks of suspected and falsified science: the one, novelty and strangeness of terms; the other, strictness of positions, which necessarily induces oppositions, and thence questions and altercations. And, indeed, as many solid substances putrefy, and turn into worms, so does sound knowledge often putrefy into a number of subtle, idle, and vermicular questions, that have a certain quickness of life and spirit, but no strength of matter, or excellence of quality. This kind of degenerate learning chiefly reigned among the schoolmen; who, having subtle and strong capacities, abundance of leisure, and but small variety of reading, their minds being shut up in a few authors, as their bodies were in the cells of their monasteries, and thus kept ignorant both of the history of nature and times, they, with infinite agitation of wit, spun out of a small quantity of matter those laborious webs of learning which are extant in their books. For the human mind, if it acts upon matter and contemplates the nature of things, and the works of God, operates according to the stuff, and is limited

¹ i. e., tottering; so, at least, say the commentators on Bacon. The Latin word used in the passage is *bibula*, and its ordinary meaning *drunken* seems as appropriate as that which the commentators give.

² Called the *Laughing Philosopher*, from his indulging in laughter at the sight of the folly of men.

thereby ; but if it works upon itself, as the spider does, then it has no end ; but produces cobwebs of learning, admirable indeed for the fineness of the thread, but of no substance or profit.

2. *Deference to great names.*—Credulity in respect of certain authors, and making them dictators instead of consuls, is a principal cause that the sciences are no farther advanced. For hence, though in mechanical arts the first inventor falls short, time adds perfection ; whilst in the sciences the first author goes furthest, and time only abates or corrupts. Thus artillery, sailing, and printing, were grossly managed at the first, but received improvement by time ; whilst the philosophy and the sciences of Aristotle, Plato, Democritus, Hippocrates, Euclid, and Archimedes, flourished most in the original authors, and degenerated with time. The reason is, that in the mechanic arts, the capacities and industry of many are collected together ; whereas in sciences, the capacities and industry of many have been spent upon the invention of some one man, who has commonly been thereby rather obscured than illustrated. For as water ascends no higher than the level of the first spring, so knowledge derived from Aristotle will at most rise no higher again than the knowledge of Aristotle. And therefore, though a scholar must have faith in his master, yet a man well instructed must judge for himself, for learners owe to their masters only a temporary belief, and a suspension of their own judgment till they are fully instructed, and not an absolute resignation or perpetual captivity. Let great authors, therefore, have their due, but so as not to defraud time, which is the author of authors, and the parent of truth.

3. *Antiquity.*—Some errors in learning require to be particularly mentioned. The first is the affecting of two extremes, antiquity and novelty ; wherein the children of time seem to imitate their father ; for as he devours his children,¹ so they endeavour to devour each other ; whilst antiquity envies new improvements, and novelty is not content to add without defacing. The advice of the prophet is just in this case : “ stand upon the old ways, and see which is the good way, and walk therein.” For antiquity deserves that men should stand awhile upon it, to view around which is the best way ; but when the discovery is well made, they should stand no longer, but proceed with cheerfulness. And to speak the truth, antiquity, as we call it, is the young state of the world ; for those times are ancient when the world is ancient ; and not those we vulgarly account ancient by computing backwards ; so that the present time is the real antiquity.

4. *Mistakes as to the true end of learning.*—Some men covet knowledge out of a natural curiosity and inquisitive temper ; some to entertain the mind with variety and delight ; some for ornament and reputation ; some for victory and contention ; many for lucre and a livelihood ; and but few for employing the Divine gift of reason to the use and benefit of mankind. Thus some appear to seek in knowledge a couch for a searching spirit ; others, a walk for a

¹ Saturn, the god of time, according to the fables, devoured his children.

wandering mind ; others, a tower of state ; others, a fort or commanding ground ; and others a shop for profit or sale, instead of a storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the endowment of human life. But that which must dignify and exalt knowledge is the more intimate and strict conjunction of contemplation and action ; a conjunction like that of Saturn, the planet of rest and contemplation, and Jupiter, the planet of civil society and action. But here, by use and action, we do not mean the applying of knowledge to lucre, —for that diverts the advancing of knowledge, as the golden ball thrown before Atalanta, which, while she stoops to take up, the race is hindered.

5. *Dignity of Learning.*—The dignity and excellence of knowledge and learning is what human nature most aspires to for the securing of immortality, which is also endeavoured after by raising and ennobling families ; by buildings, foundations, and monuments of fame ; and is, in effect, the bent of all other human desires. But we see how much more durable the monuments of genius and learning are, than those of the hand. The verses of Homer have continued about five and twenty hundred years without loss, in which time numberless palaces, temples, castles, and cities have been demolished, and are fallen to ruin. It is impossible to have the true pictures or statues of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, or the great personages of much later date ; for the originals cannot last, and the copies must lose life and truth ; but the images of men's knowledge remain in books, exempt from the injuries of time, and capable of perpetual renovation. Nor are these properly called images ; because they generate still, and sow their seed in the minds of others, so as to cause infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages. If, therefore, the invention of a ship was thought so noble, which carries commodities from place to place, and consociateth the remotest regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be valued, which, like ships, pass through the vast ocean of time, and convey knowledge and inventions to the remotest ages ?

III. SIR WALTER RALEGH.

RALEGH was born at Hayes Farm, Devonshire, in 1552. At an early age he manifested that love of adventure which distinguished him through life. At seventeen he served in the religious wars on the Continent ; some time after he joined in an expedition to Newfoundland, and, on his return, he was employed in the Irish wars, where he displayed such courage and ability that he was rewarded with a considerable grant of land. He had also the good fortune, by his address, to secure the favour of Queen Elizabeth, who, besides knighting him, bestowed on him, on various occasions, substantial marks of her

Raleigh spells his own name Raleigh, not Raleigh, as usually given.

regard. But the thirst for adventure was unquenchable; and after several unsuccessful expeditions to North America, he, in 1595, sailed in search of imaginary gold mines to Guiana. He returned again without success, and distinguished himself more honourably by his enterprise in the Spanish wars. Shortly after the accession of James, Raleigh, Cobham, and others, were apprehended and tried on the charge of conspiring against the King. The plot is one of the mysteries in English history; but it is certain that against Raleigh no sufficient evidence was brought. The jury, however, either overawed by the Court, or sharing in the general dislike of Raleigh, who was very unpopular from his opposition to Essex, the people's darling, found him guilty, and he was sentenced to death.

James reprieved him, and he was committed to the Tower, where he lay till, in 1615, having proposed to James to fit out an expedition to Guiana, from which he hoped to reap a golden harvest, the needy monarch released him, and entrusted him with a fleet. Whatever may have been his ultimate intentions, Raleigh's first proceedings were to commence war on the Spaniards, then at peace with England; and for this he was arrested, brought home, and executed, on the old sentence, October 29, 1618. His chief work is his "History of the World," written to beguile the tedium of a twelve year's imprisonment. It was never finished; and, according to Jonson, he was much indebted, while composing it, to the labour and learning of others. In style it is clear and lively, it is dignified without pomp, and learned without pedantry, and is pervaded by a tone of melancholy, naturally springing from his unhappy position, and the disappointment of all his hopes.

1. THAT MAN IS, AS IT WERE, A LITTLE WORLD.—(BOOK I.,
CAP. II., SECT. V.)

"Man," says Gregory Nazianzen, "is the bond and chain which tieth together both natures;" and because in the little frame of man's body there is a representation of the universal, and (by allusion) a kind of participation of all the parts thereof, therefore was man called *microcosmos*, or the little world. His blood, which disperseth itself by the branches of veins through all the body, may be resembled to those waters which are carried by brooks and rivers over all the earth; his breath to the air; his natural heat to the enclosed warmth which the earth hath in itself, which, stirred up by the heat of the sun, assisteth nature in the speedier procreation of those varieties, which the earth bringeth forth; our radical moisture, oil, or balsamum (whereon the natural heat feedeth and is maintained), is resembled to the fat and fertility of the earth; the hairs of man's body, which adorn or overshadow it, to the grass, which covereth the upper face and skin of the earth; our determinations, to the light, wandering, and unstable clouds, carried everywhere with uncertain winds; our eyes, to the light of the sun and moon; and the beauty of our youth, to the flowers of the spring, which, either in a very short time, or with the sun's heat, dry up and wither away, or the fierce puffs of

wind blow them from the stalks ; the thoughts of our mind, to the motion of angels ; and our pure understanding, to those intellectual natures which are always present with God ; and, lastly, our immortal souls (while they are righteous) are by God Himself beautified with the title of His own image and similitude. In this also is the little world of man compared, and made more like the universal ("man being the measure of all things," saith Aristotle and Pythagoras), that the four complexions¹ resemble the four elements, and the seven ages of man the seven planets ;² whereof our infancy is compared to the moon, in which we seem only to live and grow as plants ; the second age to Mercury, wherein we are taught and instructed ; our third age to Venus, the days of love, desire, and vanity ; the fourth to the sun, the strong, flourishing, and beautiful age of man's life ; the fifth to Mars, in which we seek honour and victory, and in which our thoughts travel to ambitious ends ; the sixth age is ascribed to Jupiter, in which we begin to take account of our times, judge ourselves, and grow to the perfection of our understanding ; the last and seventh is Saturn, wherein our days are sad and overcast, and in which we find, by dear and lamentable experience, and by the loss which can never be repaired, that of all our vain passions and affections past, the sorrow only abideth : our attendants are sicknesses, and variable infirmities ; and by how much the more we are accompanied with plenty, by so much the more greedily is our end desired, whom, when time hath made unsociable to others, we become a burden to ourselves : being of no other use than to hold the riches we have from our successors. In this time it is, when (as aforesaid) we, for the most part, and never before, prepare for our eternal habitation, which we pass on unto with many sighs, groans, and sad thoughts, and in the end, by the workmanship of death, finish the sorrowful business of a wretched life, towards which we always travel both sleeping and waking ; neither have those beloved companions of honour and riches any power at all to hold us any one day, by the glorious promise of entertainments ; but by what crooked path soever we walk, the same leadeth on directly to the house of death, whose doors lie open at all hours, and to all persons. For this tide of man's life, after it once turneth and declineth, ever runneth with a perpetual ebb and falling stream, but never floweth again : our leaf, once fallen, springeth no more ; neither doth the sun of the summer adorn us again with the garments of new leaves and flowers.³

¹ Viz., the *black* or melancholic, *ruddy* or sanguine, *brown* or choleric, and *white* or phlegmatic.

² The reader must remember that Bacon and Raleigh did not receive the Copernican system ; that they consequently regarded the *earth* as the centre of the universe, round which all other bodies, the sun included, revolved. (See page 82, note.) The description given by Raleigh of the seven ages of man may be compared with that given by Shakspeare,—"As you like it," Act II., Scene vii.

³ Compare with this exquisite passage Beattie's "Hermit," stanza 4.

"But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
O, when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?"

"The plants and trees made poor and old
 By winter envious,
 The spring-time bounteous
 Covers again from shame and cold :
 But never man repair'd again,
 His youth and beauty lost,
 Though art, and care, and cost,
 Do promise nature's help in vain."

So also Catullus says,—

"The sun may set and rise ;
 But we contrarywise,
 Sleep after our short light
 One everlasting night."

For if there were any baiting-place, or rest, in the course or race of man's life, then, according to the doctrine of the Academics, the same might also perpetually be maintained ; but as there is a continuance of motion in natural living things, and as the sap and juice, wherein the life of plants is preserved, doth evermore ascend or descend ; so is it with the life of man, which is always either increasing towards ripeness and perfection, or declining and decreasing towards rottenness and dissolution.

2. OF THE PLEASANT HABITATIONS UNDER THE EQUINOCTIAL.—
 (BOOK I., CAP. III., SECT. VIII.)

We find that these hottest regions of the world seated under the equinoctial line, or near it, are so refreshed with a daily gale of easterly wind (which the Spaniards call the *brize*), that doth evermore blow strongest in the heat of the day, as the downright beams of the sun cannot so much master it that there is any inconvenience or distemperate heat found thereby. Secondly, the nights are so cold, fresh, and equal, by reason of the entire interposition of the earth, as (for those places which myself have seen, near the line and under it) I know no other part of the world of better or equal temper ; only there are some tracts, which by accident of high mountains are barred from this air and fresh wind, and some few sandy parts without trees, which are not therefore so well inhabited as the rest ; and such difference of soils we find also in all other parts of the world. But (for the greatest part) those regions have so many goodly rivers, fountains, and little brooks, abundance of high cedars, and other stately trees casting shade, so many sorts of delicate fruits, ever bearing, and at all times beautified with blossom and fruit, both green and ripe, as it may of all other parts be best compared to the paradise of Eden : the boughs and branches are never unclothed and left naked ; their sap creepeth not under ground into the root, fearing the injury of the frost ; neither doth Pomona at any times despise her husband Vertumnus in his winter quarters

and old age. Therefore are those countries called "vicious countries" for nature being liberal to all without labour, necessity imposing no industry or travel, idleness bringeth forth no other fruits than vain thoughts and licentious pleasures.

3. OF THE INDIAN FIG-TREE.—("HISTORY," BOOK I., CAP. IV., SECT. II.)

This tree beareth a fruit of the bigness of a great pea, or, as Pliny reporteth, somewhat bigger, and that it is a tree always planting itself; that it spreadeth itself so far abroad as that a troop of horsemen may hide themselves under it. Strabo saith that it hath branches bending downwards, and leaves no less than a shield. Aristobulus affirmeth that fifty horsemen may shadow themselves under one of these trees. Onesicritus raiseth this number to four hundred. This tree, saith Theophrastus, exceedeth all other in bigness, which also Pliny and Onesicritus confirm; to the trunk of which these authors give such a magnitude as I shame to repeat. But it may be that all speak by an ill-understood report. For this Indian fig-tree is not so rare a plant as Becanus conceiveth, who, because he found it nowhere else, would needs draw the garden of paradise to the tree, and set it by the river Acesines. But many parts of the world have them, and I myself have seen twenty thousand of them in one valley, not far from Paria in America. They grow in moist grounds, and in this manner: after they are first shot up some twenty or thirty feet in length (some more, some less, according to the soil), they spread a very large top, having no bough nor twig in the trunk or stem; for, from the utmost end of the head-branches there issueth out a gummy juice which hangeth downward like a cord or sinew, and within a few months reacheth the ground, which it no sooner toucheth but it taketh root; and then, being filled both from the top boughs and from his own proper root, this cord maketh itself a tree exceeding hastily. From the utmost boughs of these young trees there fall again the like cords, which in one year and less (in that world of a perpetual spring) become also trees of the bigness of the nether part of a lance, and as straight as art or nature can make anything, casting such a shade, and making such a kind of grove, as no other tree in the world can do. Now one of these trees considered, with all his young ones, may indeed shroud four hundred or four thousand horsemen, if they please; for they cover whole valleys of ground where these trees grow near the sea bank, as they do by thousands in the inner part of Trinidad. The cords which fall down over the banks into the sea, shooting always downward to find root under water, are in those seas of the Indies, where oysters breed, entangled in their beds, so as, by pulling up one of these cords out of the sea, I have seen five hundred oysters hanging in a heap thereon; whereof the report came, that oysters grew on trees in India. But that they bear any such huge leaves, or any such delicate fruit, I could never find, and yet I have travelled a dozen miles together under them.

4. THE TRANSITORY NATURE OF HUMAN HAPPINESS.—(PREFACE TO
"HISTORY.")

If we truly examine the difference of both conditions,—to wit, of the rich and mighty, whom we call fortunate, and of the poor and oppressed, whom we count wretched, we shall find the happiness of the one, and the miserable estate of the other, so tied by God to the very instant, and both so subject to interchange (witness the sudden downfall of the greatest princes, and the speedy uprising of the meanest persons), as the one hath nothing so certain whereof to boast, nor the other so uncertain whereof to bewail itself. For there is no man so assured of his honour, of his riches, health, or life, but that he may be deprived of either, or all, the very next hour or day to come. And although the air which compasseth adversity be very obscure, yet therein we better discern God than in that shining light which environeth worldly glory; through which, for the clearness thereof, there is no vanity which escapeth our sight. And let adversity seem what it will; to happy men ridiculous, who make themselves merry at other men's misfortunes; and to those under the cross, grievous; yet this is true, that for all that is past, to the very instant, the portions remaining are equal to either. For, be it that we have lived many years, "and in them all we have rejoiced;" or, be it that we have measured the same length of days, and therein have evermore sorrowed; yet, looking back from our present being, we find both the one and the other,—to wit, the joy and the woe,—sailed out of sight; and death, which doth pursue us and hold us in chase from our infancy, hath gathered it. Whatsoever of our age is past, death holds it. So as, whosoever he be to whom fortune hath been a servant, and the time a friend, let him but take the account of his memory (for we have no other keeper of our pleasures past), and truly examine what it hath reserved, either of beauty and youth, or foregone delights; what it hath saved, that it might last, of his dearest affections, or of whatever else the amorous spring-time gave his thoughts of contentment, then invaluable, and he shall find, that all the art which his elder years have can draw no other vapour out of these dissolutions than heavy, secret, and sad sighs. He shall find nothing remaining but those sorrows which grow up after our fast-springing youth, overtake it when it is at a stand, and overtop it utterly when it begins to wither: insomuch as, looking back from the very instant time, and from our now being, the poor, diseased, and captive creature hath as little sense of all his former miseries and pains, as he that is most blessed, in common opinion, hath of his forepast pleasures and delights. For whatsoever is cast behind us, is just nothing; and what is to come, deceitful hope hath it. Only those few black swans¹ I must except who,

¹ An allusion to an ancient proverb, "As rare as a black swan." The ancients supposed that no such bird was to be found; and hence they used the proverb to express anything very unusual.

having had the grace to value worldly vanities at no more than their own price, do, by retaining the comfortable memory of a well-acted life, behold death without dread, and the grave without fear, and embrace both as necessary guides to endless glory.

IV. WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH.

CHILLINGWORTH was born at Oxford in 1602, and received his education in the university there. He was distinguished by his skill in mathematics and logic; and acquired, from the very acuteness of his intellect, a habit of doubting, which prevented him having fixed opinions, even on the most important subjects, and led to his being, at one time, induced to join the Romish Church. This, however, was not a form of religion in which one given to doubting could remain; and in a short time Chillingworth returned to that faith of which he was destined to become so distinguished a defendant. His own habits of free inquiry led him to doubt the propriety of imposing tests on any one; and he himself, for some time, hesitated to sign the Thirty-nine Articles; but having at length done so, he was made Chancellor of Salisbury. During the civil war, he aided the cause of Charles with his pen, and accompanied his friend, Lord Hopton, to the field. In 1644 he was taken with the garrison in Arundel Castle, and, according to Clarendon, "as soon as his person was known, the clergy that attended that army prosecuted him with all the inhumanity imaginable; so that, by their barbarous usage, he died within few days." His chief work is his "Religion of Protestants, a safe way to salvation," written in opposition to a Roman Catholic attack on Protestantism. It embodies his opponent's work, which it answers, section by section; and though this somewhat interferes with the completeness of the book as a defence of Protestantism, it renders it all the more complete as a safeguard against Popery. In acuteness of reasoning, Chillingworth has never been surpassed; and it deserves to be recorded to his honour, that he is not less distinguished by moderation and opposition to all employment of force in religion, than by logical power.

1. THAT IT IS EASIER TO UNDERSTAND SCRIPTURE THAN THE COUNCILS OF THE CHURCH.—("RELIGION OF PROTESTANTS," CHAPTER II., SECTIONS CV.—CIX.)

When you¹ say "that unlearned and ignorant men cannot understand Scripture," I would desire you to come out of the clouds, and tell us what you mean; whether that they cannot understand *all* Scripture, or that they cannot understand *any* Scripture; or that they cannot understand so much as is sufficient for their direction to heaven. If the first, I believe the learned are in the same case; if the second, every man's experience will confute you, for who is there that is not capable of a sufficient

¹ i.e., His Roman Catholic opponent.

understanding of the story, the precepts, the promises, and the threats of the gospel? If the third, that they may understand something, but not enough for their salvation: I ask you, first, why then doth St Paul say to Timothy, "the Scriptures are able to make him wise unto salvation?" Why doth St Austin say—"those things which are plainly revealed in Holy Scriptures contain all things which relate to faith, and the way of living?" Why does every one of the four evangelists entitle their book *the Gospel*, if any necessary and essential parts of the gospel were left out of it? Can we imagine that either they admitted something necessary, out of ignorance, not knowing it to be necessary?—or, knowing it to be so, maliciously concealed it?—or, out of negligence, did the work they had undertaken by halves? If none of these things can, without blasphemy, be imputed to them, considering they were assisted by the Holy Ghost in this work, then certainly it most evidently follows, that every one of them writ the whole gospel of Christ,—I mean, all the essential and necessary parts of it. So that, if we had no other book of Scripture but one of them alone, we should not want anything necessary to salvation. And what one of them hath more than another, it is only profitable, and not necessary; necessary indeed to be believed, because revealed; but not, therefore, revealed because necessary to be revealed.

Neither did they write only for the learned, but for all men; this being one special means of the preaching of the gospel, which was commanded to be preached, not only to learned men, but to all men; and, therefore, unless we will imagine the Holy Ghost and them to have been wilfully wanting to their own desire and purpose, we must conceive that they intended to speak plain, even to the capacity of the simplest;—at least, touching all things necessary to be published by them and believed by us.

And whereas you pretend "it is so easy and obvious, both for the learned and the ignorant, both to know which is the Church, and what are the decrees of the Church, and what is the sense of the decrees," I say, this is a vain pretence.

For, *first*, How shall an unlearned man, whom you have supposed now ignorant of Scripture,—how shall he know which of all the societies of Christians is indeed the Church? You will say, perhaps, "He must examine them by the notes of the Church, which are, perpetual visibility, succession, conformity with the ancient Church," &c. But how shall he know, first, that these are the notes of the Church, unless by Scripture, which, you say, he understands not? You may say, perhaps, he may be told so. But seeing men may deceive, and be deceived, and their words are no demonstrations, how shall he be assured that what they say is true? So that, at the first, he meets with an impregnable difficulty, and cannot know the Church but by such notes, which, whether they be the notes of the Church, he cannot possibly know. But let us suppose this isthmus digged through, and that he is assured these are the notes of the true Church, how can he possibly

be a competent judge which society of Christians hath title to these notes, and which hath not?—seeing this trial, of necessity, requires a great sufficiency of knowledge of the monuments of Christian antiquity, which no unlearned man can have, because he that hath it cannot be unlearned. As, for example, how shall he possibly be able to know whether the Church of Rome hath had a perpetual succession of visible professors, which held always the same doctrine which they now hold, without holding anything to the contrary, unless he hath first examined what was the doctrine of the Church in the first age, what in the second, and so forth? And whether this be not a more difficult work than to stay at the first age, and to examine the Church by the conformity of her doctrine with the doctrine of the first age, every man of ordinary understanding may judge.

Let us imagine him advanced a step further, and to know which is the Church. How shall he know what the Church hath decreed, seeing the Church hath not been so careful in keeping her decrees, but that many are lost, and many corrupted? Besides, when even the learned among you are not agreed concerning divers things, whether they be matters of faith or not, how shall the unlearned do? Then, for the sense of the decrees, how can he be more capable of the understanding of them than of plain texts of Scripture, which you will not suffer him to understand?—especially seeing the decrees of divers popes and councils are conceived so obscurely that the learned cannot agree about the sense of them; and then they are written all in such languages, which the ignorant understand not; and therefore must, of necessity, rely herein upon the uncertain and fallible authority of some particular men, who inform them that there is such a decree. And if the decrees were translated into the vulgar languages, why the translators should not be as fallible as you say the translators of Scripture are, who can possibly imagine?

Lastly, How shall an unlearned man, or indeed any man, be assured of the certainty of that decree, the certainty whereof depends upon suppositions which are impossible to be known whether they be true or no? For it is not the decree of a council unless it be confirmed by a true pope. Now, the pope cannot be a true pope if he came in by simony; which, whether he did or no, who can answer me? He cannot be a true pope unless he were baptized; and baptized he was not, unless the minister had due intention. So, likewise, he cannot be a true pope unless he were rightly ordained priest; and that, again, depends upon the ordainer's secret intention, and also upon his having the episcopal character. All which things, as I have formerly proved, depend upon so many uncertain suppositions, that no human judgment can possibly be resolved in them. I conclude, therefore, that not the most learned man among you all,—no, not the pope himself,—can, according to the grounds you go upon, have any certainty that any decree of any council is good and valid, and, consequently, not any assurance that it is indeed the decree of a council.

2. AGAINST INTOLERANCE.—(CHAP. IV., SECT. XVI.)

You are offended with Dr Potter for not usurping the authority which he hath not ; in a word, for not playing the pope. Certainly, if Protestants be faulty in this matter, it is for doing it too much, not too little. This presumptuous imposing of the senses of men upon the words of God, and laying them upon men's consciences together, under the equal penalty of death and damnation ; this vain conceit that we can speak of the things of God better than in the words of God ; this deifying our own interpretations, and tyrannous enforcing them upon others ; this restraining of the Word of God from that latitude and generality, and the understandings of men from that liberty wherein Christ and the apostles left them, is, and hath been, the only fountain of all the schisms of the Church, and that which makes them immortal ; the common incendiary of Christendom, and that which tears into pieces, not the coat, but the bowels and members of Christ. Take away these walls of separation, and all will quickly be one. Take away this persecuting, burning, cursing, damning of men for not subscribing to the words of men as the words of God ; require of Christians only to believe Christ, and to call no man master but Him only ; let those leave claiming infallibility that have no title to it, and let them that, in their *words* disclaim it, disclaim it likewise in their *actions*. In a word, take away tyranny, which is the devil's instrument to support errors, and superstitions, and impieties, in the several parts of the world, which could not otherwise long withstand the power of truth ; I say, take away tyranny, and restore Christians to their just and full liberty of captivating their understanding to Scripture only ; and as rivers, when they have a free passage, run all to the ocean, so it may well be hoped, by God's blessing, that universal liberty, thus moderated, may quickly reduce Christendom to truth and unity.

3. THE RELIGION OF PROTESTANTS.—(CHAP. VI., SECT. LVI.)

When I say the religion of Protestants is, in prudence, to be preferred before yours,¹ I do not understand the doctrine of Luther, or Calvin, or Melancthon ; nor the Confession of Augusta,² or Geneva ; nor the Catechism of Heidelberg ; nor the Articles of the Church of England ; no, nor the harmony of Protestant confessions ; but that wherein they all agree, and which they all subscribe with a greater harmony, as the perfect rule of their faith and actions,—that is, THE BIBLE. The BIBLE—I say the BIBLE only—is the religion of Protestants ! Whatsoever else they believe besides it, and the plain, irrefragable, indubitable consequences of it, well may they hold it as a matter of opinion ; but, as matter of faith and religion, neither can they, with coherence to their own grounds, believe it

¹ i. e., The Roman Catholic.² i. e., Augsburg.

themselves, nor require the belief of it of others, without most high and most schismatical presumption. I, for my part, after a long and (as I verily believe and hope) impartial search of "the true way to eternal happiness," do profess plainly that I cannot find any rest to the sole of my foot but upon this Rock only. I see plainly, and with my own eyes, that there are popes against popes; councils against councils; some fathers against others; the same fathers against themselves; a consent of fathers of one age against a consent of fathers of another age; the Church of one age against the Church of another age. Traditive interpretations of Scripture are pretended, but there are few or none to be found. No tradition, but only of Scripture, can derive itself from the Fountain, but may be plainly proved either to have been brought in, in such an age after Christ, or that in such an age it was not in. In a word, there is no sufficient certainty, but of Scripture only, for any considering man to build upon. This, therefore, and this only, I have reason to believe; this I will profess; according to this I will live; and for this, if there be occasion, I will not only willingly, but even gladly, lose my life, though I should be sorry that Christians should take it from me. Propose me anything out of this Book, and require whether I believe it or no, and seem it never so incomprehensible to human reason, I will subscribe it with hand and heart, as knowing no demonstration can be stronger than this:—God hath said so; therefore it is true. In other things I will take no man's liberty of judgment from him, neither shall any man take mine from me. I will think no man the worse man, nor the worse Christian; I will love no man the less for differing in opinion from me. And what measure I mete to others, I expect from them again. I am fully assured that God does not, and therefore that man ought not, to require any more of any man than this, to believe the Scripture to be God's Word; to endeavour to find the true sense of it; and to live according to it.

This is the religion which I have chosen, after a long deliberation; and I am verily persuaded that I have chosen wisely, much more wisely, than if I had guided myself according to your Church's authority.

V. SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND, of Hawthornden, was born in 1585, and was educated at the High School and University of Edinburgh; and as his father was a man of some wealth, he was thus able to complete his education by a four years' residence on the Continent. On his return, not feeling any inclination for public life, he retired to his country seat at Hawthornden, near Edinburgh, one of the most picturesque spots in Britain, and devoted himself to the study of literature. At a later period, domestic disappointment led him to revisit the Continent.

where, in the course of a lengthened tour, he acquired a knowledge of the Continental languages, and became familiar with their literature, then by no means a common accomplishment. He never took any share in public transactions; but on the breaking out of the disturbances in Scotland, his enthusiastic loyalty led him to publish some pamphlets in defence of King Charles, which exposed him to the ire of the covenanting rulers. He died in 1649, the fatal event being hastened, it is said, by grief at the success of the insurgent party, and the execution of the King. His works in prose and verse are superior to those of any Scotch writer of his day: his sonnets and other poems, though not free from conceits, are distinguished by elegance of language, smoothness of versification, and delicacy of sentiment. His prose works consist of a "History of the First Five Jameses," of some merit, some pamphlets against the Covenanters, and "A Cypress Grove," or "Meditation on Death," which, though the language is sometimes overcharged and the thoughts forced, is a work of much excellence, occasionally reminding the reader of the style of Drummond's great contemporary, Jeremy Taylor.

1. DEATH.—(FROM THE "CYPRESS GROVE.")

Death is the violent estranger of acquaintance, the eternal divorcer of marriage, the ravisher of the children from the parents, the stealer of parents from their children, the interrér of fame, the sole cause of forgetfulness, by which the living talk of those gone away as of so many shadows or age-worn stories: all strength by it is enfeebled, beauty turned into deformity and rottenness, honour into contempt, glory into baseness. It is the reasonless breaker off of all actions, by which we enjoy no more the sweet pleasures of earth, nor contemplate the stately revolutions of the heavens. The sun perpetually setteth, stars never rise unto us. It, in one moment, robbeth us of what with so great toil and care in many years we have heaped together; by this are successions of lineages cut short, kingdoms left heirless, and greatest states orphaned. It is not overcome by pride, soothed by flattery, tamed by entreaties, bribed by benefits, softened by lamentations, nor diverted by time. Wisdom, save this, can prevent and help everything. By death we are exiled from this fair city of the world; it is no more a world unto us, nor we any more a people unto it. The ruins of fanes, palaces, and other magnificent frames yield a sad prospect to the soul, and how should it without horror view the wreck of such a wonderful masterpiece as is the body?

That death naturally is terrible and to be abhorred it cannot well and altogether be denied; it being a privation of life, and a not being, and every privation being abhorred of nature and evil in itself, the fear of it, too, being ingenerated universally in all creatures: yet I have often thought that even naturally, to a mind by nature only resolved and prepared, it is more terrible in conceit than in verity; and at the first glance, than when well pried into; and that rather by the weakness of our fantasy, than by what is in it; and

that the marble colours of obsequies, weeping, and funeral pomp (which we ourselves paint it with) did add much more ghastliness unto it than otherwise it hath. To avert which conclusion, when I had gathered my wandering thoughts, I began thus with myself.

If on the great theatre of this earth, amongst the numberless number of men, to die were only proper to thee and thine, then undoubtedly thou hadst reason to repine at so severe and partial a law; but since it is a necessity from which never any age bypass hath been exempted, and unto which they which be, and so many as are to come, are thrall'd (no consequent of life being more common and familiar), why shouldst thou, with unprofitable and nought-availing stubbornness, oppose so inevitable and necessary a condition? This is the highway of mortality, and our general home. Behold what millions have trod it before thee, what multitudes shall after thee, with them which at that same instant run. In so universal a calamity (if death be one) private complaints cannot be heard; with so many royal palaces, it is no loss to see thy poor cabin burn. Shall the heavens stay their ever-rolling wheels (for what is the motion of them but the motion of a swift and ever-whirling wheel, which twineth forth, and again uprolleth our life), and hold still time to prolong thy miserable days, as if the highest of their working were to do homage unto thee? Thy death is a pace of the order of this *all*,¹ a part of the life of this world; while the world is the world, some creatures must die, and others take life. Eternal things are raised far above this sphere of generation and corruption, where the first matter, like an ever-flowing and ebbing sea, with divers waves, but the same water, keepeth a restless and never-tiring current; what is below, in the universality of the kind, not in itself doth abide: *Man* a long line of years hath continued, *this man* every hundred is swept away.² This globe, environed with air, is the sole region of death, the grave where everything that taketh life must rot, the stage of fortune and change, only glorious in the inconstancy and varying alterations of it, which, though many, seem yet to abide one, and being a certain entire one, are ever many. The never-agreeing bodies of the elemental brethren turn one into another; the earth changeth her countenance with the seasons, sometimes looking cold and naked, other times hot and flowery. Nay, I cannot tell how, but even the lowest of those celestial bodies,³ that mother of months, and empress of seas and moisture, as if she were a mirror of our constant mutability, appeareth (by her too great nearness unto us) to participate of our changes; never seeing us twice with that same face; now looking black, then pale and wan, sometimes, again, in the perfection and fulness of her beauty, shining over us. Death no less than life doth here act a part, the taking away of what is old being the making way for what is young. This earth is as a table-book, and the men are the notes; the first are

¹ *i. e.*, this universe.

² *i. e.*, the human species has continued for many years, though every individual of the race is cut off before a hundred years run their course.

³ *i. e.*, the moon.

washen out that new may be written in. They who forewent us did leave a room for us, and should we grieve to do the same to those which should come after us? Who, being suffered to see the exquisite rarities of an antiquary's cabinet, is grieved that the curtain be drawn, and to give place to new pilgrims? And when the Lord of this universe hath showed us the amazing wonders of this various frame, should we take it to heart, when He thinketh time, to dislodge? This is His unalterable and inevitable decree: as we had no part of our will in our entrance into this life, we should not presume to any in our leaving it, but soberly learn to will that which He wills, whose very will giveth being to all that it wills; and reverencing the Orderer, not repine at the order and laws, which al-where and always are so perfectly established that who would essay to correct and amend any of them, he should either make them worse or desire things beyond the level of possibility. All that is necessary and convenient for us He hath bestowed upon us, and freely granted; and what He hath not bestowed nor granted us, neither is it necessary nor convenient that we should have it.

If thou dost complain that there shall be a time in which thou shalt not be, why dost thou not also grieve that there was a time in which thou wast not, and so that thou are not as old as that enlivening planet of time? For not to have been a thousand years before this moment, is as much to be deplored as not to live a thousand after it, the effect of them both being one. That will be after us which, long, long before we were, was. Our children's children have that same reason to murmur that they were not young men in our days, which we have to complain that we shall not be old in theirs. The violets have their time, though they impurple not the winter, and the roses keep their season, though they disclose not their beauty in the spring.

Empires, states, and kingdoms have, by the doom of the Supreme Providence, their fatal periods; great cities lie sadly buried in their dust; arts and sciences have not only their eclipses, but their wanings and deaths. The ghastly wonders of the world, raised by the ambition of ages, are overthrown and trampled. Some lights above, not idly entitled stars, are lost, and never more seen of us. The excellent fabric of this universe itself shall one day suffer ruin, or a change like a ruin; and should poor earthlings thus to be handled complain?

Years are a sea into which a man wadeth until he drown.

VI. BISHOP HALL.

JOSEPH HALL was born at Ashby-de-la-Zouch in Leicestershire in 1574, and received his education at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. While yet in his twenty-third year he published a volume of satires, called *Virgidemiarum*, the earliest in the language that are characterized by grace, vigour, and truth to nature, without grossness. His abilities and eminent piety secured for him distinguished church

preferment ; he was appointed chaplain to Prince Henry, the heir-apparent to the throne, Dean of Worcester, Bishop of Exeter (1627), and finally Bishop of Norwich (1641). In the controversy with the Puritans, he took an active part ; he is supposed to have had a share in the replies to the famous treatise called *Smectymnus*, and he thus exposed himself to a torrent of most scurrilous and undeserved abuse from the reckless pen of Milton. Neither his piety nor his learning could shield him from persecution in the unhappy times which followed. Having joined with the other bishops in protesting against the violence which a mob of ruffians were encouraged by the leaders of the Commons to offer to his order, he was committed with them to the Tower, from which he was released in 1642. The next year the Presbyterians, who were now in the ascendancy, plundered his house, destroyed his cathedral at Norwich, sequestered his estate, and drove him out to spend his old age—he was now seventy—in hopeless destitution. He endured his misfortunes with that cheerful piety and calm fortitude which he had so often recommended to others in the days of his prosperity, and died in 1656 in his eighty-second year.

His works, which are numerous enough to fill twelve volumes, are all excellent, and are perhaps more read at the present day than those of any of his contemporaries. His largest and best work "*Contemplations on the Old and New Testament*," still enjoys a high degree of popularity, and as a simple commentary upon the narrative of Scripture, is far superior to any work in the English language. Of his other writings, the best known are his "*Three Centuries of Meditations and Vows*," "*Occasional Meditations*," and "*Characters of Virtues and Vices*." As a writer, Hall is universally allowed to form one of the noble *trio* who stand at the head of our prose literature ; and of the three he is perhaps the most generally read at the present day. It must be admitted that Hall is inferior in learning to both the others ; that Hooker surpasses him in majesty of style, and Taylor in eloquence ; yet in his power of shrewd and penetrating observation, his intimate knowledge of the secret workings of the human mind, the force of his quaint and homely style, and the unerring accuracy with which he points his earnest personal appeals, he has no rival in our literature. At the distance of two hundred years, the quiet simple earnestness of Hall has lost nothing of its force, and still comes home to the business and bosoms of readers of every class.

1. THE MALE-CONTENT.—(FROM THE "*CHARACTERS OF VIRTUES AND VICES*.")

He is neither well full, nor fasting ; and though he abound with complaints, yet nothing dislikes him but the present ; for what he condemned while it was, once past, he magnifies, and strives to recall it out of the jaws of time. What he hath, he seeth not ; his eyes are so taken up with what he wants : and what he sees, he cares not for ; because he cares so much for that which is not. When his friend carves him the best morsel, he murmurs "that it is a happy feast wherein each one may cut for himself." When a present is sent him, he asks, "Is this all ?" and "What ! no better ?" and so accepts it, as if he would have his friend know how much

he is bound to him for vouchsafing to receive it : it is hard to entertain him with a proportionable gift ; if nothing, he cries out of unthankfulness ; if little, that he is basely regarded ; if much, he exclaims of flattery, and expectation of a large requital. Every blessing hath somewhat to disparage and distaste it : children bring cares ; single life is wild and solitary ; eminency is envious ; tiredness, obscure ; fasting, painful ; satiety, unwieldy ; religion, nicely severe ; liberty is lawless ; wealth, burdensome ; mediocrity, contemptible ; everything faulteth, either in too much or too little. This man is ever headstrong and self-willed ; neither is he always tied to esteem and pronounce according to reason : some things he must dislike, he knows not wherefore ; but he likes them not : and, other where, rather than not censure, he will accuse a man of virtue. Every thing he meddles with, he either findeth imperfect, or maketh so : neither is there anything that soundeth so harsh in his ear as the commendation of another ; whereto yet perhaps he fashionably and coldly assenteth, but with such an after-clause of exception as doth more than mar his former allowance : and, if he list not to give a verbal disgrace, yet he shakes his head and smiles, as if his silence should say, "I could, and will not." And, when himself is praised without excess, he complains that such imperfect kindness hath not done him right. If but an unseasonable shower cross his recreation, he is ready to fall out with heaven, and thinks he is wronged if God will not take his times when to rain, when to shine. He is a slave to envy, and loseth flesh with fretting, not so much at his own infelicity, as at others' good : neither hath he leisure to joy in his own blessings, whilst another prospereth. Fain would he see some mutinies, but dare not raise them, and suffers his lawless tongue to walk through the dangerous paths of conceited alterations ; but so as, in good manners, he would rather thrust every man before him when it comes to acting. Nothing but fear keeps him from conspiracies, and no man is more cruel when he is not manacled with danger. He speaks nothing but satires and libels, and lodgeth no guests in his heart but rebels. The inconstant and he agree well in their felicity, which both place in change, but herein they differ ; the inconstant man affects that which will be, the male-content commonly that which was. Finally, he is a querulous cur, whom no horse can pass by without barking at ; yea, in the deep silence of night, the very moonshine openeth his clamorous mouth : he is the wheel of a well-couched firework that flies out on all sides, not without scorching itself. Every ear was, long ago, weary of him, and he is now almost weary of himself ; give him but a little respite, and he will die alone of no other death than others' welfare.

2. THE SLOTHFUL.—(FROM "CHARACTERS OF VIRTUES AND VICES.")

He is a religious man, and wears the time in his cloister ; and,

¹ *i. e.*, intended or imagined.

as the cloak of his doing nothing, pleads contemplation : yet he is no whit the leaner for his thoughts ; no whit learner. He takes no less care to spend time, than others how to gain by the expense ; and, when business importunes him, is more troubled to forethink what he must do than another to effect it. Summer is out of his favour for nothing but long days that make no haste to their even. He loves still to have the sun witness of his rising ; and lies long, more for lothness to dress him than will to sleep : and, after some stretching and yawning, calls for dinner, unwashed ; which having digested with a sleep in his chair, he walks forth to the bench in the market-place, and looks for companions : whomsoever he meets he stays with idle questions and lingering discourse : how the days are lengthened ; how kindly the weather is ; how false the clock ; how forward the spring ; and ends ever with, "What shall we do?" It pleases him no less to hinder others than not to work himself. When all the people are gone from church he is left sleeping in his seat alone. He enters bonds, and forfeits them by forgetting the day : and asks his neighbour, when his own field was fallowed, whether the next piece of ground belong to himself. His care is either none or too late : when winter is come, after some sharp visitations, he looks on his pile of wood, and asks how much was cropped the last spring. Necessity drives him to every action ; and what he cannot avoid he will yet defer. Every change troubles him, although to the better ; and his dulness counterfeits a kind of contentment. When he is warned on a jury, he would rather pay the mulct than appear. All but that which nature will not permit he doth by a deputy : and counts it troublesome to do nothing ; but to do anything yet more. He is witty in nothing but framing excuses to sit still ; which, if the occasion yield not, he coineth with ease. There is no work that is not either dangerous or thankless, and whereof he foresees not the inconvenience and gainlessness before he enters ; which, if it be verified in event, his next idleness hath found a reason to patronize it. He would rather freeze than fetch wood ; and chuses rather to steal than work, to beg than take pains to steal ; and, in many things, to want than beg. He is so loth to leave his neighbour's fire, that he is fain to walk home in the dark ; and, if he be not looked to, wears out the night in the chimney-corner ; or, if not that, lies down in his clothes to save two labours. He eats and prays himself asleep, and dreams of no other torment but work. This man is a standing pool, and cannot chuse but gather corruption : he is descried, amongst a thousand neighbours, by a dry and nasty hand, that still savours of the sheet ; a beard uncut, uncombed ; an eye and ear yellow with their excretions : a coat, shaken on, ragged, unbrushed ; by linen and face striving whether shall excel in uncleanness. For body, he hath a swoln leg, a dusky and swinish eye, a blown cheek, a drawling tongue, a heavy foot, and is nothing but a colder earth moulded with standing water : to conclude, is a man in nothing but in speech and shape.

3. HOW TO SPEND OUR DAYS.—(FROM HALL'S "LETTERS:" SIXTH
DECADE, EPISTLE I., TO LORD DENNY.)

Every day is a little life : and our whole life is but a day repeated : whence it is, that old Jacob numbers his life by days ; and Moses desires to be taught this point of holy arithmetic, to number, not his years, but his days. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal ; those that dare mis-spend it, desperate. We can best teach others by ourselves : let me tell your lordship how I would pass my days, that you, or whosoever others overhearing me, may either approve my thriftiness, or correct my errors.

First, therefore, I desire to awake at those hours, not when I will, but when I must : pleasure is not a fit rule for rest, but health : neither do I consult so much with the sun as mine own necessity, whether of body, or in that of the mind. If this vassal could well serve me waking it should never sleep ; but now it must be pleased that it may be serviceable. Now, when sleep is rather driven away than leaves me, I would ever awake with God. My first thoughts are for Him, who made the night for rest, and the day for travel ; and, as He gives, so blesses both. If my heart be early seasoned with His presence, it will savour of Him all day after. While my body is dressing, not with an effeminate curiosity, nor yet with rude neglect, my mind addresses itself to her ensuing task ; bethinking what is to be done, and in what order ; and marshalling, as it may, my hours with my work.

That done, after some while meditation, I walk up to my masters and companions, my books ; and, sitting down amongst them, with the best contentment, I dare not reach forth my hand to salute any of them till I have first looked up to heaven, and craved favour of Him to whom all my studies are duly referred, without whom I can neither profit nor labour. After this, out of no over-great variety, I call forth those which may best fit my occasions ; wherein I am not too scrupulous of age : sometimes I put myself to school, to one of those ancients, whom the Church hath honoured with the name of fathers, whose volumes I confess not to open without a secret reverence of their holiness and gravity : sometimes to those latter doctors, which want nothing but age to make them classical : always to God's Book. That day is lost whereof some hours are not improved in those divine monuments : others I turn over out of choice ; these out of duty.

Ere I can have sat unto weariness, my family, having now overcome all household distractions, invites me to our common devotions, not without some short preparation. These, heartily performed, send me up with a more strong and cheerful appetite to my former work, which I find made easy to me by intermission and variety. Now, therefore, can I deceive the hours with change of pleasures, that is, of labours. One while, mine eyes are busied ; another while, my hand ; and sometimes, my mind takes the burden

from them both ; wherein I would imitate the skilfullest cooks, which make the best dishes with manifold mixtures. One hour is spent in textual divinity, another in controversy, histories relieve them both. Now, when the mind is weary of other labours, it begins to undertake its own : sometimes it meditates and winds up for future use ; sometimes it lays forth her conceits into present discourse ; sometimes for itself, often for others. Neither know I whether it works or plays in these thoughts : I am sure no sport hath more pleasure, no work more use ; only the decay of a weak body makes me think these delights insensibly laborious.

Thus could I, all day, as ringers use, make myself music with changes ; and complain sooner of the day for shortness, than of the business for toil ; were it not that this faint monitor interrupts me still in the midst of my busy pleasures, and enforces me both to respite and repast. I must yield to both : while my body and mind are joined together in those unequal couples, the better must follow the weaker.

Before my meals, therefore, and after, I let myself loose from all my thoughts ; and now would forget that I ever studied. A full mind takes away the body's appetite, no less than a full body wakes a dull and unwieldy mind. Company, discourse, recreations, are now seasonable and welcome. These prepare me for a diet, not gluttonous, but medicinal : the palate may not be pleased, but the stomach ; nor that for its own sake. Neither would I think any of these comforts worth respect in themselves, but in their use, in their end ; so far as they may enable¹ me to better things. If I see any dish to tempt my palate, I fear a serpent in that apple ; and would please myself in a wilful denial. I rise capable of more, not desirous : not now immediately from my trencher to my book ; but after some intermission. Moderate speed is a sure help to all proceedings ; where those things which are prosecuted with violence of endeavour or desire, either succeed not, or continue not.

After my latter meal my thoughts are slight ; only my memory may be charged with her task of recalling what was committed to her custody in the day : and my heart is busy in examining my hands, and mouth, and all other senses, of that day's behaviour. And, now the evening is come, no tradesman doth more carefully take in his wares, clear his shopboard, and shut his windows, than I would shut up my thoughts and clear my mind. That student shall live miserably which, like a camel, lies down under his burden. All this done, calling together my family, we end the day with God.

I grant, neither is my practice worthy to be exemplary, neither are our callings proportionable. The lives of a nobleman, of a courtier, of a scholar, of a citizen, of a countryman, differ no less than their dispositions : yet must all conspire in honest labour. Sweat is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brows or of the

¹ *i. e.*, This use of the word *enable* is characteristic of Hall's age.

mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing. How miserable is the condition of those men which spend the time as if it were given to them, and not lent!—as if hours were waste creatures, and such as should never be accounted for!—as if God would take this for a good bill of reckoning:—"Item, spent upon my pleasures forty years." These men shall once find that no blood can privilege idleness, and that nothing is more precious to God than that which they desire to cast away—time.

4. OCCASIONAL MEDITATIONS.

1. *On occasion of a redbreast coming into his chamber and singing.*—Pretty bird, how cheerfully dost thou sit and sing, and yet knowest not where thou art, nor where thou shalt make thy next meal, and at night must shroud thyself in a bush for lodging! What a shame is it for me, that see before me so liberal provisions of my God, and find myself set warm under my own roof, yet am ready to droop under a distrustful and unthankful dulness! Had I so little certainty of my harbour and purveyance, how heartless should I be, how careful, how little list¹ should I have, to make music to thee or myself! Surely thou camest not hither without a providence. God sent thee, not so much to delight as to shame me, but all in a conviction of my sullen unbelief, who, under more apparent means, am less cheerful and confident. Reason and faith have not done so much in me, as in thee mere instinct of nature. Want of foresight makes thee more merry, if not more happy, here, than the foresight of better things maketh me.

O God, Thy providence is not impaired by those powers Thou hast given me above these brute things: let not my greater helps hinder me from a holy security and comfortable reliance upon Thee!

2. *On the sight of a crow pulling off wool from the back of a sheep.*—How well these creatures know whom they may be bold with! That crow durst not do this to a wolf or a mastiff. The known simplicity of this innocent beast gives advantage to this presumption.

Meekness of spirit commonly draws on injuries. The cruelty of ill natures usually seeks out those not who deserve worst, but who will bear most. Patience and mildness of spirit is ill bestowed where it exposes a man to wrong and insultation. Sheepish dispositions are best to others, worst to themselves. I could be willing to take injuries; but I will not be guilty of provoking them by levity: for harmlessness, let me go for a sheep, but whosoever will be tearing my fleece, let him look to himself.

3. *On the sight of two snails.*—There is much variety, even in creatures of the same kind. See these two snails. One hath a house, the other wants it; yet both are snails; and it is a question

¹ i. e., Pleasure, Inclination.

whether case is the better. That which hath a house hath more shelter ; but that which wants it hath more freedom. The privilege of that cover is but a burden ; you see, if it hath but a stone to climb over, with what stress it draws up that beneficial load, and, if the passage prove strait, finds no entrance ; whereas the empty snail makes no difference of way.

Surely it is always an ease, and sometimes a happiness, to have nothing. No man is so worthy of envy as he that can be cheerful in want.

4. *On the flies gathering to a galled horse.*—How these flies swarm to the galled part of this poor beast, and there sit, feeding upon that worst piece of his flesh, not meddling with the other sound parts of his skin ! Even thus do malicious tongues of detractors ; if a man have any infirmity in his person or actions, that will be sure to gather unto and dwell upon ; whereas his commendable parts and well-deservings are passed by without mention, without regard. It is an envious self-love and base cruelty that causeth this ill disposition in men. In the meantime, this only they have gained : it must needs be a filthy creature that feeds upon nothing but corruption.

5. *On the sound of a cracked bell.*—What a harsh sound doth this bell make in every ear ! The metal is good enough ; it is the rift that makes it so unpleasingly jarring.

How too like is this bell to a scandalous and ill-lived teacher ! His calling is honourable ; his noise is heard far enough ; but the flaw which is noted in his life mars his doctrine, and offends those ears which else would take pleasure in his teaching. It is possible that such a one, even by that discordous noise, may ring in others into the triumphant church of heaven ; but there is no remedy for himself but the fire, whether for his reforming or judgment.

6. *On the whetting of a scythe.*—Recreation is intended to the mind as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation is ever whetting, never mowing ; his grass may grow, and his steed starve. As contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting ; labouring much to little purpose : as good no scythe as no edge. Then only doth the work go forward when the scythe is so seasonably and moderately whetted that it may cut, and so cuts that it may have the help of sharpening. I would so interchange, that I neither be dull with work nor idle and wanton with recreation.

5. FROM THE CONTEMPLATIONS.—(BOOK XVI., CONTEMPLATION I.
SHIMEI CURSING. II. SAMUEL XVI.)

With a heavy heart, and a covered head, and a weeping eye, and bare feet, is David gone away from Jerusalem. Never did he with more joy come up to this city, than now he left it with sorrow :

how could he do otherwise, whom the insurrection of his own son drove out from his house,—from his throne,—from the ark of God?

And now, when the depth of this grief deserved nothing but compassion, the foul mouth of Shimei entertains David with curses. There is no small cruelty in the picking out of a time for mischief. That word could scarce gall at one season which at another killeth. The same shaft, flying with the wind, pierces deep, which, against it, can hardly find strength to stick upright. The valour and justice of children condemns it for injuriously cowardly to strike their adversary when he is once down. It is the murder of the tongue to insult upon those whom God hath humbled, and to draw blood of that back which is yet blue from the hand of the Almighty. If Shimei had not presumed upon David's dejection, he durst not have been thus bold; now he, that perhaps durst not have looked at one of these worthies single, defies them all at once, and doth both cast and speak stones against David and all his army. The malice of base spirits sometimes carries them further than the courage of the valiant.

In all the time of David's prosperity, we heard no news of Shimei. His silence and colourable obedience made him pass for a great subject; yet all that while was his heart unsound and traitorous. Peace and good success hide many a false heart, like as the snowdrift covers a heap of dung,—which, once melting away, describes the rottenness that lay within. Honour and welfare are but flattering glasses of men's affections. Adversity will not deceive us, but will make a true report; as of our own powers, so of the disposition of others.

He that smiled on David in his throne, curseth him in his flight. If there be any quarrels, any exceptions to be taken against a man, let him look to have them laid in his dish when he fares the hardest. This practice have wicked men learned of their master, to take the utmost advantage of our afflictions. He that suffers had need to be double-armed, both against pain and censure.

Every word of Shimei was a slander. He that took Saul's spear from his head, and repented to have but cut the lap of his garment, is reproached as a man of blood. The man after God's own heart is branded for a man of Belial. He that was sent for out of the fields to be anointed, is taxed for an usurper. If David's hand were stained with blood, yet not of Saul's house, it was his servant, not his master, that bled by him; yet is the blood of the Lord's anointed cast in David's teeth by the spite of a false tongue. Did we not see David, after all the proofs of his humble loyalty, shedding the blood of that Amalekite who did but say he shed Saul's? Did we not hear him lament passionately for the doath of so ill a master, chiding the mountains of Gilboa on which he fell, and angrily wishing that no dew might fall where that blood was poured out; and charging the daughters of Israel to weep over Saul, who had clothed them in scarlet? Did we not hear and see him inquiring for any remainder of the house of Saul, that he

might show him the kindness of God? Did we not see him honouring the lame Mephibosheth with a princely seat at his own table? Did we not see him revenging the blood of his rival Ishbosheth upon the heads of Rechab and Baanah? What could any living man have done more to wipe off these bloody aspersions? Yet is not a Shimei ashamed to charge an innocent David with all the blood of the house of Saul! How, is it likely this clamorous wretch had secretly traduced the name of David all the time of his government, that dares thus accuse him to his face before all the mighty men of Israel, who were witnesses of the contrary?

The greater the person is, the more open do his actions lie to misinterpretation and censure. Every tongue speaks partially, according to the interest he hath in the cause or the patient. It is not possible that eminent persons should be free from imputations; innocence can no more protect them than power.

VII. JOHN MILTON.

Milton was born in London in 1608, and received his early education at St Paul's School in that city, from which he afterwards removed to Christ's College, Cambridge. After the usual course of study, he retired to his father's country seat at Horton, in Bucks, where he wrote his "Comus," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Lycidas." He then set out for a short tour on the Continent, and on his return settled in London; and in the quarrel which ensued between the King and the Commons, he espoused the side of the latter with all the vehemence of an enthusiastic mind inspired with love of republican antiquity. As a thorough republican, he justified all the proceedings of the most violent party of the Commons; even the execution of the King was defended by him in his "Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," and his "Defence of the People of England." For these and other similar productions he received from the Commons a large sum of money, and was appointed Latin Secretary to Cromwell. On the Restoration he was exposed to some danger from his previous conduct; but Davenant procured a pardon for him, and he spent the rest of his life in peace and obscurity, beguiling the abundant leisure of a blind old age with literary pursuits. In 1667 his "Paradise Lost" was first printed; in 1670 appeared his "History of Britain," and in the next year "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes;" he also prepared for the press his largest prose work, "A Treatise on Christian Doctrine;" but it was not printed during his life. He died 1674, and was buried in the Church of St Giles, Cripplegate.

Nothing in the history of English literature is more calculated to excite feelings of regret and melancholy than the career of Milton. Abandoning himself, at his entrance into life, to the uncontrolled impulse of youthful feelings; indulging in Utopian visions of universal happiness, freedom, and virtue, not realizable in this world; ally-

ing himself, in order to overthrow one species of tyranny, with men who, he found out when too late, only intended to set up another, he lived to see the utter frustration of all his hopes, and died crushed and broken in spirit, ridiculed by the one party and disliked by the other, and almost isolated from mankind by peculiar opinions with which no one sympathized. Even his immortal poems, "Paradise Lost and Regained," give unpleasant evidence of a mind imbibed by disappointed hopes, and contrast unfavourably with the buoyant joyousness of his youthful poetry. His prose works have been only rescued from oblivion by his poetical reputation,—the only one which merits immortality on the ground of its own excellences being the noble "Areopagitica," or "Defence of Unlicensed Printing." The style of his prose works is excessively declamatory and rhetorical, and is, besides, so thoroughly moulded in its structure on the Latin form, that it can only perplex an ordinary English reader. His language is at all times violent and overcharged; his learning is often offensively paraded, and the impetuosity of his invective constantly led him astray from his subject, caused him to apply to such men as Bishop Hall terms which would not be too weak for Judas Iscariot, and exposed him to the attacks of more prudent antagonists. Notwithstanding these defects, however, when the dignity of his subject admits of a poetical treatment, Milton's mind rises to the occasion, and his language is wonderfully fine,—its foreign, un-English structure even contributing to give it additional dignity. None of his prose works are now read, except his "Areopagitica" and his "Tractate on Education;" and perhaps Milton's reputation would not have suffered had time spared us these only.

1. EXTRACTS FROM THE "AREOPAGITICA."

1. *The value of a book.*—I deny not but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves, as well as man, and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors,—for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth;¹ and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself; kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true no age can restore a life, whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss; and

¹ According to the fable, Cadmus, having killed the dragon that watched the fountain at Thebes, sowed its teeth, which immediately sprung up armed men, who fought with and killed each other.

revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books, since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed,—sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence,—the breath of reason itself; slays an immortality rather than a life.

2. *Difficulty of enforcing a licensing system.*—How shall the licensers themselves be confided in, unless we can confer upon them, or they assume to themselves, above all others in the land, the grace of infallibility and uncorruptedness? And again, if it be true that a wise man, like a good refiner, can gather gold out of the drossiest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book, yea, or without book, there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom, while we seek to restrain from a fool that which, being restrained, will be no hindrance to his folly. For, if there should be so much exactness always used to keep that from him which is unfit for his reading, we should, in the judgment of Aristotle not only, but of Solomon, and of our Saviour, not vouchsafe him good precepts, and, by consequence, not willingly admit him to good books, as being certain that a wise man will make better use of an idle pamphlet than a fool will do of sacred Scripture.

It is next alleged we must not expose ourselves to temptations without necessity; and, next to that, not employ our time in vain things. To both these objections one answer will serve, that to all men such books are not temptations nor vanities, but useful drugs and materials wherewith to temper and compose effective and strong medicines, which man's life cannot want. The rest, as children and childish men, who have not the art to qualify and prepare these working minerals, well may be exhorted to forbear; but hindered forcibly they cannot be, by all the licensing that sainted inquisition could ever yet contrive.

There is yet behind of what I purposed to lay open, the incredible loss and detriment that this plot of licensing puts us to, more than if some enemy at sea should stop up all our havens, and ports, and creeks; it hinders and retards the importation of our richest merchandise—truth; nay, it was first established and put in practice by anti-Christian malice and mystery, on set purpose to extinguish, if it were possible, the light of reformation, and to settle falsehood; little differing from that policy wherewith the Turk upholds his Alcoran by the prohibiting of printing. It is not denied, but gladly confessed, we are to send our thanks and vows to heaven louder than most of nations, for that great measure of truth which we enjoy, especially in those main points between us and the pope, with his appurtenances the prelates; but he who thinks we are to pitch

our tent here, and have attained the utmost prospect of reformation that the mortal glass wherein we contemplate can show us till we come to beatific vision, that man, by this very opinion, declares that he is yet far short of truth.

Truth, indeed, came once into the world with her divine Master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on; but when He ascended, and His apostles after Him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon,¹ with his conspirators, how they dealt with the good Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up, limb by limb, still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming; He shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection. Suffer not these licensing prohibitions to stand at every place of opportunity, forbidding and disturbing them that continue seeking, that continue to do our obsequies to the torn body of our martyred saint.

As this licensing is a particular disesteem of every knowing person alive, and most injurious to the written labours and monuments of the dead, so to me it seems an undervaluing and vilifying of the whole nation. I cannot set so light by all the invention, the art, the wit, the grave and solid judgment which is in England, as that it can be comprehended in any twenty² capacities, how good soever, much less that it should not pass except their superintendence be over it, except it be sifted and strained with their strainers, that it should be uncurrent without their manual stamp. Truth and understanding are not such wares as to be monopolized and traded in by tickets, and statutes, and standards. We must not think to make a staple commodity of all the knowledge in the land, to mark and license it like our broadcloth and our wool-packs. What is it but a servitude, like that imposed by the Philistines, not to be allowed the sharpening of our own axes and coulters, but we must repair from all quarters to twenty licensing forges.

3. *Evil effects of licensing in suppressing inquiry.*—Behold, now, this vast city,³ a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with God's protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers working to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there sitting by their studious lamps,

¹ Typhon, according to the fable, slew his brother Osiris, King of Egypt, and cut his body into many pieces, which he divided among his fellow-conspirators. Isis, the wife of Osiris, and Orus, their son, defeated the conspirators; and after a long and laborious search, Isis recovered her husband's mangled remains, and in his honour made as many statues of wax as she had found pieces of his body, and consigned them to the care of the priests.

² This was the number of the licensers.

³ i.e., London.

musings, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation ; others, as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and conviction. This is a lively and cheerful presage of our happy success and victory. For as in a body when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital, but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is ; so, when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, by casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption, to outlive these pangs, and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, destined to become great and honourable in these latter ages. *Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks ; methinks I see her as an eagle, mewing¹ her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam ; purging and unsealing her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance ; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and, in their envious gabble, would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.*

What should ye do, then ? Should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light sprung up, and yet springing daily, in this city ? Should ye set an oligarchy of twenty engrossers² over it, to bring a famine upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel ? Believe it, Lords and Commons, they who counsel ye to such a suppressing, do as good as bid ye suppress yourselves ; and I will soon show how. If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking, there cannot be assigned a truer than your own mild, and free, and humane government ; it is the liberty, Lords and Commons, which your own valorous and happy counsels have purchased us ; liberty, which is the nurse of all great wits,—this is that which hath rarified and enlightened our spirits, like the influence of heaven ; this is that which hath enfranchised, enlarged, and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves. Ye cannot make us now less capable, less knowing, less eagerly pursuing of the truth, unless ye first make yourselves, that made us so, less the lovers, less the founders, of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal, and slavish, as ye found us ; but you, then, must first become that which you cannot be, oppressive,

¹ *Mewing*, i.e., *moulting*, casting off old and damaged feathers that their place may be supplied with new and uninjured ones. This operation is analogous to the conduct of the people at the time in rejecting old opinions and abolishing old institutions, and replacing them by others ; hence Milton's use of the term.

² i.e., monopolizers.

arbitrary, and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have freed us. That our hearts are now more capacious, our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things, is the issue of your own virtue propagated in us ; ye cannot suppress that, unless ye reinforce an abrogated and merciless law, that fathers may dispatch at will their own children ; and who shall then stick closest to ye and excite others ? Not he who takes up arms for coat and conduct, and his four nobles of Danegelt.¹ Although I dispraise not the defence of just immunities, yet I love my peace better, if that were all. *Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely, according to conscience, above all liberties.*

2. OPINION OF MILTON, IN HIS LATER YEARS, OF THE CIVIL WAR.²—
(INTRODUCTORY REMARKS TO BOOK III. OF "HISTORY OF BRITAIN.")

In the late troubles, a Parliament being called to redress many things, as it was thought, the people, with great courage and expectation to be eased of what discontented them, chose for their behoof in Parliament such as they thought best affected to the public good, and some, indeed, men of wisdom and integrity ; the rest (to be sure the greater part), whom wealth or ample possessions, or bold and active ambition rather than merit, had commended to the same place.

But when once the superficial zeal and popular fumes that acted their new magistracy were cooled and spent in them, straight every one betook himself (setting the Commonwealth behind, his private ends before,) to do as his own profit or ambition led him. Then was justice delayed, and soon after denied ; spite and favour determined all : hence faction, thence treachery, both at home and in the field ; everywhere wrong and oppression ; foul and horrid deeds committed daily, or maintained in secret or in open. Some who had been called from shops or warehouses, without other merit, to sit in supreme councils and committees (as their breeding was), fell to huckster the Commonwealth. Others did thereafter as men could soothe and humour them best ; so he who would give most, or, under covert of hypocritical zeal, insinuate basest, enjoyed unworthily the rewards of learning and fidelity, or escaped the punishment of his crimes and misdeeds. Their votes and ordinances, which men looked should have contained the repealing of bad laws, and the immediate constitution of better, resounded with nothing else but new impositions, taxes, excises,—yearly, monthly, weekly. Not to reckon the offices, gifts, and preferments bestowed and shared among themselves, they in the meanwhile who were ever faithfulest to this cause, and freely aided them in person or with

¹ The Danegelt was a tax imposed on the people to defray the expense of resisting the invasions of the Danes, or to purchase peace by an ignominious tribute. It was first levied by King Ethelred, and was abolished by Stephen.

² This highly-instructive retrospect of the proceedings in which he was engaged has been very frequently suppressed in editions of Milton's works.

their substance when they durst not compel either, alighted and bereaved after of their just debts by greedy sequestrations, were tossed up and down, after miserable attendance from one committee to another with petitions in their hands, yet either missed the obtaining of their suit, or though it were at length granted (mere shame and reason oftentimes extorting from them at least a show of justice), yet, by their sequestrators and subcommittees abroad, men for the most part of insatiable hands and noted disloyalty,—those orders were commonly disobeyed; which, for certain, durst not have been without secret compliance, if not compact, with some superiors able to bear them out. There were of their own number those who secretly contrived and fomented those troubles and combustions in the land which openly they sat to remedy, and who would continually find such work as should keep them from being ever brought to that *terrible stand* of laying down their authority.

And if the state were in this plight, religion was not in much better, to reform which a certain number of divines¹ were called, neither chosen by any rule or custom ecclesiastical, nor eminent for either piety or knowledge above others left out,—only as each member of Parliament in his private fancy thought fit, so elected one by one. The most part of them were such as had preached and cried down, with great show of zeal, the avarice and pluralities of bishops and prelates: that one cure of souls was a full employment for one spiritual pastor, how able soever, if not a charge above human strength. Yet these conscientious men (ere any part of the work done for which they came together, and that on the public salary) wanted not boldness, to the ignominy and scandal of their pastor-like profession, and especially of their boasted reformation, to seize into their hands, or not unwillingly to accept (besides one, sometimes two or more of the best livings) collegiate masterships in the universities, rich lectures in the city, setting sail to all winds that might blow gain into their covetous bosoms: by which means these great rebukers of non-residence among so many distant cures were not ashamed to be seen so quickly pluralists and non-residents themselves, to a fearful condemnation, doubtless, by their own mouths.

Thus they who of late were extolled as our greatest deliverers, and had the people wholly at their devotion, by so discharging the trust as we see, did not only weaken and unfit themselves to be dispensers of what liberty they pretended, but unfitted also the people, now grown worse and more disordinate, to receive or to digest any liberty at all. For stories teach us that liberty, sought out of season, in a corrupt and degenerate age, brought Rome itself to a farther slavery; for liberty hath a sharp and double edge, fit only to be handled by just and virtuous men; to bad and dissolute, it becomes a mischief, unwieldy in their own hands; neither is it completely given but by them who have the happy skill to know what is grievance and unjust to a people, and how to remove it

¹ Milton here refers to the Westminster Assembly.

wisely ; what good laws are wanting, and how to frame them substantially, that good men may enjoy the freedom which they merit, and the bad the curb which they need. But to do this, and to know these exquisite proportions, the heroic wisdom which is required, surmounted far the principles of these narrow politicians. Britain, to speak a truth not often spoken, as it is a land fruitful enough of men courageous and stout in war, so it is naturally not over fertile of men able to govern justly and prudently in peace, trusting only in their mother wit ; valiant, indeed, and prosperous to win a field ; but to know the end and reason of winning, injudicious and unwise ; in good or bad success alike unteachable. For the sun, which we want, ripens wits as well as fruits ; and as wine and oil are imported to us from abroad, so must ripe understanding and many civil virtues be imported into our minds from foreign writings and examples of best ages : we shall else miscarry still, and come short in the attempts of any great enterprise.¹

3. MILTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—(FROM THE "SECOND DEFENCE OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.")

It is of no moment to say anything of personal appearance ; yet, lest any one, from the representations of my enemies, should be led to imagine that I have either the head of a dog or the horn of a rhinoceros, I will say something on the subject, that I may have an opportunity of paying my grateful acknowledgments to the Deity, and of refuting the most shameless lies. I do not believe that I was ever once noted for deformity by any one who ever saw me ; but the praise of beauty I am not anxious to obtain. My stature certainly is not tall, but it rather approaches the middle than the diminutive. Yet, what if it were diminutive, when so many men, illustrious both in peace and war, have been the same ? And how can that be called diminutive which is great enough for every virtuous achievement ? Nor, though very thin, was I ever deficient in courage or in strength ; and I was wont constantly to exercise myself in the use of the broadsword, as long as it comported with my habit and my years. Armed with this weapon, as I usually was, I should have thought myself quite a match for any one, though much stronger than myself, and I felt perfectly secure against the assault of any open enemy. At this moment I have the same courage, the same strength, though not the same eyes ; yet so little do they betray any external appearance of injury, that they are as unclouded and bright as the eyes of those who most distinctly see. In this instance alone I am a dissembler against my will. My face, which is said to indicate a total privation of blood, is of a complexion entirely opposite to the pale and the cadaver-

¹ The record of Milton's experience given in this extract, after every allowance is made for such exaggeration as would naturally proceed from the disappointment of his youthful hopes, furnishes a complete refutation of the half-fabulous romances that have been sometimes written as the history of the Commonwealth, while it abundantly corroborates the accounts given by judicious writers such as Hallam.

ous ; so that, though I am more than forty years old, there is scarcely any one to whom I do not appear ten years younger than I am, and the smoothness of my skin is not, in the least, affected by the wrinkles of age. I wish that I could, with equal facility, refute what this barbarous opponent has said of my blindness ; but I cannot do it, and I must submit to the affliction. It is not so wretched to be blind as it is not to be capable of enduring blindness. But why should I not endure a misfortune which it behoves every one to be prepared to endure if it should happen,—which may, in the common course of things, happen to any man, and which has been known to happen to the most distinguished and virtuous persons in history ? Shall I mention those wise and ancient bards whose misfortunes the gods are said to have compensated by superior endowments, and whom men so much revered, that they chose rather to impute their want of sight to the injustice of Heaven than to their own want of innocence or virtue ? With respect to myself, though I have accurately examined my conduct and scrutinized my soul, I call thee, O God, the searcher of hearts, to witness, that I am not conscious, either in the more early or in the later periods of my life, of having committed any enormity which might deservedly have marked me out as a fit object for such a calamitous visitation.

VIII. THOMAS HOBBES.

HOBBES was born at Malmesbury in 1588. He was educated at Oxford, and had the good fortune to become connected with the Devonshire family, who appreciated his services as tutor so highly that he ever after resided and travelled with them, and thus enjoyed the opportunity of becoming acquainted with many of his most famous contemporaries—with Bacon, and Jonson, Galileo, and Descartes. On the outbreak of the civil war, he adopted the Royalist principles, and apprehensive that the vigour with which he defended them might excite the violence of the dominant party, he retired to Paris, but shortly after returned to England, and found an undisturbed shelter in the house of his patron, in the congenial society of Cowley and Selden. Charles II., on his restoration, rewarded the services of Hobbes, who had formerly been his tutor, with a pension of £100, but the strong opposition made by the clergy against the principles taught in the works of Hobbes prevented his enjoying much benefit from the patronage of the monarch. He therefore lived in retirement at Chatsworth, the seat of the Earl of Devonshire, where he busied himself in literary pursuits till his death in 1679.

His works are numerous and varied : the chief are a " Translation of Thucydides," a " Treatise on Human Nature," " *Leviathan*, or the Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil," "Translations of the *Odyssey* and *Iliad*," and " *Behemoth*, or a History of the Civil Wars." His philosophical writings have exercised great influence on opinion ever since his time, and have provoked

perhaps a greater amount of controversy than those of any other English writer. The extracts given below contain his chief doctrines, which his opponents have not always expressed with sufficient accuracy. As a writer Hobbes is in some respects in advance of his contemporaries; he is so *modern*, so completely free from the prevalent imperfections of his age, that we can almost fancy him to belong to our own day. He is the clearest of all writers; his meaning is never ambiguous; his language is never diffuse; his terms are always precise and appropriate; he never stops to pun or quibble on words, and carries out the principles of his system, with unbending logical rigour, to their complete development. His system of morals has been styled the selfish system, and though many works have appeared in refutation of Hobbes, his opinions in a modified form have had, and still have, many distinguished advocates.

I. NECESSITY OF PRECISION IN USING LANGUAGE.—("LEVIATHAN,"
PART I., CHAP. IV.)

Seeing that truth consisteth in the right ordering of names in our affirmations, a man that seeketh precise truth had need to remember what every name he useth stands for, and to place it accordingly, or else he will find himself entangled in words as a bird in lime twigs¹—the more he struggles the more belimed. And therefore in geometry, which is the only science that it hath pleased God hitherto to bestow on mankind, men begin at settling the significations of their words; which settling of significations they call definitions, and place them in the beginning of their reckoning.

By this it appears how necessary it is for any man that aspires to true knowledge to examine the definitions of former authors; and either to correct them where they are negligently set down, or to make them himself. For the errors of definitions multiply themselves according as the reckoning proceeds, and lead men into absurdities, which at last they see, but cannot avoid without reckoning anew from the beginning, in which lies the foundation of their errors. From whence it happens that they which trust to books do as they that cast up many little sums into a greater, without considering whether those little sums were rightly cast up or not; and at last, finding the error visible and not mistrusting their first grounds, know not which way to clear themselves, but spend time in fluttering over their books, as birds that, entering by the chimney, flutter at the false light of a glass window, for want of wit to consider which way they came in. So that in the right definition of names lies the first use of speech, which is the acquisition of science, and in wrong or no definitions lies the first abuse; from which proceed all false and senseless tenets, which make those men that take their instruction from the authority of books, and not from their own meditation, to be as much below the condition of ignorant men as men endued with true science are above it. For between true science and erroneous doctrines, ignorance is in the middle. Natural sense and ima-

¹ i. e., twigs covered with bird-lime in order to catch birds.

gination are not subject to absurdity. Nature itself cannot err ; and as men abound in copiousness of language, so they become more wise or more mad than ordinary. Nor is it possible without letters for any man to become either excellently¹ wise, or, unless his memory be hurt by disease or ill constitution of organs, excellently foolish. For words are wise men's counters,—they do but reckon by them ; but they are the money of fools, that value them by the authority of an Aristotle, a Cicero, or a Thomas,² or any other doctor whatsoever, if but a man.

2. NATURAL STATE OF MAN ONE OF WAR.—(“LEVIATHAN,” PART I.,
CHAP. XIII.)

In the nature of man there are three principal causes of quarrel : first, competition ; secondly, diffidence ; thirdly, glory. The first maketh men invade for gain ; the second, for safety ; and the third, for reputation. The first use violence to make themselves masters of other men's persons, wives, children, and cattle ; the second, to defend them ; the third, for trifles, as a word, a smile, a different opinion, and any other sign of undervalue, either direct in their persons, or by reflection in their kindred, their friends, their nation, their profession, or their name.

Hereby it is manifest, that during the time men live without a common power to keep them all in awe, they are in that condition which is called war, and such a war as is of every man against every man. For war consisteth not in battle only, or the act of fighting, but in a tract of time, wherein the will to contend by battle is sufficiently known ; and therefore the notion of time is to be considered in the nature of war as it is in the nature of weather. For as the nature of foul weather lieth not in a shower or two of rain, but in an inclination thereto of many days together ; so the nature of war consisteth not in actual fighting, but in the known disposition thereto, during all the time there is no assurance to the contrary. All other time is peace.

Whatsoever, therefore, is consequent to a time of war, where every man is enemy to every man, the same is consequent to the time wherein men live without other security than what their own strength and their own invention shall furnish them withal. In such condition there is no place for industry, because the fruit thereof is uncertain : and, consequently, no culture of the earth ; no navigation, nor use of the commodities that may be imported by sea ; no commodious building ; no instruments of moving and removing such things as require much force ; no knowledge of the face of the earth ; no account of time ; no arts ; no letters ; no society ; and, which is worst of all, continual fear, and danger of violent death ; and the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.

¹ *i. e.*, in modern language, extraordinarily.

² Hobbes refers to Thomas Aquinas—the angel of the schools, as he is called—one of the great philosophers of the middle ages.

It may seem strange to some man that has not well weighed these things, that nature should thus dissociate, and render men apt to invade and destroy one another : and he may, therefore, not trusting to this inference made from the passions, desire, perhaps, to have the same confirmed by experience. Let him, therefore, consider with himself : when taking a journey, he arms himself, and seeks to go well accompanied ; when going to sleep, he locks his doors ; when even in his house he locks his chests ; and this when he knows there be laws, and public officers, armed to revenge all injuries shall be done him ; what opinion he has of his fellow-subjects, when he rides armed ; of his fellow-citizens, when he locks his doors ; and of his children and servants, when he locks his chests. Does he not there as much accuse mankind by his actions as I do by my words ? But neither of us accuse man's nature in it. The desires, and other passions of man, are in themselves no sin. No more are the actions that proceed from those passions, till they know a law that forbids them ; which, till laws be made, they cannot know ; nor can any law be made till they have agreed upon the person that shall make it.

It may, peradventure, be thought, there never was such a time nor condition of war as this, and I believe it was never generally so, over all the world : but there are many places where they live so now. For the savage people in many places of America, except the government of small families, have no government at all ; and live at this day in that brutish manner, as I said before. Howsoever, it may be perceived what manner of life there would be where there were no common power to fear, by the manner of life which men that have formerly lived under a peaceful government use to degenerate into, in a civil war.

To this war of every man against every man, this also is consequent—that nothing can be unjust. The notions of right and wrong, justice and injustice, have there no place. Where there is no common power there is no law ; where no law, no injustice. Force and fraud are in war the two cardinal virtues. Justice and injustice are none of the faculties, neither of the body nor mind.¹ If they were, they might be in a man that were alone in the world, as well as his senses and passions. They are qualities that relate to men in society, not in solitude. It is consequent also to the same condition, that there be no propriety,² no dominion, no *mine* and *thine* distinct ; but only that to be every man's that he can get, and for so long as he can keep it.³ Out of this state in which man by nature is placed, he may come partly by his passions, partly by his reason. The passions which incline men to peace are—fear of death, desire of such things

¹ Hobbes, it must be remembered, denied all essential distinction between right and wrong.

² Propriety, in our older authors, means right of property.

³ An anticipation of the well-known modern lines:—

“ The good old law sufficeth them,
The good old law, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.”

as are necessary to commodious living, and a hope by their industry to obtain them. And reason suggesteth convenient articles of peace, upon which men may be drawn to agreement : these articles are they which otherwise are called the *Laws of Nature*.

3. NATURAL LAWS : NATURE OF A COMMONWEALTH.—(“*LEVIATHAN*,” PART I., CHAP. XIV. ; PART II., CHAP. XVIII.)

In the state of nature such as has been already described, every man has a right to everything, and as long as this natural right endureth, there can be no security to any man, how strong or wise soever he be, of living-out the time which nature ordinarily alloweth men to live. And, consequently, it is a precept, or general rule of reason, that every man ought to endeavour peace, as far as he has hope of obtaining it ; and when he cannot obtain it, that he may seek and use all helps and advantages of war. The first branch of which rule containeth the first and fundamental law of nature, which is, *to seek peace and follow it* ; the second, the sum of the right of nature, which is, *by all means we can to defend ourselves*. From this fundamental law of nature, by which men are commanded to endeavour peace, is derived this second law : that a man be willing when others are so too, as far-forth as for peace, and for defence of himself he shall think it necessary, to lay down this right to all things, and be contented with so much liberty against other men, as he would allow other men against himself. For as long as every man holdeth this right of doing anything he liketh, so long are all men in the condition of war. But if other men will not lay down their right as well as he, then there is no reason for any one to divest himself of his ; for that were to expose himself to prey, which no man is bound to, rather than to dispose himself to peace. This is that law of the gospel : *whatsoever ye require that others should do to you, that do ye to them*.

The final cause, end, or design of men, who naturally love liberty, and dominion over others, in the introduction of that restraint upon themselves, in which we see them live in commonwealths, is the foresight of their own preservation, and of a more contented life thereby ; that is to say, of getting themselves out from that miserable condition of war which is necessarily consequent, as has been shown, to the natural passions of men, when there is no visible power to keep them in awe, and tie them by fear of punishment to the performance of their covenants, and observation of the laws of nature. For the laws of nature, as justice, equity, modesty, mercy, and, in sum, doing to others as we would be done to, of themselves, without the terror of some power to cause them to be observed, are contrary to our natural passions, that carry us to partiality, pride, revenge, and the like. And covenants, without the sword, are but words, and of no strength to secure man at all.

The only way to erect such a common power, as may be able to defend men from the invasion of foreigners, and the injuries of one

another, and thereby to secure them in such sort as that by their own industry, and by the fruits of the earth, they may nourish themselves and live contentedly, is to confer all their power and strength upon one man, or upon one assembly of men, that may reduce all their wills, by plurality of voices, unto one will : which is as much as to say, to appoint one man, or assembly of men, to bear their person ; and every one to own and acknowledge himself to be author of whatsoever he that so beareth their person shall act, or cause to be acted, in those things which concern the common peace and safety ; and therein to submit their wills every one to his will, and their judgments to his judgment. This is more than consent or concord ; it is a real unity of them all in one and the same person. This done, the multitude so united in one person is called a *commonwealth*. This is the generation of that great *leviathan*, or rather, to speak more reverently, of that mortal god, to which we owe, under the immortal God, our peace and defence.

4. COMPARISON OF THE PAPACY WITH THE KINGDOM OF FAIRIES.—
 ("LEVIATHAN," PART IV., CHAP. XLVII.)

From the time that the Bishop of Rome hath gotten to be acknowledged for bishop universal, by pretence of succession to St Peter, his whole hierarchy, or kingdom of darkness, may be compared not unfitly to the kingdom of fairies ; that is, to the old wives' fables in England, concerning ghosts and spirits, and the feats they play in the night. And if a man consider the original of this great ecclesiastical dominion, he will easily perceive that the Papacy is no other than the *ghost* of the deceased Roman Empire, sitting crowned upon the grave thereof. For so did the Papacy start up on a sudden out of the ruins of that heathen power. The language, also, which they use, both in the churches and in their public acts, being Latin, which is not commonly used by any nation now in the world, what is it but the *ghost* of the old Roman language ? The fairies, in what nation soever they converse, have but one universal king, which some poets¹ of ours call King Oberon ; but the Scripture calls Beelzebub, prince of demons. The ecclesiastics likewise, in whose dominions soever they be found, acknowledge but one universal king, the Pope. The ecclesiastics are *spiritual* men and *ghostly* fathers. The fairies are *spirits* and *ghosts*. *Fairies* and *ghosts* inhabit darkness, solitudes, and graves. The *ecclesiastics* walk in obscurity of doctrine, in monasteries, churches, and churchyards. The *fairies* are not to be seized on, and brought to answer for the hurt they do. So also the *ecclesiastics* vanish away from the tribunals of civil justice. The *ecclesiastics* take the cream of the land, by donations of ignorant men, that stand in awe of them, and by tithes. So also it is in the fable of *fairies*, that they enter into the dairies, and feast upon the cream which they skim from the milk. What kind of money is current in the kingdom of *fairies*,

¹ e.g., Shakspeare.

is not recorded in the story. But the *ecclesiastics* in their receipts accept of the same money that we do ; though when they are to make any payment, it is in canonizations, indulgences, and masses. To this, and such-like resemblances between the Papacy and the kingdom of fairies, may be added this, that as the *fairies* have no existence but in the fancies of ignorant people, rising from the traditions of old wives or old poets, so the spiritual power of the Pope, without the bounds of his own civil dominion, consisteth only in the fear that seduced people stand in, of their excommunications, upon hearing of false miracles, false traditions, and false interpretations of the Scripture.

IX. JEREMY TAYLOR.

JEREMY TAYLOR was born at Cambridge in 1618. His father, though following the humble profession of a barber, was able to give his son the first rudiments of a learned education, which was afterwards completed in the university of his native town. After he had been ordained, he had the good fortune to attract the attention of Laud, who, at least, had the merit of encouraging learning, and who appointed him his own chaplain, and procured for him some church preferment. Taylor, of course, espoused the cause of Charles in the civil conflicts, and the monarch, duly appreciating his abilities, kept him in personal attendance on himself during the war. He suffered the usual hardships of civil strife; he was taken prisoner by the Parliamentarians in Wales, and was afterwards, oftener than once, thrown into confinement, but without meeting with any harsh treatment. During the usurpation of Cromwell, he officiated privately to small congregations who still ventured to employ the obnoxious Episcopalian ritual; and his piety, learning, eloquence, and mildness of disposition, secured him patrons both in England and Ireland. Shortly after the Restoration he was made Bishop of Down and Connor in Ireland, the see of Dromore being afterwards added to his diocese, and he spent the rest of his life in the assiduous discharge of his duties. He died at Lisburn in 1667. Of his works the chief are—"Rules and Exercises of Holy Living and Dying," "Ductor Dubitantium, or Cases of Conscience," "Liberty of Prophesying," "Golden Grove," "Life of Christ," besides numerous sermons.

In point of eloquence, Taylor stands without a rival at the head of our literature; nor is this the only merit of his writings: they are characterized by genuine and unostentatious piety, extensive learning, and lively and poetical fancy, by the soundness of the moral precepts which they inculcate, and the genial kindliness of spirit which they everywhere breathe. His "Liberty of Prophesying" was the first treatise in the language which formally defended the doctrine of religious toleration, and this alone would lay posterity under deep obligations to Taylor. His style, however, is not entirely free from blemish; his fancy is sometimes too exuberant; his periods sometimes run to an excessive length, and are occasionally obscure;

his arguments are not always very sound; and his learning is sometimes out of place; but when weighed against his merits, these minor defects sink out of view, and are scarce felt to possess any importance.

1. CONSIDERATIONS OF THE VANITY AND SHORTNESS OF MAN'S LIFE.

—(TAYLOR'S "HOLY DYING," CHAP. I., SECT. I.)

All the succession of time, all the changes in nature, all the varieties of light and darkness, the thousand thousands of accidents in the world, and every contingency to every man, and to every creature, doth preach our funeral sermon, and calls us to look and see how the old sexton. Time, throws up the earth, and digs a grave, where we must lay our sins or our sorrows, and sow our bodies, till they rise again in a fair or an intolerable eternity. Every revolution which the sun makes about the world divides between life and death, and death possesses both those portions by the next morrow; and we are dead to all those months which we have already lived, and we shall never live them over again, and still God makes little periods of our age. First we change our world, when we come from the womb to feel the warmth of the sun; then we sleep and enter into the image of death, in which state we are unconcerned in all the changes of the world; and if our mothers or our nurses die, or a wild boar destroy our vineyards, or our king be sick, we regard it not, but, during that state, are as disinterested as if our eyes were closed with the clay that weeps in the bowels of the earth. At the end of seven years our teeth fall and die before us, representing a formal prologue to the tragedy, and still every seven years¹ it is odds but we shall finish the last scene; and when nature, or chance, or vice, takes our body in pieces, weakening some parts and loosing others, we taste the grave and the solemnities of our own funeral, first, in those parts that ministered to vice, and, next, in them that served for ornament; and in a short time, even they that served for necessity become useless and entangled, like the wheels of a broken clock. Baldness is but a dressing to our funerals, the proper ornament of mourning, and of a person entered very far into the regions and possession of death; and we have many more of the same signification—gray hairs, rotten teeth, dim eyes, trembling joints, short breath, stiff limbs, wrinkled skin, short memory, decayed appetite. Every day's necessity calls for a reparation of that portion which death fed on all night when we lay in his lap, and slept in his outer chambers. The very spirits of a man prey upon his daily portion of bread and flesh, and every meal is a rescue from one death, and lays up for another; and while we think a thought we die, and the clock strikes, and reckons on our portion of eternity: we form our words with the breath of our nostrils—we have the less to live upon for every word we speak.

¹ According to an opinion prevalent in Taylor's time, every *seventh* or *ninth* year of a man's life was considered as one of peculiar importance and danger. These periods were called *climacterics*, and a man's sixty-third year, which, as the product of seven and nine, was styled the *grand climacteric*, was held pre-eminently fatal.

Thus nature calls us to meditate of death by those things which are the instruments of acting it; and God, by all the variety of His providence, makes us see death everywhere, in all variety of circumstances, and dressed up for all the fancies and the expectation of every single person. Nature hath given us one harvest every year, but death hath two: and the spring and the autumn send throngs of men and women to charnel-houses; and all the summer long men are recovering from their evils of the spring, till the dog-days come, and then the Sirian star makes the summer deadly; and the fruits of autumn are laid up for all the year's provision, and the man that gathers them eats and surfeits, and dies and needs them not, and himself is laid up for eternity; and he that escapes till winter only stays for another opportunity, which the distempers of that quarter minister to him with great variety. Thus death reigns in all the portions of our time. The autumn with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves. Calentures and surfeit, cold and agues, are the four quarters of the year, and all minister to death; and you can go no whither but you tread upon a dead man's bones.

2. OF CONTENTEDNESS IN POVERTY.—("HOLY LIVING," CHAP. II., SECT. VI.)

Poverty is better than riches, and a mean fortune to be chosen before a great and splendid one. It is indeed despised, and makes man contemptible; it exposes a man to the insolence of evil persons, and leaves a man defenceless; it is always suspected; its stories are accounted lies, and all its counsels follies; it puts a man from all employment; it makes a man's discourse tedious, and his society troublesome. This is the worst of it; and yet all this, and far worse than this, the apostles suffered for being Christians; and Christianity itself may be esteemed an affliction as well as poverty, if this be all that can be said against it; for the apostles and the most eminent Christians were really poor, and were used contemptuously; and yet, that poverty is despised may be an argument to commend it, if it be despised by none but persons vicious and ignorant. However, certain it is that a great fortune is a great vanity, and riches is nothing but danger, trouble, and temptation; like a garment that is too long, and bears a train; not so useful to one, but it is troublesome to two—to him that bears the one part upon his shoulders, and to him that bears the other part in his hand. But poverty is the sister of a good mind, the parent of sober counsels, and the nurse of all virtue.

For what is that you admire in the fortune of a great king? Is it that he always goes in a great company? You may thrust yourself into the same crowd, or go often to church, and then you have as great company as he hath; and that may upon as good grounds

please you as him, that is, justly neither ; for so impertinent and useless pomp, and the other circumstances of his distance, are not made for him, but for his subjects, that they may learn to separate him from common usages, and be taught to be governed. But if you look upon them as fine things in themselves, you may quickly alter your opinion when you shall consider that they cannot cure the toothache, nor make one wise, or fill the belly, or give one night's sleep (though they help to break many)—not satisfying any appetite of nature, or reason, or religion ; but they are states of greatness which only make it possible for a man to be made extremely miserable ; and it was long ago observed by the Greek tragedians, and from them by Arrianus, saying, that “all our tragedies are of kings and princes, and rich or ambitious personages, but you never see a poor man have a part, unless it be as a chorus, or to fill up the scenes, to dance or to be derided ; but the kings and the great generals. First,” says he, “they begin with joy, ‘crown the houses ;’ but about the third or fourth act they cry out, ‘O Citheron ! why didst thou spare my life to reserve me for this more sad calamity ?’” And this is really true in the great accidents of the world ; for a great estate hath great crosses, and a mean fortune hath but small ones. It may be the poor man loses a cow, or if his child dies he is quit of his biggest care ; but such an accident in a rich and splendid family doubles upon the spirits of the parents. Or, it may be, the poor man is troubled to pay his rent, and that is his biggest trouble ; but it is a bigger care to secure a great fortune in a troubled estate, or with equal greatness, or with the circumstances of honour and the niceness of reputation, to defend a law-suit ; and that which will secure a common man's whole estate is not enough to defend a great man's honour.

And, therefore, it was not without mystery observed among the ancients, that they who make gods of gold and silver, of hope and fear, peace and fortune, garlic and onions, beasts and serpents, and a quartan ague, yet never deified money ; meaning, that however wealth was admired by common or abused understandings, yet from riches, that is, from that proportion of good things which is beyond the necessities of nature, no moment could be added to a man's real content or happiness. Corn from Sardinia, herds of Calabrian cattle, meadows through which pleasant Siris glides, silks from Tyrus, and golden chalices to drown my health in, are nothing but instruments of vanity or sin ; and suppose a disease in the soul of him that longs for them or admires them. And this I have otherwise represented more largely ; to which I here add, that riches have very great dangers to their souls, not only who covet them, but to all that have them. For if a great personage undertakes an action passionately, and upon great interest, let him manage it indiscreetly, let the whole design be unjust, let it be acted with all the malice and impotency in the world, he shall have enough to flatter him, but not enough to reprove him. He had need be a bold man that shall tell his patron he is going to hell ; and that

prince had need be a good man that shall suffer such a monitor; and though it be a strange kind of civility, and an evil dutifulness, in friends and relatives, to suffer him to perish without reproof or medicine, rather than to seem unmannerly to a great sinner, yet it is none of their least infelicities that their wealth and greatness shall put them into sin, and yet put them past reproof. I need not instance in the habitual intemperance of rich tables, nor the evil accidents and effects of fulness, pride and lust, wantonness and softness of disposition, huge talking and an imperious spirit, despite of religion, and contempt of poor persons: at the best, "it is a great temptation for a man to have in his power whatsoever he can have in his sensual desires;" and, therefore, riches is a blessing like to a present made of a whole vintage to a man in a hectic fever,—he will be much tempted to drink of it, and if he does, he is inflamed, and may chance to die with the kindness.

3. PRAYER HINDERED BY ANGER.—("GOLDEN GROVE SERMONS."
SERMON V.)

One thing that hinders the prayer of a good man from obtaining its effects, is a violent anger, and a violent storm in the spirit of him that prays. For anger sets the house on fire, and all the spirits are busy upon trouble, and intend¹ propulsion, defence, displeasure, or revenge; it is a short madness, and an eternal enemy to discourse, and sober counsels, and fair conversation; it intends its own object with all the earnestness of perception, or activity of design, and a quicker motion of a too warm and distempered blood; it is a fever in the heart, and a calenture in the head, and a fire in the face, and a sword in the hand, and a fury all over; and therefore can never suffer a man to be in a disposition to pray. For prayer is an action, and a state of intercourse and desire, exactly contrary to this character of anger. Prayer is an action of likeness to the Holy Ghost, the spirit of gentleness and dove-like simplicity; an imitation of the holy Jesus, whose spirit is meek, up to the greatness of the biggest example, and a conformity to God, whose anger is always just, and marches slowly, and is without transportation, and often hindered, and never hasty, and is full of mercy; prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest; prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier garrison to be wise in. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he

¹ *i. e.*, in modern phraseology, *mind* or *attend* to.

risers, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds ; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings ; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below. So is the prayer of a good man ; when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man ; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention ; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, and must be content to lose the prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God ; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God till it returns, like the useful bee, loaden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.

4. PRAYER NEVER OUT OF SEASON.—("CHRISTIAN CONSOLATIONS,"
CHAP. IV.)

"For everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." But neither days, nor hours, nor seasons, did ever come amiss to faithful prayer. Short passes, quick ejections, concise forms and remembrances, holy breathings, prayer-like little posies,¹ may be sent forth without number on every occasion, and God will note them in his book. But all that have a care to walk with God, fill their vessels more largely as soon as they rise, before they begin the work of the day, and before they lie down again at night : which is to observe what the Lord appointed in the Levitical ministry, a morning and an evening lamb to be laid upon the altar. So with them that are not stark irreligious, prayer is the key to open the day, and the bolt to shut in the night. But as the skies drop the early dew and the evening dew upon the grass, yet it would not spring and grow green by that constant and double falling of the dew, unless some great showers, at certain seasons, did supply the rest ; so the customary devotion of prayer twice a-day is the falling of the early and the latter dew ; but if you will increase and flourish in the works of grace, empty the great clouds sometimes, and let them fall into a full shower of prayer ; choose out the seasons

¹ i. e., mottoes or maxims.

in your own discretion, when prayer shall overflow like Jordan in the time of harvest.

5. MARRIAGE.—("GOLDEN GROVE SERMONS." THE MARRIAGE RING.)

Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman indeed ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband ; she must dwell upon her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced ; and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God as subjects do of tyrant princes, but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness. And though the man can run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again, and when he sits among his neighbours, he remembers the objection that lies in his bosom, and he sighs deeply. It is the unhappy chance of many men, finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage to refresh their troubles, and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow by the cords of a man's or woman's peevishness ; and the worst of the evil is, they are to thank their own follies, for they fell into the snare by entering an improper way ; Christ and the Church were no ingredients in their choice ; but as the Indian women enter into folly for the price of an elephant, and think their crime warrantable, so do men and women change their liberty for a rich fortune, and show themselves to be less than money, by overvaluing that to all the content and wise felicity of their lives ; and when they have counted the money and their sorrows together, how willingly would they buy, with the loss of all that money, modesty, or sweet nature to their relative ! the odd thousand pounds would gladly be allowed in good nature and fair manners. As very a fool is he that chooses for beauty principally ; it is an ill band of affections to tie two hearts together by a little thread of red and white. And they can love no longer but until the next ague comes ; and they are fond of each other but at the chance of fancy, or the small-pox, or care, or time, or anything that can destroy a pretty flower.

There is nothing can please a man without love ; and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the apostles, and of the innocency of an even and a private fortune, or hates peace or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of paradise ; for nothing can sweeten felicity itself but love ; but when a man dwells in love, then the breasts of his wife are pleasant as the droppings upon the hill of Hermon, her eyes are fair as the light of heaven, she is a fountain sealed, and he can quench his thirst, and ease his cares, and lay his sorrow down upon her lap, and can retire home as to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments. No man can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges ; their childishness,

their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society ; but he that loves not his wife and children, feeds a lioness at home, and broods a nest of sorrows, and blessing itself cannot make him happy.

6. FOLLY OF SIN.—(FROM "APPLES OF SODOM." GOLDEN GROVE SERMONS, XIX.)

It were easy to make a catalogue of sins, every one of which is a disease, a trouble in its very constitution and nature ; such are loathing of spiritual things, bitterness of spirit, rage, greediness, confusion of mind, and irresolution, cruelty and despite, slothfulness and distrust, unquietness and anger, effeminacy and niceness, prating and sloth, ignorance and inconstancy, incogitancy and cursing, malignity and fear, forgetfulness and rashness, pusillanimity and despair, rancour and superstition : if a man were to curse his enemy, he could not wish him a greater evil than these ; and yet these are several kinds of sin which men choose, and give all their hopes of heaven in exchange for one of these diseases. Is it not a fearful consideration that a man should rather choose eternally to perish than to say his prayers heartily and affectionately ? But so it is with very many men. They are driven to their devotions by custom, and shame, and reputation, and evil compliances ; they sigh and look sour when they are called to it, and abide there as a man under the surgeon's¹ hands, smarting and fretting all the while ; or else he passes the time with incogitancy, and hates the employment, and suffers the torment of prayers, which he loves not ; and all this, although for so doing it is certain he may perish. What fruit, what deliciousness, can he fancy in being weary of his prayers ? There is no pretence or colour for these things.

Can any imagine a greater evil to the body and soul of a man than madness, and furious eyes, and a distracted look ; paleness with passion, and trembling hands and knees, and furiousness and folly in the heart and head ? And yet this is the pleasure of anger ; and for this pleasure men choose damnation. But it is a great truth that there are but very few sins that pretend to pleasure ; although a man be weak and soon deceived, and the devil is crafty, and sin is false and impudent, and pretences are too many, yet most kinds of sin are real and prime troubles to the very body, without all manner of deliciousness, even to the sensual, natural, and carnal part ; and a man must put on something of a devil before he can choose such sins, and he must love mischief because it is a sin ; for in most instances there is no other reason in the world. As for the pleasures of intemperance, they are nothing but the relics and images of pleasure after that nature hath been

¹ i. e., surgeon's.

feasted ; for so long as she needs—that is, so long as temperance waits—so long pleasure also stands there ; but as temperance begins to go away, having done the ministries of nature, every morsel, and every new goblet, is still less delicious, and cannot be endured but as men force nature by violence to stay longer than she would. How have some men rejoiced when they have escaped a cup ! and when they cannot escape, they pour it in and receive it with as much pleasure as the old women have in the Lapland dances ; they dance the round, but there is a horror and a harshness in the music, and they call it pleasure because men bid them do so ; but there is a devil in the company, and such as is his pleasure, such is theirs : he rejoices in the thriving sin, and the swelling fortune of his darling drunkenness, but his joys are the joys of him that knows and always remembers that he shall infallibly have the biggest damnation ; and then let it be considered how forced a joy that is that is at the end of an intemperate feast ! Intemperance takes but nature's leavings ; when the belly is full, and nature calls to take away, the pleasure that comes in afterwards is next to loathing ; it is like the relish and taste of meats at the end of the third course, or sweetness of honey to him that hath eaten till he can endure to take no more ; and all his pleasure is nothing but the sting of a serpent ; it wounds the heart, and he dies with a tarantula,¹ dancing and singing till he bows his neck and kisses his bosom with the fatal noddings and declensions of death.

7. A GOOD MAN THE ONLY TRUE FRIEND.—("MEASURES OF FRIENDSHIP.")

A good man is the best friend, and therefore soonest to be chosen, longer to be retained, and, indeed, never to be parted with, unless he cease to be that for which he was chosen. The *good man* is a profitable, useful person ; and that is the band of an effective friendship. For I do not think that friendships are metaphysical nothings, created for contemplation, or that men or women should stare upon each other's faces, and make dialogues of news and pretinesses, and look babies in one another's eyes. Friendship is the ally of our sorrows, the ease of our passions, the discharge of our oppressions, the sanctuary to our calamities, the counsellor of our doubts, the clarity of our minds, the emission of our thoughts, the exercise and improvement of what we meditate. And although I love my friend because he is worthy, yet he is not worthy if he can do no good. I do not speak of accidental hindrances and misfortunes, by which the bravest man may become unable to help his child, but of the natural and artificial capacities of the man. He only is fit to be chosen for a friend who can do those offices for which friendship is excellent ; he only is fit to be chosen for a friend who can give counsel, or defend my

¹ A venomous spider, whose bite, according to popular opinion, could only be cured by music and violent dancing ; hence the dance known as the "tarantella" receives its name.

cause, or guide me right, or relieve my need, or can and will, when I need it, do me good. Only this I add: into the heaps of doing good, I will reckon loving me; for it is a pleasure to be beloved; but when his love signifies nothing but kissing my cheek, or talking kindly, and can go no further, it is a prostitution of the bravery of friendship to spend it upon impertinent people, who are, it may be, loads to their families, but can never ease my loads: but my friend is a worthy person when he can become to me a guide or a support, an eye or a hand, a staff or a rule. There must be in friendship something to distinguish it from a companion and a countryman, from a schoolfellow or a gossip, from a sweetheart or a fellow-traveller. Friendship may look in at any one of these doors; but it stays not anywhere till it come to be the best thing in the world. And when we consider that one man is not better than another, neither towards God nor towards man, but by doing better and braver things, we shall also see that that which is most beneficent is also most excellent; and therefore those friendships must needs be most perfect where the friends can be most useful. For men cannot be useful but by worthinesses in the several instances; a fool cannot be relied upon for counsel, nor a vicious person for the advantages of virtue, nor a beggar for relief, nor a stranger for conduct, nor a tattler to keep a secret, nor a pitiless person trusted with my complaint, nor a covetous man with my child's fortune, nor a false person without a witness, nor a suspicious person with a private design, nor him that I fear with the treasures of my love; but he that is wise and virtuous, rich and at hand, close and merciful, free of his money, and tenacious of a secret, open and ingenuous, true and honest, is of himself an excellent man, and therefore fit to be loved; and he can do good to me in all capacities where I can need him, and therefore is fit to be a friend. I confess we are forced, in our friendships, to abate some of these ingredients; but full measures of friendship would have full measures of worthiness; and according as any defect is in the foundation, in the relation also there may be imperfection: and indeed I shall not blame the friendship so it be worthy, though it be not perfect; not only because friendship is charity, which cannot be perfect here, but because there is not in the world a perfect cause of perfect friendship. Can any wise or good man be angry if I say, I choose this man to be my friend because he is able to give me counsel, to restrain my wanderings, to comfort me in my sorrows; he is pleasant to me in private, and useful in public; he will make my joys double, and divide my grief between himself and me? For what else should I choose? For being a fool and useless? For a pretty face and a smooth skin?

True and brave friendships are between worthy persons; and there is in mankind no degree of worthiness but is also a degree of usefulness; and by everything by which a man is excellent I may be profited; and because those are the bravest friends which can best serve the ends of friendships, either we must suppose that

friendships are not the greatest comforts in the world, or else we must say he chooses his friend best that chooses such a one by whom he can receive the greatest comforts and assistances.

X. THOMAS FULLER.

THOMAS FULLER was born at Aldwinkle in Northamptonshire in 1608. He was educated at Cambridge, where he afterwards became incumbent of one of the town's churches, and acquired great popularity as a pulpit orator. His reputation procured him rapid church preferment, which, as in so many other instances at that time, was suddenly stopped by the outbreak of the political disturbances in the reign of Charles I. Fuller was moderate in his sentiments; still, like most other men of moderate principles, he felt that the maintenance of some measure of royal authority was essential to the existence of a free constitution, and this view he did not hesitate to express in a sermon in Westminster Abbey, preached on the anniversary of the king's accession. He thus gave great offence to the more violent popular leaders, who deprived him of some of his ecclesiastical dignities, and obliged him to find shelter in the royal camp. When the heat of parties subsided, Fuller returned to London, where his popular style of preaching readily secured for him an attentive flock. On the Restoration he was reinstated in his former dignity, became one of the royal chaplains, and, but for his death in 1661, would probably have been advanced to the episcopal bench.

Of his numerous works, the best known are his "History of the Holy War," "Church History of Britain," "The Worthies of England," "Pisgah View of Palestine," and "The Holy and Profane State." His historical works, especially his "Worthies," contain much curious information not now procurable from other sources, but his writings are chiefly remarkable from the extreme quaintness of the style. Fuller abounds in puns, quibbles, and humorous comparisons, generally striking, and always pleasing, for his humour is evidently genuine and natural, not merely assumed for the occasion. His writings yield an unfailing supply to those periodicals which set apart a corner for what are styled "Gems of the Old Authors." The following extracts are taken from his "Holy and Profane State," a work similar in character to Hall's "Characters of the Virtues and Vices," from which specimens have been already given, and a species of writing very popular in Fuller's age.

1. THE GOOD YEOMAN.—("HOLY STATE," BOOK II., CHAP. XVIII.)

The good yeoman is a gentleman in ore, whom the next age may see refined, and is the wax capable of a genteel impression, when the prince shall stamp it. Wise Solon, who accounted Tellus the Athenian the most happy man, for living privately on his own lands, would surely have pronounced the English yeomanry "a fortunate condition," living in the temperate zone between greatness and want, an estate of people almost peculiar to England. France

and Italy are like a die which hath no points between cinque and ace,¹ nobility and peasantry. Their walls, though high, must needs be hollow, wanting filling-stones. Indeed, Germany hath her boors, like our yeomen; but by a tyrannical appropriation of nobility to some few ancient families, their yeomen are excluded from ever rising higher to clarify their bloods. In England, the temple of honour is bolted against none who have passed through the temple of virtue; nor is a capacity to be genteel denied to our yeoman who thus behaves himself. He wears russet clothes, but makes golden payment, having tin in his buttons and silver in his pocket. If he chance to appear in clothes above his rank, it is to grace some great man with his service, and then he blusheth at his own bravery. Otherwise, he is the surest landmark where foreigners may take aim of the ancient English customs; the gentry more floating after foreign fashions. In his house he is bountiful both to strangers and poor people. Some hold, when hospitality died in England, she gave her last groan amongst the yeomen of Kent. And still, at our yeoman's table, you shall have as many joints as dishes; no meat disguised with strange sauces; no straggling joint of a sheep in the midst of a pasture of grass, beset with salads on every side, but solid, substantial food. No servitors (more nimble with their hands than the guests with their teeth) take away meat before stomachs are taken away. Here you have that which in itself is good, made better by the store of it, and best by the welcome to it. He improveth his land to a double value by his good husbandry. Some grounds that wept with water, or frowned with thorns, by draining the one and clearing the other, he makes both to laugh and sing with corn. By marl and limestones burnt he bettereth his ground, and his industry worketh miracles, by turning stones into bread.

2. THE FAITHFUL MINISTER.—("HOLY STATE," BOOK II., CAP. IX.)

He endeavours to get the general love and good-will of his parish. This he doth, not so much to make a benefit of them as a benefit for them, that his ministry may be more effectual, otherwise he may preach his own heart out before he preacheth anything into theirs. The good conceit of the physician is half a cure, and his practice will scarce be happy where his person is hated. Yet he humours them not in his doctrine to get their love, for such a spaniel is worse than a dumb dog. He shall sooner get their good-will by walking uprightly, than by crouching and creeping. If pious living, and painful labouring in his calling, will not win their affections, he counts it gain to lose them. As for those who causelessly hate him, he pities and prays for them, and such there will be. I should suspect his preaching had no salt in it, if no galled horse did wince. He is strict in ordering his conversation; as for those who cleanse blurs with blotted fingers, they make it the worse. It was said of

¹ i. e., like a die which has no intermediate points between the highest number and the lowest.

one who preached very well, and lived very ill, "that when he was out of the pulpit it was pity he should ever go into it; and when he was in the pulpit, it was pity he should ever come out of it." But our minister *lives* sermons; and yet I deny not but dissolute men, like unskilful horsemen who open a gate on the wrong side, may, by the virtue of their office, open heaven for others and shut themselves out. He will not offer to God of that which costs him nothing, but takes pains aforehand for his sermons. Demosthenes never made any oration on the sudden; yea, being called upon, he never rose up to speak, except he had well studied the matter; and he was wont to say, that he showed how he revered and honoured the people of Athens, because he was careful what he spake unto them. Indeed if our minister be surprised with a sudden occasion, he counts himself rather to be excused than commended if, premeditating only the bones of his sermon, he clothes it with flesh *extempore*. Having brought his sermon into his head, he labours to bring it into his heart before he preaches it to his people. Surely that preaching which comes from the soul most works on the soul. Some have questioned *ventriloquy* (when men strangely speak out of their bellies), whether it can be done lawfully or no; might I coin the word *cordiloquy*, when men draw the doctrines out of their hearts; sure, all would count this lawful and commendable. His similes and illustrations are always familiar, never contemptible. Indeed, reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon; but similitudes are the windows which give the best lights. He avoids such stories whose mention may suggest bad thoughts to the auditors, and will not use a light comparison to make thereof a grave application, for fear lest his poison go farther than his antidote. He provideth not only wholesome, but plentiful food for his people. Almost incredible was the painfulness of Baronius, the compiler of the voluminous "Annals of the Church," who, for thirty years together, preached three or four times a-week to the people. As for our minister, he preferreth rather to entertain his people with wholesome cold meat which was on the table before, than that which is hot from the spit, raw and half-roasted. Yet, in repetition of the same sermon, every edition hath a new addition, if not of new matter, of new affections. He makes not that wearisome which should ever be welcome, wherefore his sermons are of an ordinary length, except on an extraordinary occasion. What a gift had John Halsebach, professor at Vienna, in tediousness, who being to expound the prophet Isaiah to his auditors, read twenty-one years on the first chapter, and yet finished it not. He is careful in the discreet ordering of his own family. A good minister, and a good father, may well agree together. When a certain Frenchman came to visit Melancthon, he found him in his stove, with one hand dandling his child in the swaddling-clouts, and in the other hand holding a book and reading it. Our minister, also, is as hospitable as his estate will permit, and makes every alms two by his cheerful giving it. Lying on his death-bed, he bequeaths to each of his parishioners his pre-

cepts and example for a legacy, and they in requital erect every one a monument for him in their hearts. He is so far from that base jealousy that his memory should be outshined by a brighter successor, and from that wicked desire that his people may find his worth by the worthlessness of him that succeeds, that he doth heartily pray to God to provide them a better pastor after his decease. As for outward estate, he commonly lives in too bare pasture to grow fat. It is well if he hath gathered any flesh, being more in blessing than bulk.

3. OF BOOKS.—("HOLY STATE," BOOK III., CHAP. XVIII.)

Solomon saith truly, "Of making many books there is no end," so insatiable is the thirst of men therein: as also endless is the desire of many in reading them. But we come to our rules.

1. *It is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library.*—As soon shall I believe every one is valiant that hath a well-furnished armoury. I guess good housekeeping by the smoking, not the number of the tunnels, as knowing that many of them, built merely for uniformity, are without chimneys, and more without fires. Once a dunce, void of learning, but full of books, flouted a libraryless scholar with these words, "Hail, doctor without books!" But the next day, the scholar coming into the jeerer's study crowded with books, "Hail books," said he, "without a doctor!"

2. *Few books, well selected, are best.*—Yet as a certain fool bought all the pictures that came out, because he might have his choice, such is the vain humour of many men in gathering of books. Yet, when they have done all, they miss their end; it being in the editions of authors as in the fashions of clothes,—when a man thinks he has gotten the latest and newest, presently another newer comes out.

3. *Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of.*—Namely, first, voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over; secondly, auxiliary books, only to be repaired to on occasions; thirdly, such as are mere pieces of formality, so that if you look on them, you look *through* them; and he that peeps through the casement of the index, sees as much as if he were in the house. But the laziness of those cannot be excused who perfunctorily pass over authors of consequence, and only trade in their tables and contents. These, like city-cheaters, having gotten the names of all country gentlemen, make silly people believe they have long lived in those places where they never were, and flourish with skill in those authors they never seriously studied.

4. *The genius of the author is commonly discovered in the dedicatory epistle.*—Many place the purest grain in the mouth of the sack, for chapmen to handle or buy; and from the dedication one may probably guess at the work, saving some rare and peculiar exceptions. Thus, when once a gentleman admired how so pithy,

learned, and witty a dedication was matched to a flat, dull, foolish book: "in truth," said another, "they may be well matched together, for I profess they be nothing akin."

5. *Proportion an hour's meditation to an hour's reading of a staple author.*—This makes a man master of his learning, and dispirits¹ the book into the scholar.

4. LIFE OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, KING OF SWEDEN.²—"HOLY STATE,"
BOOK IV., CHAP. XVIII.)

Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, born A.D. 1594, had princely education both for arts and arms. In Italy he learnt the mathematics; and in the other places abroad, the French, Italian, and German tongues; and after he was king, he travelled under the name of Mr Gars, being the four initial letters of his name and title.³ He was but seventeen years old at his father's death, being left not only a young king, but also in a young kingdom; for his title to the crown of Sweden was but five years old, to wit, since the beginning of his father's reign. All his bordering princes (on the north, nothing but the north bordered on him) were his enemies. Yet was he too great for them in his minority, both defending his own, and gaining on them. "Woe be to the kingdom whose king is a child;" yet blessed is that kingdom whose king, though a child in age, is a man in worth. These his first actions had much of glory, and yet somewhat of possibility and credit in them. But chronicle and belief must strain hard to make his German conquest probable with posterity; coming in with eleven thousand men, having no certain confederates, but some of his alliance whom the emperor had outed of all their estates; and yet, in two years and four months, he left the emperor in as bad a case almost as he found those princes in.

He was a strict observer of martial discipline, the life of war, without which an army is but a crowd (not to say herd) of people. He would march all day in complete armour, which was by custom no more burden to him than his arms; and to carry his helmet no more trouble than his head; whilst his example made the same easy to his soldiers. He was very merciful to any that would submit; and as the iron gate miraculously opened to St Peter of its own accord, so his mercy wrought miracles, making many city-gates open to him of themselves, before he ever knocked at them to demand entrance, the inhabitants desiring to shroud themselves under his protection. Yea, he was merciful to those places which he took by assault; the very Jesuits themselves tasted of his courtesy, though merrily he laid it to their charge, that they would neither preach faith to, nor keep faith with others.

¹ i.e., takes the spirit out of the book and puts it into the scholar.

² Fuller's biographies have always been much admired.

³ Viz., *Gustavus Adolphus Rex Suedorum*.

He had the true art (almost lost) of encamping, where he would lie in his trenches in despite of all enemies, keeping the clock of his own time, and would fight for no man's pleasure but his own. No seeming flight or disorder of his enemies should cozen him into a battle, nor their daring bravadoes anger him into it, nor any violence force him to fight till he thought fitting himself; counting it good manners in war, to take all, but give no advantages.

It was said of his armies that they used to rise when the swallows went to bed, when winter began, his forces most consisting of northern nations; and a Swede fights best when he can see his own breath. He always kept a long vacation in the dog-days, being only a saver in the summer, and a gainer all the year besides. His best harvest was in the snow; and his soldiers had most life in the dead of winter.

He made but a short cut in taking of cities, many of whose fortifications were a wonder to behold; but what were they then to assault and conquer? At scaling of walls he was excellent for contriving as his soldiers in executing; it seeming a wonder that their bodies should be made of air so light to climb, whose arms were of iron so heavy to strike. Such cities as would not presently open unto him, he shut them up; and having business of more importance than to imprison himself about one strength, he would consign the besieging thereof to some other captain. And, indeed, he wanted not his Joabs, who, when they had reduced cities to terms of yielding, knew, with as much wisdom as loyalty, to entitle their David to the whole honour of the action.

He was highly beloved of his soldiers, of whose deserts he kept a faithful chronicle in his heart, and advanced them accordingly.

To come to his death, wherein his reputation suffers, in the judgments of some, for too much hazarding of his own person in the battle.¹ But surely some conceived necessity thereof urged him thereunto. For this his third grand set battle in Germany was the third and last asking of his banns to the imperial crown; and had they not been forbidden by his death, his marriage in all probability had instantly followed. His death is still left in uncertainty, whether the valour of open enemies, or treachery of false friends caused it. His side won the day, and yet lost the sun that made it. The Jesuits made him to be the Antichrist, and allowed him three years and a half of reign and conquest. But had he lived the full term out, the true Antichrist might have heard further from him, and Rome's tragedy might have had an end, whose fifth and last act is still behind. Yet one Jesuit, more ingenuous than the rest, gives him this testimony, that save the badness of his cause and religion, he had nothing defective in him which belonged to an excellent king and a good captain.

Thus let our poor description of this king serve, like a flat grave-stone or plain pavement, for the present, till the richer pen of some

¹ The battle of Lutzen.

Grotius or Heinsius¹ shall provide to erect some statelier monument in his memory.

5. MARTYRDOM OF RIDLEY.²—("HOLY STATE.")

Old Hugh Latimer was Ridley's partner at the stake, some time Bishop of Worcester, who crawled thither after him ; one who had lost more learning than many ever had who flout at his plain sermons, though his downright style was as necessary in that age as it would be ridiculous in ours. Indeed, he condescended to people's capacity ; and many men unjustly count those low in learning who, indeed, do but stoop to their auditors. Let me see any of our sharp wits do that with the edge which his bluntness did with the back of the knife, and persuade so many to restitution of ill-gotten goods. Though he came after Ridley to the stake, he got before him to heaven. His body, made tinder by age, was no sooner touched by the fire but instantly this old Simeon had his *nunc dimittis*,³ and brought the news to heaven that his brother was following after. But Ridley suffered with far more pain, the fire about him being not well made ; and yet one would think that age should be skilful in making such bonfires, as being much practised in them. The gunpowder that was given him did little service, and his brother-in-law, out of desire to rid him out of pain, increased it (great grief will not give men leave to be wise with it), heaping fuel upon him to no purpose ; so that neither the faggots which his enemies' anger nor his brother's good-will cast upon him made the fire to burn kindly.

In like manner, not much before, his dear friend Master Hooper suffered with great torment,—the wind (which too often is the bellows of great fires) blowing it away from him once or twice. Of all the martyrs in those days, these two endured most pain ; it being true that each of them had to seek fire in the midst of fire,—both desiring to burn, and yet both their upper parts were but confessors, when their lower parts were martyrs, and burnt to ashes. Thus God, where He hath given the stronger faith, He layeth on the stronger pain ; and so we leave them, going up to heaven, like Elijah, in a chariot of fire.

XI. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

ABRAHAM COWLEY was born in 1618, in London, and was educated at Westminster School, from which he afterwards removed to Cambridge University. At the breaking out of the civil wars, the Presby-

¹ Two famous Dutch scholars, both of whom had been in the service of Gustavus Adolphus.

² This account may be advantageously compared with the matter-of-fact version already quoted from Fox.

³ The first two words in Latin of Simeon's hymn, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," &c.

terian visitors removed Cowley from his fellowship, and he ever after remained a firm partizan of the Royalists, in whose service he was constantly employed during the whole course of hostilities. Like many others he was, at the Restoration, disappointed of the reward to which he conceived his services entitled him. He was, however, after some interval, presented with the lease of a small property near Chertsey, on the Thames, where he died in 1667. Cowley's fame, during his lifetime, was founded mainly on his poetry, which is now, however, little esteemed. It is in general stiff and artificial, though some of his shorter poems are natural and pleasing. His largest poetical work, the "Davideis," a heroic poem on the life of David, is, as a whole, heavy and unimpressive, but contains some fine passages, which Milton has imitated and improved in his "Paradise Lost." His prose is a remarkable contrast to his poetry; unaffected, eloquent, and forcible, it will stand comparison with any prose of the age. In this department, his writings consist of a "Discourse concerning the Government of Cromwell," and Essays on Liberty, Agriculture, Solitude, &c.

1. CROMWELL'S GOVERNMENT.

I was interrupted by a strange and terrible apparition, for there appeared unto me, arising out of the earth, as I conceived, the figure of a man taller than a giant, or, indeed, than the shadow of any giant in the evening. His body was naked, but that nakedness adorned, or rather deformed all over, with several figures, after the manner of the ancient Britons, painted upon it: and I perceived that most of them were the representation of the late battles in our civil wars, and (if I be not much mistaken) it was the battle of Naseby that was drawn upon his breast. His eyes were like burning brass; and there were three crowns of the same metal (as I guessed), and that looked as red-hot too upon his head. He held in his right hand a sword that was yet bloody, and, nevertheless, the motto of it was, "*Peace is sought by war!*" and in his left a thick book, upon the back of which was written in letters of gold, acts, ordinances, protestations, covenants, engagements, declarations, remonstrances, &c. Though this sudden, unusual, and dreadful object might have quelled a greater courage than mine, yet so it pleased God (for there is nothing bolder than a man in a vision), that I was not at all daunted, but asked him resolutely and briefly, What art thou? And he said, I am called the North-West Principality, his Highness, the Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions belonging thereto, for I am that angel to whom the Almighty has committed the government of those three kingdoms which thou seest from this place. And I answered and said, If it be so, sir, it seems to me that for almost these twenty years past your highness has been absent from your charge: for not only if any angel, but if any wise and honest man had since that time been our governor, we should not have wandered thus long in these laborious and endless labyrinths

of confusion, but either not have entered at all into them, or at least have returned back ere we had absolutely lost our way; but, instead of your highness, we have had since such a protector as was his predecessor, Richard III., to the king his nephew; for he presently slew the commonwealth, which he pretended to protect, and set up himself in the place of it: a little less guilty, indeed, in one respect, because the other slew an innocent, and this man did but murder a murderer. Such a protector we have had as we would have been glad to have changed for an enemy, and rather received a constant Turk than this every month's apostate; such a protector as man is to his flocks, which he shears, and sells, or devours himself; and I would fain know what the wolf, which he protects him from, could do more. Such a protector—And as I was proceeding, methought his highness began to put on a displeased and threatening countenance, as men used to do when their dearest friends happen to be traduced in their company, which gave me the first rise of jealousy against him; for I did not believe that Cromwell, among all his foreign correspondences, had ever held any with angels. However, I was not hardened enough yet to venture a quarrel with him then; and, therefore (as if I had spoken to the Protector himself in Whitehall), I desired him that his highness would please to pardon me, if I had unwittingly spoken anything to the disparagement of a person whose relations to his highness I had not the honour to know. At which he told me, that he had no other concernment for his late highness, than as he took him to be the greatest man that ever was of the English nation, if not (said he) of the whole world, which gives me a just title to the defence of his reputation, since I now account myself, as if it were a naturalized English angel, by having had so long the management of the affairs of that country. And pray, countryman (said he, very kindly, and very flatteringly); for I would not have you fall into the general error of the world, that detests and decries so extraordinary a virtue: What can be more extraordinary than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, or of mind, which have often raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in so improbable a design, as the destruction of one of the most ancient and most solidly founded monarchies upon the earth? that he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an infamous death? to banish that numerous and strongly-allied family? to do all this under the name and wages of a parliament, to trample upon them too as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and unheard-of monster out of their ashes; to stifle that in the very infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice; to serve all parties partially for awhile, and to command them victoriously at last; to overrun each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal felicity both

the riches of the south and the poverty of the north ; to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth ; to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth ; to be humbly and daily petitioned that he would be pleased to be hired at the rate of two millions a-year ; to be master of those who had hired him before to be their servant ; to have estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them ; and lastly (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory), to bequeath all this with one word to his posterity ; to die with peace at home and triumph abroad ; to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity ; and to leave a name behind him not to be extinguished but with the whole world, which, as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been too for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs ?

By this speech I began to understand perfectly well what kind of angel his pretended highness was, and having fortified myself privately with a short mental prayer, and with the sign of the cross (not out of any superstition to the sign, but as a recognition of my baptism in Christ), I grew a little bolder, and replied in this manner : I should not venture to oppose what you are pleased to say in commendation of the late great and, I confess, extraordinary person, but that I remember Christ forbids us to give assent to any other doctrine but what Himself has taught us, even though it should be delivered by an angel ; and if such you be, sir, it may be you have spoken all this rather to try than to tempt my frailty ; for sure I am, that we must renounce or forget all the laws of the New and Old Testament, and those which are the foundation of both, even the laws of moral and natural honesty, if we approve of the actions of that man whom I suppose you commend by irony. There would be no end to instance in the particulars of all his wickedness ; but, to sum up a part of it briefly, what can be more extraordinarily wicked than for a person, such as yourself qualify him rightly, to endeavour not only to exalt himself above, but to trample upon all his equals and betters ? to pretend freedom for all men, and under the help of that pretence, to make all men his servants ? to take arms against taxes of scarce two hundred thousand pounds a-year, and to raise them himself to above two millions ? to quarrel for the loss of three or four ears, and to strike off three or four hundred heads ? to fight against an imaginary suspicion of I know not what ; two thousand guards to be fetched for the king, I know not from whence ; and to keep up for himself no less than forty thousand ? to pretend the defence of parliaments, and violently to dissolve all even of his own calling and almost choosing ? to undertake the reformation of religion, to rob it even to the very skin, and then to expose it naked to the rage of all sects and heresies ? to set up counsels of rapine and courts of murder ? to fight against the king under a commission

for him ? to take him forcibly out of the hands of those for whom he had conquered him ; to draw him into his net with protestations and vows of fidelity, and when he had caught him in it, to butcher him with as little shame as conscience or humanity, in the open face of the whole world ? to receive a commission for king and parliament, to murder (as I said) the one, and to destroy no less impudently the other ? to fight against monarchy when he declared for it, and to declare against it when he contrived for it in his own person ? to abuse perfidiously and supplant ingratelously his own general first, and afterwards most of those officers who, with the loss of their honour and hazard of their souls, had lifted him up to the top of his unreasonable ambitions ? to break his faith with all enemies and with all friends equally ? and to make no less frequent use of the most solemn perjuries than the looser sort of people do of customary oaths ? to usurp three kingdoms without any shadow of the least pretensions, and to govern them as unjustly as he got them ? to set himself up as an idol (which we know, as St Paul says, in itself is nothing), and make the very streets of London like the valley of Hiinnon by burning the bowels of men as a sacrifice to his Moloch-ship ? to seek to entail this usurpation upon his posterity, and with it an endless war upon the nation ? and lastly, by the severest judgment of Almighty God, to die hardened, and mad, and unrepentant, with the curses of the present age and the detestation of all to succeed.¹

2. OF SOLITUDE.—(SECOND ESSAY.)

"Never less alone than when alone" is now become a very vulgar saying. Every man, and almost every boy, for these seventeen hundred years, has had it in his mouth. But it was at first spoken by the excellent Scipio, who was without question a most eloquent and witty person, as well as the most wise, most worthy, most happy, and the greatest of all mankind. His meaning, no doubt, was this, that he found more satisfaction to his mind, and more improvement of it, by solitude than by company ; and, to show that he spoke not this loosely or out of vanity, after he had made Rome mistress of almost the whole world, he retired himself from it by a voluntary exile, and at a private house, in the middle of a wood near Linternum ; passed the remainder of his glorious life no less gloriously. This house Seneca went to see so long after with so great veneration ; and, among other things, describes his baths to have been of so mean a structure, that now, says he, the basest of the people would despise them, and cry out, "Poor Scipio understood not how to live." What an authority is here for the credit of

¹ Cowley, it has been already mentioned, was a royalist, and his opinions on Cromwell's character and government would, of course, be materially influenced by his own convictions, and must therefore be taken for what they are worth ; this, however, does not render it the less dishonest to quote, as has been sometimes done of late, the first part of the above extract as Cowley's own belief, when it is in fact the very opposite.

retreat! and happy had it been for Hannibal, if adversity could have taught him as much wisdom as was learnt by Scipio from the highest prosperities. This would be no wonder, if it were as truly as it is colourably¹ and wittily said by Monsieur Montaigne, "That ambition itself might teach us to love solitude; there is nothing does so much hate to have companions." It is true, it loves to have its elbows free, it detests to have company on either side; but it delights above all things in a train behind, aye, and ushers, too, before it. But the greatest part of men are so far from the opinion of that noble Roman, that, if they chance at any time to be without company, they are like a becalmed ship; they never move but by the wind of other men's breath, and have no oars of their own to steer withal. It is very fantastical and contradictory in human nature, that men should love themselves above all the rest of the world, and yet never endure to be with themselves. When they are in love with a mistress, all other persons are importunate and burthensome to them: they would live and die with her alone.

"With thee for ever I in woods could rest,
Where never human foot the ground has press'd;
Thou from all shades the darkness canst exclude,
And from a desert banish solitude."

And yet our dear self is so wearisome to us, that we can scarcely support its conversation for an hour together. This is such an odd temper of mind, as Catullus expresses towards one of his mistresses, whom we may suppose to have been of a very unsociable humour.

"I hate, and yet I love thee too;
How can that be? I know not how;
Only that so it is I know,
And feel with torment that 'tis so."

It is a deplorable condition this, and drives a man sometimes to pitiful shifts, in seeking how to avoid himself.

The truth of the matter is, that neither he who is a fop in the world is a fit man to be alone, nor he who has set his heart much upon the world, though he have never so much understanding; so that solitude can be well fitted, and sit right, but upon a very few persons. They must have enough knowledge of the world to see the vanity of it, and enough virtue to despise all vanity; if the mind be possessed with any lust or passions, a man had better be in a fair than in a wood alone. They may, like petty thieves, cheat us perhaps, and pick our pockets, in the midst of company; but, like robbers, they use to strip, and bind, or murder us, when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from men, and fall into the hands of devils. It is like the punishment of parricides among the Romans, to be sewed into a bag with an ape, a dog, and a serpent.

¹ i. e., in modern language, *plausibly*.

The first work, therefore, that a man must do, to make himself capable of the good of solitude, is the very eradication of all lusts ; for, how is it possible for a man to enjoy himself while his affections are tied to things without himself ? In the second place, he must learn the art and get the habit of thinking ; for this, too, no less than well-speaking, depends upon much practice ; and cogitation is the thing which distinguishes the solitude of a God from a wild beast. Now, because the soul of man is not by its own nature or observation furnished with sufficient materials to work upon, it is necessary for it to have continual recourse to learning and books for fresh supplies, so that the solitary life will grow indigent, and be ready to starve, without them ; but if once we be thoroughly engaged in the love of letters, instead of being wearied with the length of any day, we shall only complain of the shortness of our whole life.

“ O life, long to the fool, short to the wise ! ”

The first minister of state has not so much business in public, as a wise man has in private : if the one have little leisure to be alone, the other has less leisure to be in company ; the one has but part of the affairs of one nation, the other all the works of God and nature under his consideration. There is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, “ that a man does not know how to pass his time.” It would have been but ill-spoken by Methusalem in the nine hundred sixty-ninth year of his life ; so far it is from us, who have not time enough to attain to the utmost perfection of any part of any science, to have cause to complain that we are forced to be idle for want of work. But this, you will say, is work only for the learned ; others are not capable either of the employments or divertisements that arrive from letters. I know they are not ; and therefore cannot much recommend solitude to a man totally illiterate. But, if any man be so unlearned as to want entertainment of the little intervals of accidental solitude, which frequently occur in almost all conditions (except the very meanest of the people, who have business enough in the necessary provisions for life), it is truly a great shame both to his parents and to himself, for a very small portion of any ingenious art will stop up all these gaps of our time ; either music, or painting, or designing, or chemistry, or history, or gardening, or twenty other things, will do it usefully and pleasantly ; and if he happen to set his affections upon poetry (which I do not advise him too immoderately), that will overdo it : no wood will be thick enough to hide him from the importunities of company or business, which would abstract him from his beloved.

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good !
 Hail, ye plebeian underwood !
 Where the poetic birds rejoice,
 And for their quiet rests and plenteous food
 Pay, with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor Muses' richest manor-seat;
 Ye country houses and retreat,
 Which all the happy gods so love,
 That for you oft they quit their bright and great¹
 Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect;
 Nature, the wisest architect,
 Who those fond artists does despise
 That can the fair and living trees neglect,
 Yet the dead timber prize.

Ah wretched and too solitary he,
 Who loves not his own company!
 He'll feel the weight of't many a day,
 Unless he call in sin or vanity
 To help to bear't away.

Oh solitude, first state of human kind!
 Which bless'd remain'd, till man did find
 Ev'n his own helper's company.
 As soon as two, alas! together join'd,
 The serpent made up three.

XII. SIR THOMAS BROWNE,

SIR THOMAS BROWNE was born in London in 1605. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford, and after graduating, devoted himself to the study of medicine, which he prosecuted at Padua and Leyden, then the most famous medical schools in Europe. Returning from the Continent, he settled for a short time at London, and thence removed to Norwich, where he spent the rest of his life, carrying on his scientific researches, and discharging the duties of his profession, undisturbed by the din of civil war which raged all around. His works procured him a wide-spread reputation, and in 1671 Charles II., when on a visit to Norwich, bestowed on him the honour of knighthood. He died in 1682. His works are "Religio Medici, or Religion of a Physician," "Pseudodoxia Epidemica, or Enquiries into Vulgar Errors," "Hydriotaphia, a Discourse on Sepulchral Urns," "The Garden of Cyrus," "Christian Morals," and some minor performances. Few works were more popular when first produced than those of Sir Thomas Browne, and perhaps none of that age have at the present day a wider circle of enthusiastic admirers. His "Religio Medici" passed through twelve editions during the author's life, was translated

¹ In the time of Cowley *great* was probably always pronounced so as to rhyme to *seat*. This pronunciation was retained till near the close of last century, for Dr Johnson, though told by Lord Chesterfield that *great* should be made to rhyme to *state*, was also told by the best speaker in the House of Commons that nobody but an Irishman would pronounce it in any other way than so as to rhyme to *seat*.

into most of the Continental languages, called forth a host of imitators, and is still read with pleasure. The style of Browne's works is very peculiar and characteristic; pedantic, obscure, abounding in new-coined Latin words and learned allusions, it is yet dignified and pleasing, sometimes eloquent and forcible, and flows with a graceful musical rhythm, exceedingly agreeable to a cultivated ear, and not perceptible to the same extent in any contemporary writer. His remarks may sometimes appear unimportant, and are not seldom far-fetched and ingenious rather than solid; but they are never commonplace, and always bear the impress of a mind quaint, perhaps, and singularly constituted, but vigorous, original, and untiring in the pursuit of truth. The following extracts are from the excellent edition of Browne by Mr Wilkin of Norwich.

1. FROM THE "RELIGIO MEDICI"¹—(PART I, SECT. VI.)

I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which, perhaps, within a few days, I should dissent myself. I have no genius to disputes in religion; and have often thought it wisdom to decline them, especially upon a disadvantage, or when the cause of truth might suffer in the weakness of my patronage. Where we desire to be informed, 'tis good to contest with men above ourselves; but, to confirm and establish our opinions, 'tis best to argue with judgments below our own, that the frequent spoils and victories over their reasons may settle in ourselves an esteem and confirmed opinion of our own. Every man is not a proper champion for truth, nor fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity; many, from the ignorance of these maxims, and an inconsiderate zeal unto truth, have too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain as trophies unto the enemies of truth. A man may be in as just possession of truth as of a city, and yet be forced to surrender; 'tis therefore far better to enjoy her with peace than hazard her in a battle. If, therefore, there rise any doubts in my way, I do forget them, or at least defer them, till my better settled judgment and more manly reason be able to resolve them; for I perceive every man's own reason is his best *Œdipus*,² and will, upon a reasonable truce, find a way to loose those bonds wherewith the subtleties of error have enchained our more flexible and tender judgments. In philosophy, where truth seems double-faced, there is no man more paradoxical than myself: but in divinity I love to keep the road; and though not in an implicit, yet an humble faith, follow the great wheel of the church; not reserving any proper poles or motion from the epicycle³ of my own brain. By this means I leave

¹ This work contains a summary of Browne's religious opinions.

² *Œdipus* became King of Thebes by solving the Sphinx's riddle; hence the passage in the text means, every man's own reason, if properly used, will solve all doubts and difficulties in his religion.

³ An epicycle is a circle described round a point in the circumference of another circle; the meaning is, "I adhere to the church's authority without wandering in any peculiar way of my own."

no gap for heresy, schisms, or errors, of which at present I hope I shall not injure truth to say, I have no taint or tincture. I must confess my greener studies have been polluted with two or three; not any begotten in the latter centuries, but old and obsolete, such as could never have been revived but by such extravagant and irregular heads as mine. For, indeed, heresies perish not with their authors, but like the river Arethusa,¹ though they lose their currents in one place, they rise up again in another. One general council is not able to extirpate one single heresy; it may be cancelled for the present, but revolution of time, and the like aspects from heaven, will restore it, when it will flourish till it be condemned again. For, as though there were a metempsychosis,² and the soul of one man passed to another, opinions do find, after certain revolutions, men and minds like those that first begat them. To see ourselves again, we need not look for Plato's year;³ every man is not only himself; there have been many Diogeneses, and as many Timons, though but few of that name; men are lived over again; the world is now as it was in ages past; there was none then, but there hath been some one since that parallels him, and is as it were his revived self.

The wonders of Nature.—(Part i., sections 15, 16.)—I could never content my contemplation with those general pieces of wonder, the flux and reflux of the sea, the increase of Nile, the conversion of the needle to the North; and have studied to match and parallel these in the more obvious and neglected pieces of nature which, without further travel, I can do in the cosmography of myself. We carry with us the wonders we seek without us; there is all Africa and her prodigies in us. We are that bold and adventurous piece of nature which he that studies wisely learns in a compendium, what others labour at in a divided piece and endless volume.

Thus there are two books from whence I collect my divinity. Besides that written one of God, another of His servant-nature, that universal and publick manuscript, that lies exposed unto the eyes of all. Those that never saw Him in the one, have discovered Him in the other: this was the scripture and theology of the heathens; the natural motion of the sun made them more admire Him than its supernatural station⁴ did the children of Israel. The ordinary effects of nature wrought more admiration in them, than in the other all His miracles. Surely the heathens knew better how to join and read these mystical letters than we Christians, who cast a more careless eye on these common hieroglyphics, and disdain to suck divinity from the flowers of nature. Nor do I so forget God as to adore the name of nature: which I define not, with the schools, to be the

¹ A fountain in Sicily; according to the belief of the ancients, this fountain was connected under the sea with the Alphæus, a river in Greece, so that anything thrown into the river rose in the fountain.

² i. e., a transmigration of souls.

³ A revolution of certain thousand years, when all things should return unto their former estate, and he be teaching again in his school, as when he delivered this opinion.

⁴ In the literal sense of "standing still."

principle of motion and rest, but that straight and regular line, that settled and constant course the wisdom of God hath ordained the actions of His creatures, according to their several kinds. To make a revolution every day is the nature of the sun, because of that necessary course which God hath ordained it, from which it cannot swerve but by a faculty from that voice which first did give it motion. Now this course of nature God seldom alters or perverts ; but, like an excellent artist, hath so contrived His work that, with the self-same instrument, without a new creation, He may effect his obscurest designs. I call the effects of nature the works of God, whose hand and instrument she only is ; and therefore, to ascribe His actions unto her is to devolve the honour of the principal agent upon the instrument ; which if with reason we may do, then let our hammers rise up and boast they have built our houses, and our pens receive the honour of our writings. I hold there is a general beauty in the works of God, and therefore no deformity in any kind of species or creature whatsoever. I cannot tell by what logic we call a toad, a bear, or an elephant ugly ; they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best express the actions of their inward forms ; and having passed that general visitation of God, who saw that all that He had made was good, that is, conformable to His will, which abhors deformity, and is the will of order and beauty. There is no deformity but in monstrosity ; wherein, notwithstanding, there is a kind of beauty ; nature so ingeniously contriving the irregular parts, as they become sometimes more remarkable than the principal fabric. To speak yet more narrowly, there was never anything ugly or misshapen, but the chaos ; wherein, notwithstanding, to speak strictly, there was no deformity, because no form ; nor was it yet impregnate by the voice of God. Now nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature ; they being both the servants of His providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial, for nature is the art of God.

Books.—(Part i., sections 23, 24.)—Men's works have an age, like themselves, and though they outlive their authors, yet have they a stint and period to their duration. The Scripture only is a work too hard for the teeth of time, and cannot perish but in the general flames, when all things shall confess their ashes. I have heard some, with deep sighs, lament the lost lines of Cicero ; others, with as many groans, deplore the combustion of the Library of Alexandria ; for my own part, I think there be too many in the world, and could with patience behold the urn and ashes of the Vatican,¹ could I, with a few others, recover the perished leaves of Solomon.² I would not omit a copy of Enoch's pillars,³ had they many nearer

¹ The library of the Vatican at Rome, which was in Sir Thomas's days the most valuable in Europe, as indeed in some respects it still is.

² It says in 1 Kings that Solomon wrote five thousand proverbs, and one thousand and five songs, most of which are of course lost.

³ According to Josephus, Enoch, informed by Adam that the world was to be twice

authors than Josephus, or did not relish somewhat of the fable. Some men have written more than others have spoken. Pineda¹ quotes more authors in one work than are necessary in a whole world. Of those three great inventions in Germany,² there are two which are not without their incommodities. 'Tis not a melancholy wish³ of my own, but the desires of better heads, that there were a general synod, not to unite the incompatible difference of religion, but for the benefit of learning, to reduce it, as it lay at first, in a few and solid authors, and to condemn to the fire those swarms and millions of rhapsodies, begotten only to distract and abuse the weaker judgments of scholars, and to maintain the trade and mystery of typographers.

Man's body.—(Part i., sections 36, 37.)—In our study of anatomy, there is a mass of mysterious philosophy, and such as reduced the very heathens to divinity; yet amongst all those rare discoveries and curious pieces I find in the fabric of man, I do not so much content myself, as in that I find not—that is, no organ or instrument for the rational soul; for in the brain, which we term the seat of reason, there is not anything of moment more than I can discover in the cranny of a beast; and this is a sensible and no inconsiderable argument of the inorganity of the soul,—at least in that sense we usually receive it. Thus we are men, and we know not how; there is something in us that can be without us, and will be after us; though it is strange that it hath no history what it was before us, nor cannot tell how it entered in us.

Now, for these walls of flesh wherein the soul doth seem to be immured before the resurrection, it is nothing but an elemental composition, and a fabric that must fall to ashes. "All flesh is grass," is not only metaphorically but literally true; for all those creatures we behold are but the herbs of the field digested into flesh in them, or more remotely carnified in ourselves. Nay, further, we are what we all abhor, man-eaters and cannibals, devourers not only of men but of ourselves, and that not in an allegory, but a positive truth; for all this mass of flesh which we behold came in at our mouths; this frame we look upon hath been upon our trenchers; in brief, we have devoured ourselves.

Of the end of the world.—(Part i., sections 45, 46.)—I believe the world grows near its end; yet it is neither old nor decayed, nor will ever perish upon the ruins of its own principles. As the work of creation was above nature, so is its adversary, annihilation, without which the world hath not its end, but its mutation. Now, what force should be able to consume it thus far without the breath of God, which is the truest consuming flame, my philosophy cannot

destroyed, once by water and once by fire, erected two pillars,—one of stone, against the water, the other of brick, against the fire; and on these engraved all the knowledge of his time; and thus the flood did not sweep away all the knowledge of mankind.

¹ In one work he quotes one thousand and forty authors.

² Gunpowder, printing, and the compass, of which the first two are those which have occasioned "incommodities."

³ Browne here uses the equivalent Latin word *utinam*.

inform me. Some believe there went not a minute to the world's creation, nor shall there go to its destruction. Those six days, so punctually described, make not to them one moment, but rather seem to manifest the method and idea of that great work in the intellect of God than the manner how He proceeded in its operation.

Now, to determine the day and year of this inevitable time, is not only convincible and statute madness, but also manifest impiety.¹ How shall we interpret Elias's six thousand years,² or imagine the secret communicated to a rabbi which God hath denied unto his angels? It had been an excellent query to have posed the devil of Delphos,³ and must needs have forced him to some strange amphibology.⁴ It hath not only mocked the predictions of sundry astrologers in past ages, but the prophecies of many melancholy heads in these present, who, neither understanding reasonably things past nor present, pretend a knowledge of things to come, heads ordained only to manifest the incredible effects of melancholy, and to fulfil old prophecies⁵ rather than be the authors of new.

2. FROM THE HYDRIOTAPHIA.⁶

What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions,⁷ are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries⁸ entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarism; not to be resolved⁹ by man, nor easily, perhaps, by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians, or tutelary observers. Had they made as good provision for their names as they have done for their relics, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes, which, in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vain-glory, and madding vices. Pagan vain-glories, which thought the world might last for ever, had encouragement for ambition; and,

¹ Because Christ says, "Of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven."

² According to the Jewish Rabbis, Elijah is said to have prophesied the destruction of the world after it had existed 6000 years.

³ The oracle of Apollo at Delphi.

⁴ The use of words capable of two senses, as when Shakspeare says,—

"The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose."

—which may mean, either the duke is still alive who is to depose Henry, or the duke is still alive who is to be deposed by Henry.

⁵ Such as, "In those days shall come liars and false prophets."

⁶ This treatise was written as a discourse upon some urns found in a field near Norwich.

⁷ These were the questions which the Emperor Tiberius proposed to the grammarians for their solution.

⁸ *i. e.*, bones, the persons to whom the bones found in the urns belonged.

⁹ *i. e.*, solved or answered.

finding no *Atropos*¹ unto the immortality of their names, were never damp't with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantages of ours, in the attempts of their vain-glories, who acting early, and before the probable meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designs, whereby the ancient heroes have already outlasted their monuments and mechanical preservations. But in this latter scene of time we cannot expect such mummies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the prophecy of Elias,² and Charles the Fifth can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector.³

And, therefore, restless inquietude for the diuturnity of our memories, unto present considerations, seems a vanity almost out of date, and superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names as some have done in their persons. One face of Janus holds no proportion to the other.⁴ 'Tis too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope without injury to our expectations in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We, whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time, are providentially taken off from such imaginations; and being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration, which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that's past a moment.

There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things: our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years;⁵ generations pass while some trees stand; and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions like many in Gruter,⁶ to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries, who we were, and have new names given us like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.

To be content that times to come should only know there was such a man, not caring whether they knew more of him, was a frigid ambition in Cardan.⁷ Who cares to subsist like Hippocrates's pa-

¹ *Atropos* was one of the Fates, and her duty was to cut the thread of human life; hence the passage means, "finding nothing to prevent their obtaining immortality."

² *Viz.*, that the world was to last only 6000 years.

³ Because Hector lived two Methuselahs—that is, two thousand years—before Charles the Fifth was born.

⁴ The ancients represented Janus with two faces,—one looking behind, the other before. Sir Thomas means that the period during which the world was likely to exist, was probably very small in comparison with that during which it had already existed.

⁵ Because other bodies are laid beneath them, and they themselves are moved.

⁶ *i.e.*, in Gruter's famous collection of inscriptions.

⁷ A famous Italian physician and astrologer; died 1576.

tients,¹ or Achilles's horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the essence and soul of our subsistences? To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name, than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief than Pilate?

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostatus lives that burnt the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations, and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favour of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the flood, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment. And since it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes;² since the brother of death³ daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time, that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration; diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls,—a good way to continue their memories, while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoy the fame of their past selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistences, to attend⁴ the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies which Cambyzes or time hath spared, avarice now con-

¹ Hippocrates was a famous physician of Cos, in the fourth century B.C.

² According to the custom of the Jews, who placed a lighted wax candle in a pot of ashes by the corpse.

³ Sleep.

⁴ i.e., to wait for. Browne alludes to the Egyptian practice of embalming, founded on the belief that, if the body was preserved, the soul would again reanimate it.

sumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

XIII. LORD CLARENDON.

EDWARD HYDE, Lord Clarendon, was born at Dinton in Wilts, in 1608. He was descended of an ancient and highly respectable family, which had already given to England several eminent lawyers. After a short residence at Oxford, he devoted himself to the same profession, and was entered in the Middle Temple, where he enjoyed the friendship of many of the most eminent men of the day, Lord Falkland, Ben Jonson, Sir Kenelm Digby, Selden, Hales, and Chillingworth. His rank, influence, and ability procured for him a seat in Parliament, and he speedily acquired a respectable standing in the House. In the Long Parliament, he was from the first one of the most conspicuous members, and one of that party who desired a redress of grievances and a moderate reform, without any violent alteration of the constitution; and when matters proceeded to an extreme which threatened an appeal to the sword, he sided openly with the King. During the war he was in constant attendance upon Charles, and most of the able papers issued by the King during the continuance of hostilities were from the pen of Clarendon. On the utter prostration of the royalists in England, he escaped to France, where Charles II. appointed him Lord Chancellor, and committed to him the management of his affairs. After the Restoration, he was created Earl of Clarendon, and for some time was the chief adviser of the thoughtless monarch. But his stern integrity at length became intolerable to the dissolute Charles and his unprincipled favourites, while at the same time he had become unpopular by his attempt to strengthen the royal prerogative; and thus deserted by all parties, and threatened with an impeachment, he fled to the Continent, where he died at Rouen in 1674. His chief work is his "History of the Rebellion," written to defend, as far as possible, the proceedings of Charles I. Its style, from superabundance of matter, is heavy and lumbering, generally dignified, but never elegant or lively. The narrative is overlaid with details, and is consequently unimpressive; but in power of delineating character he has not been surpassed by any English writer. His accuracy has been of late much questioned, but it must be remembered that he writes professedly as a royalist, and he therefore naturally dwells but slightly on the faults of his party, and puts the best face upon their proceedings. His incorruptible integrity altogether forbids the supposition that he would willingly falsify his narrative; and if, in the great accumulation of details which his voluminous history comprises, inaccuracies and contradictions are found, many of these must be at once ascribed to the carelessness or insincerity of his informants; and as to others, it may be doubted whether the influence of hostile politics, and the spirit of the verbal criticism of the present day, which is so apt to elevate trifles into importance, have not unduly magnified the defects of one who, after every deduction has been made, must be admitted to be one of our greatest historians.

1. CHARACTER OF HAMPDEN.—("HISTORY OF THE REBELLION,"
P. 396. OXFORD EDITION, 1843.)

Hampden was a gentleman of a good family in Buckinghamshire, and born to a fair fortune, and of a most civil and affable deportment. In his entrance into the world, he indulged to himself all the licence in sports, and exercises, and company, which was used by men of the most jolly conversation. Afterwards, he retired to a more reserved and melancholy society, yet preserving his own natural cheerfulness and vivacity, and, above all, a flowing courtesy to all men; though they who conversed nearly with him found him growing into a dislike of the ecclesiastical government of the church, yet most believed it rather a dislike of some churchmen,¹ and of some introducements of theirs, which he apprehended might disturb the public peace. He was rather of reputation in his own country, than of public discourse or fame in the kingdom, before the business of ship-money; but then he grew the argument of all tongues, every man inquiring who and what he was that durst, at his own charge, support the liberty and property of the kingdom, and rescue his country, as he thought, from being made a prey to the court. His carriage throughout this agitation was with that rare temper and modesty that they who watched him narrowly to find some advantage against his person, to make him less resolute in his cause, were compelled to give him a just testimony. And the judgment that was given against him infinitely more advanced him than the service for which it was given. When this parliament² began (being returned knight of the shire for the county where he lived), the eyes of all men were fixed on him as their country's father, and the pilot that must steer the vessel through the tempests and rocks which threatened it. And I am persuaded his power and interest at that time was greater to do good or hurt than any man's in the kingdom, or than any man in his rank hath had in any time; for his reputation of honesty was universal, and his affections seemed so publicly guided that no corrupt or private ends could bias them.

He was of that rare affability and temper in debate, and of that seeming humility and submission of judgment, as if he brought no opinion with him, but a desire of information and instruction; yet he had so subtle a way of interrogating, and, under the notion of doubts, insinuating his objections, that he left his opinions with those from whom he pretended to learn and receive them. And even with them who were able to preserve themselves from his infusions, and discerned those opinions to be fixed in him, with which they could not comply, he always left the character of an ingenious³ and conscientious person. He was indeed a very wise man, and of great parts, and possessed with the most absolute spirit of popularity, that is, the most absolute faculties to govern the people, of any man I ever knew. For the first year of the parliament, he seemed rather

¹ *e.g.*, Laud.

² The Long Parliament.

³ *i.e.*, ingenious.

to moderate and soften the violent and distempered humours than to inflame them. But wise and dispassioned men plainly discerned that that moderation proceeded from prudence and observation that the season was not ripe, rather than that he approved of the moderation ; and that he begat many opinions and notions, the education whereof he committed to other men ; so far disguising his own designs that he seemed seldom to wish more than was concluded : and in many gross conclusions, which would hereafter contribute to designs not yet set on foot, when he found them sufficiently backed by majority of voices, he would withdraw himself before the question, that he might seem not to consent to so much visible unreasonableness ; which produced as great a doubt in some as it did approbation in others of his integrity. What combination soever had been originally with the Scots for the invasion of England, and what farther was entered into afterwards in favour of them, and to advance any alteration in parliament, no man doubts was at least with the privity of this gentleman.

After he was among those members accused by the king of high treason he was much altered ; his nature and carriage seeming much fiercer than it did before. And, without question, when he first drew his sword he threw away the scabbard ; for he passionately opposed the overture made by the king for a treaty from Nottingham, and as eminently, any expedients that might have produced any accommodations in this that was at Oxford ; and was principally relied on to prevent any infusions which might be made into the Earl of Essex towards peace, or to render them ineffectual if they were made ; and was indeed much more relied on by that party than the general himself. In the first entrance into the troubles he undertook the command of a regiment of foot, and performed the duty of a colonel, on all occasions, most punctually. He was very temperate in diet, and a supreme governor over all his passions and affections, and had thereby a great power over other men's. He was of an industry and vigilance not to be tired out or wearied by the most laborious ; and of parts not to be imposed upon by the most subtle or sharp ; and of a personal courage equal to his best parts : so that he was an enemy not to be wished wherever he might have been made a friend ; and as much to be apprehended where he was so, as any man could deserve to be. And therefore his death was no less congratulated on the one party than it was condoled in the other. In a word, what was said of Cinna might well be applied to him : " He had a head to contrive, and a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief." His death, therefore, seemed to be a great deliverance to the nation.

2. BATTLE OF DUNBAR.—("HISTORY," P. 751.)

In July Cromwell entered Scotland, and marched without any opposition till he came within less than a day's journey of Edinburgh ; where he found the Scottish army encamped upon a very

advantageous ground ; and he made his quarters as near as he could conveniently, and yet with disadvantages enough ; for the country was so destroyed behind him, and the passes so guarded before, that he was compelled to send for all his provision for horse and foot from England by sea (and Cromwell being seized upon by a fever, which held him about six weeks, during which time the army lay still) ; insomuch as the army was reduced to great straits ; and the Scots really believed that they had them all at their mercy, except such as would embark on board their ships. But as soon as Cromwell had recovered a little strength, his army began to remove, and seemed to provide for their march. Whether that march was to retire out of so barren a country for want of provisions (which, no doubt, were very scarce ; and the season of the year would not permit them to depend upon all necessary supplies by sea, for it was now the month of September), or whether that motion was only to draw the Scots from the advantageous post of which they were possessed, is not yet understood. But it was confessed on all sides, that, if the Scots had remained within their trenches, and sent parties of horse to have followed the English army closely, they must have so disordered them, that they would have left their cannon and all their heavy carriage behind them, besides the danger the foot must have been in. But the Scots did not intend to part with them so easily ; they doubted not but to have the spoil of the whole army. And, therefore, they no sooner discerned that the English were upon their march but they decamped, and followed with their whole body all the night following, and found themselves in the morning within a small distance of the enemy ; for Cromwell was quickly advertised that the Scottish army was dislodged, and marched after him ; and thereupon he made a stand, and put his men in good order. The Scots found they were not upon so clear a chase as they imagined, and placed themselves again upon such a side of a hill as they believed the English would not have the courage to attack them there.

But Cromwell knew them too well to fear them upon any ground, when there were no trenches or fortifications to keep him from them ; and therefore he made haste to charge them on all sides, upon what advantage-ground soever they stood. Their horse did not sustain one charge ; but fled, and were pursued with a great execution. The foot depended much upon their ministers, who preached, and prayed, and assured them of the victory, till the English were upon them ; and some of their preachers were knocked on the head whilst they were promising the victory. Though there was so little resistance made, that Cromwell lost very few men by that day's service, yet the execution was very terrible upon the enemy ; the whole body of the foot being, upon the matter, cut in pieces ; no quarter was given till they were weary of killing ; so that there were between five and six thousand dead upon the place ; and very few, but they who escaped by the heels of their horse, were without terrible wounds, of which very many died shortly after .

especially such of their ministers who were not killed upon the place, as very many were, had very notable marks about the head and the face, that anybody might know that they were not hurt by chance, or in the crowd, but by very good will. All the cannon, ammunition, carriages, and baggage were entirely taken, and Cromwell, with his victorious army, marched directly to Edinburgh : where he found plenty of all things which he wanted, and good accommodation for the refreshing his army, which stood in need of it.¹

3. ADVENTURES OF CHARLES II. AFTER THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER.

When the darkness of the night was over, after the king had cast himself into that wood, he discerned another man who had gotten upon an oak in the same wood, near the place where the king had rested himself, and had slept soundly. The man upon the tree had first seen the king, and knew him and came down to him, and was known to the king, being a gentleman of the neighbour county of Staffordshire, who had served his late majesty during the war, and had now been one of the few who resorted to the king after his coming to Worcester. His name was Careless, who had had a command of foot, above the degree of a captain, under the Lord Loughborough. He persuaded the king, since it could not be safe for him to go out of the wood, and that as soon as it should be fully light, the wood itself would probably be visited by those of the country, who would be searching to find those whom they might make prisoners, that he would get up into that tree where he had been, where the boughs were so thick with leaves, that a man would not be discovered there without a narrower inquiry than people usually make in places which they do not suspect. The king thought it good counsel, and with the other's help climbed into the tree, and then helped his companion to ascend after him, where they sat all that day, and securely saw many who came purposely into the wood to look after them, and heard all their discourse, how they would use the king himself if they could take him.

The day being spent in the tree, it was not in the king's power to forget that he had lived two days with eating very little, and two nights with as little sleep, so that, when the night came, he was willing to make some provision for both ; and he resolved, with the advice and assistance of his companion, to leave his blessed tree, and, when the night was dark, they walked through the wood into those enclosures which were farthest from any highway, and making a shift to get over hedges and ditches, after walking at least eight or nine miles, which were the more grievous to the king by the weight of his boots, for he could not put them off, when he cut off his hair, for want of shoes, before morning they came to a poor

¹ This part of Clarendon's narrative, which differs from the usual account, rests on hearsay, and the blame of any inaccuracies must rest not with Clarendon, but with his informant.

cottage, the owner whereof being a Roman Catholic was known to Careless. He was called up, and as soon as he knew one of them, he easily concluded in what condition they both were, and presently carried them into a little barn, full of hay, which was a better lodging than he had for himself. But when they were there, and had conferred with their host of the news and temper of the country, it was resolved that the danger would be the greater if they stayed together, and therefore that Careless should presently be gone, and should within two days send an honest man to the king, to guide him to some other place of security, and in the meantime his majesty should stay upon the hay-mow. The poor man had nothing for him to eat, but promised him good buttermilk the next morning; and so he was once more left alone, his companion, how weary soever, departing from him before day, the poor man of the house knowing no more than that he was a friend of the captain's, and one of those who had escaped from Worcester. The king slept very well in his lodging, till the time that his host brought him a piece of bread and a great pot of buttermilk, which he thought the best food he ever had eaten.

After he had rested upon this hay-mow, and fed upon this diet two days and two nights, in the evening before the third night, another fellow, a little above the condition of his host, came to the house, sent from Careless, to conduct the king to another house, more out of any road near which any part of the army was like to march. It was above twelve miles that he was to go, and was to use the same caution he had done the first night, not to go in any common road, which his guide knew well how to avoid. Here he new dressed himself, changing clothes with his landlord, and putting on those which he usually wore; he had a great mind to have kept his own shirt, but he considered that men are not sooner discovered by any mark in disguises, than by having fine linen in ill clothes, and so he parted with his shirt too, and took the same his poor host had then on. Though he had foreseen that he must leave his boots, and his landlord had taken the best care he could to provide an old pair of shoes, yet they were not easy to him when he first put them on, and, in a short time after, grew very grievous to him. In this equipage he set out from his first lodging in the beginning of the night, under the conduct of this comrade, who guided him the nearest way, crossing over hedges and ditches, that they might be in least danger of meeting passengers. This was so grievous a march, and he was so tired, that he was even ready to despair, and to prefer being taken and suffered to rest, before purchasing his safety at that price. His shoes had, after the walking a few miles, hurt him so much, that he had thrown them away, and walked the rest of the way in his ill stockings, which were quickly worn out; and his feet, with the thorns in getting over hedges, and with the stones in other places, were so hurt and wounded, that he many times cast himself upon the ground, with a desperate and obstinate resolution to rest there till the morning, that he might shift with

less torment, what hazard soever he might run. But his stout guide still prevailed with him to make a new attempt, sometime promising that the way should be better, and sometimes assuring him that he had but little further to go; and in this distress and perplexity, before the morning, they arrived at the house designed, which, though it was better than that which he had left, his lodging was still in the barn, upon straw instead of hay, a place being made as easy in it as the expectation of a guest could dispose it. Here he had such meat and porridge as such people used to have, with which, but especially with the butter and the cheese, he thought himself well feasted, and took the best care he could to be supplied with other, little better, shoes and stockings; and after his feet were enough recovered that he could go, he was conducted from thence to another poor house, within such a distance as put him not to much trouble; for having not yet in his thought which way, or by what means to make his escape, all that was designed was only, by shifting from one house to another, to avoid discovery.

XIV. JOHN BUNYAN.

JOHN BUNYAN was born at Elstow, a small village near Bedford, in 1628. His father was a gipsy, and followed the humble craft of a tinker, which young Bunyan also practised for some time, with the usual profligacy and immorality of his race. Marrying, however, at an early age, he was reformed by the counsels of his wife, and joined a congregation of Baptists that assembled at Bedford. His ability soon became known, and at the request of the congregation he became a preacher, to the great delight of the common people, who resorted in immense crowds to the ministry of the reformed profligate whose words were so singularly powerful and attractive. Even during the Commonwealth he was threatened with legal proceedings, and after the Restoration, when all nonconforming assemblies were forbidden by Parliament, so conspicuous an offender as Bunyan was of course not allowed long to escape. He was condemned to imprisonment, and was accordingly committed to Bedford jail, where he remained nearly thirteen years. His confinement was not, however, very rigorous, as, through the connivance of his jailor, he was for nearly half the time allowed to itinerate and preach as usual. It was while in Bedford jail that he composed his "Pilgrim's Progress," aided only by the fervour of his own imagination, and the constant perusal of his Bible and Foxe's Book of Martyrs, which formed his whole library. He was at length liberated, and resumed his occupation as an itinerant preacher, but on the proclamation of toleration by James II., a chapel was erected for him at Bedford, where he preached during the rest of his life. While on a visit to some religious brethren in London, he turned suddenly ill and died 1688. Besides the "Pilgrim's Progress," he wrote "The Holy War," an allegorical work of a similar kind, and some minor productions. It is unnecessary to praise the "Pilgrim's Progress;" it is more generally known, not only in England, but all over the

world, than any other English book, and is universally admitted to be the finest of all allegories. It has been translated into almost every language, and has been found to be equally intelligible and pleasing in every country.

I. CHRISTIAN AT THE CROSS.—("PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.")

Now I saw in my dream, that the highway up which Christian was to go, was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called Salvation. Up this way, therefore, did burdened Christian run, but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back. He ran thus till he came at a place somewhat ascending; and upon that place stood a cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a sepulchre. So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble; and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said, with a merry heart, "He hath given me rest by His sorrow, and life by His death." Then he stood still awhile to look and wonder; for it was very surprising to him, that the sight of the cross should thus ease him of his burden. He looked therefore, and looked again, even till the springs that were in his head sent the waters down his cheeks. Now, as he stood looking and weeping, behold three shining ones came to him, and saluted him with "Peace be to thee;" so the first said to him, "thy sins be forgiven thee;" the second stripped him of his rags, and clothed him with change of raiment; the third also "set a mark on his forehead," and gave him a roll, with a seal upon it, which he bid him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the celestial gate: so they went their way. Then Christian gave three leaps for joy, and went on singing,—

Thus far did I come loaden with my sin;
Nor could aught ease the grief that I was in,
Till I came hither: what a place is this!
Must here be the beginning of my bliss?
Must here the burden fall from off my back?
Must here the strings that bound it to me crack?
Bless'd Cross! bless'd Sepulchre! bless'd rather be
The Man that there was put to shame for me!

I saw, then, in my dream, that he went on thus, even until he came at a bottom, where he saw, a little out of the way, three men fast asleep with fetters upon their heels. The name of the one was Simple, another Sloth, the third Presumption. Christian then seeing them lie in this case went to them, if peradventure he might awake them; and cried, "You are like them that sleep on the top of a mast; for the Dead Sea is under you, a gulph that hath no bottom; awake, therefore, and come away; be willing also, and I

will help you off with your irons." He also told them, "if he that goeth about like a roaring lion comes by, you will certainly become a prey to his teeth." With that they looked upon him, and began to answer him in this sort: Simple said, "I see no danger;" Sloth said, "yet a little more sleep;" and Presumption said, "every vat must stand upon its own bottom." And so they laid¹ down to sleep again, and Christian went on his way.

2. CHRISTIAN CLIMBS THE HILL DIFFICULTY, AND ARRIVES AT THE PALACE BEAUTIFUL.

I looked after Christian to see him go up by the hill, where I perceived he fell from running to going, and from going to clambering upon his hands and his knees, because of the steepness of the place. Now, about the midway to the top of the hill was a pleasant arbour, made by the Lord of the hill, for the refreshment of weary travellers; thither, therefore, Christian got, where also he sat down to rest him. Then he pulled his roll out of his bosom, and read therein to his comfort; he also now began afresh to take a review of the coat or garment that was given to him as he stood by the cross. Thus pleasing himself a while, he at last fell into a slumber, and thence into a fast sleep, which detained him in that place until it was almost night; and in his sleep his roll fell out of his hand. Now, as he was sleeping, there came one to him, and awaked him, saying, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise;" and with that Christian suddenly started up and sped him on his way, and went apace till he came to the top of the hill.

Now, when he was got up to the top of the hill, there came two men running to meet him again; the name of the one was Timorous, and of the other Mistrust; to whom Christian said, "Sirs, what is the matter? you run the wrong way." Timorous answered that they were going to the city of Zion, and had got up that difficult place; "but," said he, "the farther we go, the more danger we meet with, wherefore we turned, and are going back again."

"Yes," said Mistrust, "for just before us lie a couple of lions in the way; whether sleeping or waking we know not; and we could not think, if we came within reach, but they would presently pull us in pieces."

Then said Christian, "You make me afraid; but whither shall I flee to be safe? If I go back to my own country, that is prepared for fire and brimstone, and I shall certainly perish there: if I can get to the celestial city, I am sure to be in safety there. I must venture: to go back is nothing but death; to go forward is fear of death, and life everlasting beyond it; I will yet go forward."

So Mistrust and Timorous ran down the hill, and Christian went on his way. But thinking again of what he had heard from the men, he felt in his bosom for his roll, that he might read therein

¹ This use of the active verb *lay* instead of the neuter verb *lie* was common in Bunyan's time, and was not by any means considered inaccurate or vulgar, as at present it is.

and be comforted ; but he felt, and found it not. Then was Christian in great distress, and knew not what to do ; for he wanted that which used to relieve him, and that which should have been his pass into the celestial city. Here, therefore, he began to be much perplexed, and knew not what to do. At last he bethought himself that he had slept in the arbour that is on the side of the hill ; and falling down upon his knees, he asked God forgiveness for that foolish act, and then went back to look for his roll. But all the way he went back, who can sufficiently set forth the sorrow of Christian's heart ? Sometimes he sighed, sometimes he wept, and oftentimes he chid himself for being so foolish to fall asleep in that place, which was erected only for a little refreshment for his weariness. Thus, therefore, he went back, carefully looking on this side and on that, all the way as he went, if happily he might find his roll, that had been his comfort so many times in his journey. He went thus, till he came again within sight of the arbour where he sat and slept ; but that sight renewed his sorrow the more, by bringing again, even afresh, his evil of sleeping into his mind. Thus, therefore, he now went on, bewailing his sinful sleep.

Now, by this time, he was come to the arbour again, where, for a while, he sat down and wept ; but at last (as Providence would have it), looking sorrowfully down under the settle,¹ there he espied his roll, the which he, with trembling and haste, caught up and put into his bosom. But who can tell how joyful this man was when he had gotten his roll again ! For this roll was the assurance of his life and acceptance at the desired haven. Therefore he laid it up in his bosom, gave thanks to God for directing his eyes to the place where it lay, and with joy and tears betook himself again to his journey. But, O how nimbly now did he go up the rest of the hill ! Yet, before he got up, the sun went down upon Christian ; and this made him again recall the vanity of his sleeping to his remembrance, and then he again began to condole with himself. O thou sinful sleep ! how, for thy sake, am I like to be benighted in my journey ! I must walk without the sun, darkness must cover the path of my feet, and I must hear the noise of the doleful creatures because of my sinful sleep. Now, also, he remembered the story that Mistrust and Timorous told him of, how they were frightened with the sight of the lions. Then, said Christian to himself again, "these beasts range in the night for their prey, and if they should meet with me in the dark, how should I shift them ?—how should I escape being by them torn in pieces ? Thus he went on ; but while he was thus bewailing his unhappy miscarriage, he lift up his eyes, and behold there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was *Beautiful* ; and it stood just by the highway side.

So I saw in my dream that he made haste and went forward, that, if possible, he might get lodging there. Now, before he had

¹ i.e., stool or seat; the word is still used colloquially.

gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, which was about a furlong off of the porter's lodge ; and, looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way. Now, thought he, I see the danger that Mistrust and Timorous were driven back by. (The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains.) Then he was afraid, and thought also himself to go back after them ; for he thought nothing but death was before him ; but the porter at the lodge, whose name is *Watchful*, perceiving that Christian made a halt as if he would go back, cried unto him, saying, "Is thy strength so small ? Fear not the lions ; for they are chained, and are placed there for trial of faith where it is, and for discovery of those that have none ; keep in the midst of the path, and no hurt shall come unto thee."

Then I saw that he went on, trembling for fear of the lions ; but, taking good heed to the directions of the porter, he heard them roar : but they did him no harm. Then he clapped his hands, and went on till he came and stood before the gate where the porter was.

XV. OWEN FELLTHAM.

OF Owen Felltham's history nothing is known but that he belonged to the county of Suffolk. He is supposed to have been born towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, to have been connected with the family of the Earl of Thomond, to have been educated at Cambridge, and to have died about 1670 ; but on these and all other points nothing has been ascertained with certainty. He attained some reputation as a poet, but is chiefly known by his "*Resolves*," one of the most popular books of his day. It was written in the author's youth, and passed through at least nine editions in his lifetime ; but an attempt to revive its popularity in modern times has failed. In his best parts we are occasionally reminded of Hall and Fuller, but there is in general a want of knowledge and judgment which, added to a conceited style, has prevented the book becoming a favourite in our day.

I. OF TRUTH AND BITTERNESS IN JEST.

It is not good for man to be too tart in his jests. Bitterness is for serious potions ; not for health's merriment, or the jollities of a mirthful feast. An offensive man is the devil's bellows, wherewith he blows up contentions and jars. In wit I find nothing more galling than an offensive truth ; for thereby we run into two great errors : one is, we chide that in a loose laughter which should be grave, and savour both of love and pity ; the other is, we descend to personality, and by that means draw the whole company to witness the disgrace of him at whose expense the joke is. The soldier is not noble who makes sport with the wounds of his companion. Whosoever will jest should be like him who flourishes at a show ; he should not aim more at one than at another. Things like truth,

are in this case better than truth itself. Nor is it less improper than unsafe to fling about at random this wormwood of the brain, our wit ; for some noses are too tender to endure the smell of it. And though there may be many who, like tiled houses, can admit a falling spark without injury, yet some, again, are covered with such light dry straw, that with the least touch they will kindle and flame about our ears ; and when the house is on fire, it is unavailing to wonder from how small a matter it arose. Anger is but a step from rage, and rage is a wild fire which is not to be extinguished. It is true, anger sooner inflames a fool than a man composed in his resolutions. But we are not always sure to meet with discreet ones, nor can we very well hope it while we ourselves are otherwise, in giving the occasion for folly to show itself. Fools are the greater number ; wise men are like timber-trees in a wood, here and there one. But when we grow bitter to a wise man, we are then worst ; for he sees farther into the offence, and is able to make us feel for it more than the other. Laughter should dimple the cheek, not furrow the brow. A jest should be such that all shall be able to join in the laugh which it occasions, but if it bears hard upon one of the company, like the crack of a string, it makes a stop in the music. Though all have not wit to reject the arrow which is aimed at them, yet most have memory to retain the offence. It is but an unhappy wit which stirs up enenies against the owner of it. A man may spit out his friend from his tongue, or laugh him into an enemy. Gall and mirth is an ill and unnatural mixture, and sometimes truth is bitterness. I would wish every man to be pleasingly merry, but let us beware we bring not truth on the stage like a wanton with an edged weapon.

2. OF RECONCILING ENEMIES.

It is much safer to reconcile an enemy than to conquer him. Victory deprives him of his power ; but reconciliation of his will ; and there is less danger in a will which will not hurt, than in a power which cannot. Besides, an enemy is a perpetual spy upon thy actions, a watch to observe thy falls and thy wanderings. When he is free from thy power, his malice makes him nimble-eyed ; apt to mark a fault, and publish it : and by a strained construction, to depreciate those things which thy intentions tell thy soul are honest. Like the crocodile, he slimes thy way to make thee fall ; and when thou art down, he watches for thy life. Thy ways he strews with serpents and venomous animals. Thy vices he sets like St Paul's,¹ on high, for the gaze of the world and the wide city ; thy virtues, like St Faith's, he places underground, that none may see them. Certainly, it is a misery to have for one's enemies those who are very powerful, or naturally very malicious. If they cannot wound upon

¹ *i. e.*, like old St Paul's in London, very conspicuous ; St Faith's is the crypt beneath St Paul's, and therefore is concealed from view.

proofs, they will do it upon likelihoods : and so, by degrees and sly ways, undermine our reputation ;—and they have this advantage, that the multitude will sooner believe them than ourselves ; for affirmations are apter to win belief than negatives. It was the saying of Machiavel, that a slander once raised, will scarce ever die or fail of finding some, who will allow it both a harbour and trust. The world is of itself desirous to scar the face that is fairer than her own. When Seneca asked the question, *what is most hostile to man ?* he himself answered, *another man*. But if our enemy be noble-minded, he will scorn to take an advantage of us when it may be in his power. Let his worth persuade thee to a reconciliation. He that can be a worthy enemy, will, when reconciled, be a worthier friend. If thy enemy be unworthy, reconcile him too. Though nothing else be gained by it but the stilling of a scandalous tongue, even that will be worth thy labour. Use him, as a friend, in *outward fairness* ; but beware of him as an enemy, apt to resume his arms. He who is a base foe will hardly be otherwise than false in friendship. If it may be done with honour, I should think it a work of good discretion to regain a violent adversary. But to do it so as to bring a *meanness* on one's self, though it be safe, is worse than to be conquered in a manful contest. Friendship is not commendable when it arises from dishonourable treaties. But he that, upon good terms, refuses a reconciliation, may be stubborn, but, certainly is neither liberal nor wise. I shall think that endeavour spent to purpose that either makes a friend or unmakes an enemy. In the one, a treasure is won ; in the other, a siege is raised. When one said *he was a wise king that was kind to his friends and sharp to his enemies* : says another, *he is wiser that can retain his friends in their love, and make his enemies like them*.

3. OF LAW.

Law is the bridle of the human beast, whereby he is held from starting, and from stumbling in his way. It is the hedge on either side the road, which hinders him breaking into other men's property. A man had as well live in Egypt among all the ten plagues, as in the world among the wicked, without law to defend him. It is every man's civil armour, that guards him from the gripes of rapine. And, indeed, it is for this chiefly that laws are in use among men ; for the wise and good do not need them as a guide, but as a shield ; they can live civilly and orderly though there were no law in the world. And though wise and good men invented laws, they were fools and wicked men that put them upon the study. To rule such wild cattle, there needed both the judgment and the wit of the best and ablest, to find out ways to trammel them, and keep them within orderly bounds. In the beginnings of thriving states, when they are more industrious and simple, they have the fewest laws. Rome itself had, at first, but twelve tables ; but, afterwards, how infinitely did their laws increase ! Old states, like old bodies, will

be sure to contract diseases ; and where the law-makers are many, the laws will never be few. That nation is in the best state which has the fewest laws, and those good. Variety only multiplies snares. And oftentimes, when the law did not intend it, men are made guilty by the pleader's oratory, which is exerted either to display his eloquence, to advance his practice, or, out of mastery, to carry his cause. To go to law is, for two persons to kindle a fire at their own cost, to warm others, and singe themselves to cinders. Because they cannot agree as to what is truth and equity, they will both agree to unplume themselves that others may be stuck with their feathers. The Apostle throws the brand of simple on those who, by striving this way, consume both their peace, their treasure, and their time ; and expose a game to the packing and the shuffling of others, when they might soberly cut and deal the cards themselves. Is there none wise enough to compound businesses without calling in the crafty and the cunning ? Or is there none who has wisdom sufficient to moderate a little, that he may save a great deal more ?

A lawsuit is like a building : we cast up the charge in gross, and under-reckon it ; but being in for it we are trained along through several items, till we can neither bear the account, nor leave off, though we have a mind to it. The anxiety, the trouble the attendance, the hazard, the checks, the vexatious delays, the surreptitious advantages against us, the defeats of hope, the falseness of pretending friends, the interests of parties, the negligence of agents, and the designs of ruin upon us, do put us upon a combat against all that can plague poor man ; or else we must lie down, be trodden upon, be kicked, and die.

So far law may be compared to war—that it is a last resort, and ought never to be used but when all other means do fail ;—and then the pleaders ought to hold themselves to that. He who vindicates the law does no man wrong ; but he that digresseth to impertinencies or the personal stains of men, is rather a fly that buzzes, and sucks the wound, than a champion for truth, or a helmet to keep the head of justice whole.

XVI. MRS HUTCHINSON.

LUCY HUTCHINSON was the daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower, where she was born in 1620. She was educated in strict, or as they were then called, puritanical principles ; and her attachment to them was increased by her marriage, in 1638, to Colonel Hutchinson. The Colonel belonged to a respectable family in Nottingham, and was one of the first to take up arms against the King in the civil war, and was a prominent person during the whole period of hostilities. The work of his widow, a "Memoir of her Husband's Life," contains a lively narrative of the civil war, referring especially to those actions in which her husband was concerned ; and

while, from the times in which he lived, and the important part he played, the work would be interesting and valuable whatever were its style, it possesses double value from the writer's ability, her personal knowledge of many of the men concerned in the civil war, and her high principle, which, though it may not have kept her from being deceived, yet assures the reader that she would not wittingly pen what was false.

1. CHARACTER OF CHARLES I.

The face of the court was much changed in the change of the king ; for King Charles was temperate, chaste, and serious ; so that the fools and mimics of the former court grew out of fashion, and the nobility and courtiers, who did not quite abandon their debaucheries, yet so revered the king as to retire into corners to practise them. Men of learning and ingenuity in all arts were in esteem, and received encouragement from the king, who was a most excellent judge, and a great lover of paintings, carvings, gravings, and many other ingenuities less offensive than the profane abusive wit which was the only exercise of the other court. But, as in the primitive times it is observed that the best emperors were some of them stirred up by Satan to be the bitterest persecutors of the Church, so this king was a worse encroacher upon the civil and spiritual liberties of his people, by far, than his father. He married a papist, a French lady, of a haughty spirit, and a great wit and beauty, to whom he became a most uxorious husband. By this means the Court was replenished with papists ; and many who hoped to advance themselves by the change, turned to that religion. All the papists in the kingdom were favoured, and, by the king's example, matched into the best families : the puritans were more than ever discountenanced and persecuted, insomuch that many of them chose to abandon their native country and leave their dearest relations, to retire into any foreign soil or plantation where they might, amidst all outward inconveniences, enjoy the free exercise of God's worship. Such as could not flee were tormented in the bishops' courts, fined, whipped, pilloried, imprisoned, and suffered to enjoy no rest, so that death was better than life to them ; and notwithstanding their patient sufferance of all these things, yet was not the king satisfied till the whole land was reduced to perfect slavery.

2. ORIGIN OF THE NAME ROUNDHEAD.

This name of Roundhead coming so opportunely in, I shall make a little digression to tell how it came up. When puritanism grew into a faction, the zealots distinguished themselves, both men and women, by several affectations of habit, looks, and words, which, had it been a real forsaking of vanity, and an embracing of sobriety in all those things, would have been most commendable ; but their quick forsaking of those things when they had arrived at their ob-

ject, showed that they either never took them up for conscience, or were corrupted by their prosperity to take up those vain things they durst not practise under persecution. Among other affected habits, few of the puritans, what degree soever they were of, wore their hair long enough to cover their ears; and the ministers and many others cut it close round their heads, with so many little peaks, as was something ridiculous to behold; whereupon Cleaveland,¹ in his *Hue and Cry* after them, begins,—

“With hair in characters, and luggs in text,” &c.

From this custom of wearing their hair, that name of Roundhead became the scornful term given to the whole Parliament party, whose army, indeed, marched out as if they had been only sent out till their hair was grown. Two or three years after, any stranger that had seen them would have inquired the reason of that name. It was ill applied to Mr Hutchinson, who, having naturally a very fine thick-set head of hair, kept it clean and handsome, so that it was a great ornament to him; although the godly of those days, when he embraced their party, would not allow him to be religious because his hair was not in their cut, nor his words in their phrase, nor such little formalities altogether fitted to their humour; who were, many of them, so weak as to esteem such insignificant circumstances rather than solid wisdom, piety, and courage, which brought real aid and honour to their party. But as Mr Hutchinson chose not them, but the God they served, and the truth and righteousness they defended, so did not their weaknesses, censures, ingratitude, or discouraging behaviour, with which he was abundantly exercised all his life, make him forsake them in anything wherein they adhered to just and honourable principles or practices; but when they apostatized from these, none cast them off with greater indignation, how shining soever the profession was that gilt, not a temple of living grace, but a tomb, which only held the carcase of religion.

3. HUTCHINSON'S INTERVIEW WITH CROMWELL.

Colonel Hutchinson had a great intimacy with many of the levellers; and, so far as they acted according to the just, pious, and public spirit which they professed, he owned and protected them as far as he had power. These were they who first began to discover the ambition of Lieutenant-General Cromwell and his idolaters, and to suspect and dislike it. About this time, he was sent down, after his victory in Wales, to encounter Hamilton in the north. When he went down, the chief of these levellers, following him out of the town to take their leave of him, received such professions from

¹ John Cleaveland, a sturdy and indomitable cavalier, was the most popular poet of his time. He strongly satirized Cromwell, the Puritans, and especially the Scots, whom he held in perfect detestation. His works are now forgot, though quite as worthy of preservation as many which the caprice of popular taste still holds in honour.

him, of a spirit bent to pursue the same just and honest things which they desired, that they went away with great satisfaction, till they heard that a coachful of Presbyterian priests coming after them went away no less pleased; by which it was apparent he dissembled with one or the other, and by so doing lost his credit with both.

When he came to Nottingham, Colonel Hutchinson went to see him, whom he embraced with all the expressions of kindness that one friend could make to another, and then retiring with him, pressed him to tell him what his friends, the levellers, thought of him. The colonel, who was the freest man in the world from concealing truth from his friend, especially when it was required of him in love and plainness, not only told him what others thought of him, but what he himself conceived; and how much it would darken all his glories if he should become a slave to his own ambition, and be guilty of what he gave the world just cause to suspect; and, therefore, he begged of him to wear his heart in his face, and to scorn to delude his enemies, but to make use of his noble courage to maintain what he believed to be just against all great opposers. Cromwell made mighty professions of a sincere heart to him; but it is certain that for this, and such-like plain dealing with him, he dreaded the colonel, and made it his particular business to keep him out of the army; but the colonel desiring command, not to serve himself but his country, would not use that art he detested in others to procure himself any advantage.

4. CHARACTER OF CROMWELL'S GOVERNMENT.

In the interim Cromwell and his army grew wanton with their power, and invented a thousand tricks of government, which, when nobody opposed, they themselves fell to dislike and vary every day. First he calls a parliament out of his own pocket, himself naming a sort of godly men for every county, who meeting and not agreeing, a part of them, in the name of the people, gave up the sovereignty to him. Shortly after he makes up several sorts of mock parliaments, but not finding one of them absolutely to his turn, turned them off again. He soon quitted himself of his triumvirs, and first thrust out Harrison, then took away Lambert's commission, and would have been king but for fear of quitting his generalship. He weeded, in a few months' time, above a hundred and fifty godly officers out of the army, with whom many of the religious soldiers went off, and in their room abundance of the king's dissolute soldiers were entertained; and the army was almost changed from that godly religious army, whose valour God had crowned with triumph, into the dissolute army they had beaten, bearing yet a better name. His wife and children were setting up for principality, which suited no better with any of them than scarlet on the ape; only, to speak the truth of himself, he had much natural greatness, and well became the place he had usurped. His daughter Fleetwood was humbled,

and not exalted with these things, but the rest were insolent fools. Claypole, who married his daughter, and his son Henry, were two debauched, ungodly cavaliers. Richard was a peasant in his nature, yet gentle and virtuous, but became not greatness. His court was full of sin and vanity, and the more abominable, because they had not yet cast away the name of God, but profaned it by taking it in vain upon them. True religion was now almost lost, even among the religious party, and hypocrisy became an epidemical disease, to the sad grief of Colonel Hutchinson, and all true-hearted Christians and Englishmen. Almost all the ministers everywhere fell in and worshipped this beast, and courted and made addresses to him. So did the city of London, and many of the degenerate lords of the law, with the poor-spirited gentry. The cavaliers, in policy, who saw, that while Cromwell reduced all by the exercise of tyrannical power under another name, there was a door opened for the restoration of their party, fell much in with Cromwell, and heightened all his disorders. He at last exercised such an arbitrary power that the whole land grew weary of him, while he set up a company of silly, mean fellows, called major-generals, as governors in every county. These ruled according to their wills, by no law but what seemed good in their own eyes, imprisoning men, obstructing the course of justice between man and man, perverting right through partiality, acquitting some that were guilty, and punishing some that were innocent as guilty. Then he exercised another project to raise money, by decimation of the estates of all the king's party, of which action it is said Lambert was the instigator. At last he took upon himself to make lords and knights, and wanted not many fools, both of the army and gentry, to accept of, and strut in his mock titles. Then the Earl of Warwick's grandchild and the Lord Falconbridge married his two daughters; such pitiful slaves were the nobles of those days. At last Lambert, perceiving himself to have been all this while deluded with hopes and promises of succession, and seeing that Cromwell now intended to confirm the government in his own family, fell off from him; but behaved himself very pitifully and meanly; for his ambition had this difference from the Protector's,—the one was gallant and great, the other had nothing but an unworthy pride, most insolent in prosperity, and as abject and base in adversity.

XVII. IZAAK WALTON.

IZAAK WALTON was born at Stafford in 1598. His father died when he was very young, and Izaak, bred to trade, established himself as a linen-draper in London in a small shop near the Exchange, from which he afterwards removed to Fleet Street. His industry was rewarded with wealth, and when the civil wars broke out he had already

realized such a competency as enabled him to retire from business and spend the rest of his life in peace at Winchester, where he died in 1688 at the advanced age of ninety. He was generally esteemed, and occupied a highly respectable place in society; he married a descendant of Archbishop Cranmer, and afterwards the sister of Bishop Ken. In 1640 he published the life of Dr Donne, Dean of St Paul's, which had been in part prepared by his friend Sir Henry Wotton, but left incomplete at his death; and the success with which he accomplished this task induced him to issue at various periods biographies of Hooker, George Herbert, Bishop Sanderson, and Sir Henry Wotton, all of which are distinguished by cheerfulness, simplicity, and good sense. But it is chiefly as the author of the "Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation," that Walton is now known, and on it his fame rests imperishably. Its pleasant cheerful tone, delightful description, genuine and unaffected love of nature, easy and attractive style, and charming intermixture of prose and verse, happy humour, sound advice, and piscatorial instructions, have rendered it a universal favourite.

ON THANKFULNESS.—("COMPLETE ANGLER," CHAP. XXI.)

(Addressed by Izaak Walton to his pupil in the art of Angling.)

Well, scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High-Cross, I will, as we walk towards it, in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we two met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness, to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for our happiness. And, that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the Stone, the Gout, and Tooth-ache; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-stricken; and we have been freed from these, and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature: let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the unsupportable burthen of an accusing, tormenting conscience; a misery that none can bear, and therefore let us praise Him for his preventing grace, and say, "Every misery that I miss is a new mercy." Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us; who, with the expense of a little money, have eat and drank, and laughed and angled, and sung and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung and laughed, and angled again; which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbour, that is always so busy

that he has no leisure to laugh ; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money ; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, "the diligent hand maketh rich : " and it is true indeed ; but he considers not that 'tis not in the power of riches to make a man happy : for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, "that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them : " and yet God deliver us from pinching poverty ; and grant, that having a competency, we may be content and thankful.

Let not us repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches ; when, as God knows, the cares, that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days, and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness : few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that, when she seems to play, is, at the very same time, spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich men do ; loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably, unconscionably got. Let us therefore be thankful for health and competence, and above all, for a quiet conscience. Let me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair ; where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks ; and having observed them, and all the other finnimbrums that make a complete country fair ; he said to his friend, "How many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need." And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God, that He hath not given him enough to make his life happy ? No, doubtless ; for nature is content with a little : and yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want ; though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will, it may be, nothing but the will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping, or not flattering him : and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller, and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not show her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I knew another, to whom God hath given health and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud, and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church ; which, being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it ; and, at last, into a law-suit with a dogged neighbour, who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other ; and this law-suit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and law-suits ; for you must remember, that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well, this wilful purse-proud law-suit lasted during the life of the first husband :

after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave ; and so the wealth of these poor rich people was curst into a punishment ; because they wanted meek and thankful hearts ; for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another : and being asked by a friend, why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, " it was to find content in some one of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, if he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him ; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul. And this may appear if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St Matthew's Gospel ; for He there says : " Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy : blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God : blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven : blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven ; but in the meantime he, and he only, possesses the earth as he goes toward that kingdom of heaven ; by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him : he has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts, that he deserves better ; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honour, or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share ; but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness ; such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself.

My honest scholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness ; and to incline you the more let me tell you, that though the prophet David was guilty of murder and adultery, and many other of the most deadly sins, yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart ; because he abounded more with thankfulness than any other that is mentioned in holy Scripture, as may appear in his book of Psalms, where there is such a commixture of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God Himself, to be a man after His own heart ; and let us in that labour to be as like him as we can ; let not the blessings we daily receive from God make us not to value, or not to praise Him, because they be common. Let us not forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with since we met together ? I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in his full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object, to behold all

the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily ; and for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises ; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun, and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

Well, scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you ; but I now see Tottenham High-Cross ; and our short walk thither shall put a period to my too long discourse ; in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind, with which I labour to possess my own soul : that is, a meek and thankful heart. And, to that end, I have showed you that riches without them do not make any man happy. But let me tell you, that riches with them remove many fears, and cares ; and therefore my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor ; but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all. For it is well said by Caussin, " he that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping." Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health : and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience ; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of ; a blessing that money cannot buy ; and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money, which may be said to be the third blessing, neglect it not ; but note, that there is no necessity of being rich : for I told you, there be as many miseries beyond riches, as on this side them : and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, scholar, I have heard a grave divine say, that God has two dwellings, one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart. Which Almighty God grant to me, and to my honest scholar. And so you are welcome to Tottenham High-Cross.

2. PRAISE OF SONG BIRDS.—(" ANGLER," CHAP. I.)

I will not pass by those little nimble musicians of the air that warble forth their curious ditties, with which nature hath furnished them, to the shame of art. As first the lark, when she means to rejoice ; to cheer herself and those that hear her, she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air, and having ended her heavenly appointment, grows then mute and sad to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity. How do the blackbird and thrassell with their melodious voices bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed mouths warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to ? Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as namely the laverock, the titlark, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead. But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music

out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth and say: "Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!"

XVIII. ISAAC BARROW.

ISAAC BARROW was born in London in 1630, and received his early education at the Charter-house, where he was chiefly distinguished for idleness, slovenliness, and pugnacity. As he grew up, however, he reformed his conduct, became an ardent student, and was conspicuous for his learning and industry when at Trinity College, Cambridge. He and his family were inflexible royalists, and this, of course, precluded all hopes of advancement under the government of Cromwell; Barrow, therefore, spent some years in travelling on the Continent. On his return, which was about the period of the Restoration, he was appointed Greek Professor at Cambridge, and afterwards Professor of Mathematics, an office which he resigned to his friend Sir Isaac Newton, on his own elevation to the mastership of Trinity College, in 1672. He did not long survive his appointment to this new dignity, as he died in 1677. Barrow is equally distinguished as a divine and as a mathematician. His chief theological works are his "Treatise of the Pope's Supremacy," "Expositions of the Creed and Lord's Prayer," and "Sermons." They are all distinguished by the abundance of matter and thought which they contain, and the soundness and good sense of his views. His style is clear, though not very forcible, but he has justly been blamed for introducing into his writings a large number of new words formed from the Latin, few of which were necessary, and almost all have become quite obsolete.

1. BENEFITS OF WISDOM.—(BARROW'S "SERMONS," SERMON I.)

Wisdom acquaints us with ourselves, our own temper and constitution, our propensions and passions, our habitudes and capacities; a thing not only of mighty advantage, but of infinite pleasure and content to us. No man in the world less knows a fool than himself; nay, he is more than ignorant, for he constantly errs in the point, taking himself for, and demeaning himself as toward another, a better, a wiser, and abler man than he is. He hath wonderful conceits of his own qualities and faculties; he affects commendations incompetent to him; he soars at employment surpassing his ability to manage. No comedy can represent a mistake more odd and ridiculous than his; for he wanders, and stares, and hunts after, but never can find nor discern himself, but always encounters with a false shadow instead thereof, which he passionately hugs and ad-

mires. But a wise man, by constant observation and impartial reflection upon himself, grows very familiar with himself ; he perceives his own inclinations, which, if bad, he strives to alter and correct ; if good, he cherishes and corroborates them : he apprehends the matters he is fitting for and capable to manage, neither too mean and unworthy of him, nor too high and difficult for him, and those applying his care to, he transacts easily, cheerfully, and successfully. So being neither puffed up with vain and overweening opinion, nor dejected with heartless diffidence of himself ; neither admiring, nor despising ; neither irksomely hating, nor fondly loving himself ; he continues in good humour, maintains a sure friendship and fair correspondence with himself, and rejoices in the retirement and private conversation with his own thoughts, whence flows a pleasure and satisfaction inexpressible.

Wisdom procures and preserves a constant favour and fair respect of men, purchases a good name, and upholds reputation in the world ; which things are naturally desirable, commodious for life, encouragements to good, and preventive of many inconveniences. The composed frame of mind, uniform and comely demeanour, compliant and inoffensive conversation, fair and punctual dealing, considerate motions, and dexterous addresses of wise men, naturally beget esteem and affection in those that observe them. Neither than these things is there anything more commendable to human regard. As symmetry and harmony to the animal senses, so delectable is an even temper of soul and orderly tenour of actions to rational apprehensions. Folly is freakish and humorous, impertinent and obstreperous, inconstant and inconsistent, peevish and exceptious, and, consequently, fastidious to society, and productive of aversation and disrespect. But the wise man is stable in his ways, consonant to himself, suiting his actions to his words, and those to his principles, and all to the rule of right reason, so that you may know where to find him, and how to deal with him, and may easily please him, which makes his acquaintance acceptable, and his person valuable ; beside that real worth of itself commands respect, and extorts veneration from men, and usually prosperity waits upon his well-advised attempts, which exceedingly adorn and advance the credit of the undertaker ; however, if he fail sometimes, his usual deportment solves his repute, and easily makes it credible it was no fault of his, but of his fortune. If a fool prosper, the honour is attributed to propitious chance ; if he miscarry, to his own ill-management ; but the entire glory of happy undertakings crowns the head of wisdom, while the disgrace of unlucky events falls elsewhere. His light, like that of the sun, cannot totally be eclipsed ; it may be dimmed, but never extinguished, and always maintains a day though overclouded with misfortune. Who less esteems the famous African captain¹ for being overthrown in that last fatal battle, wherein he is said to have shown the best skill, and yet endured

¹ Hannibal.

the worst of success? Who contemns Cato, and other the grave citizens of Rome, for embracing the just but improsperous cause of the commonwealth? A wise man's circumstances may vary and fluctuate like the floods about a rock; but he persists unmovably the same, and his reputation unshaken; for he can always render a good account of his actions, and by reasonable apology elude the assaults of reproach.

2. GOVERNMENT OF THE TONGUE.—(BARROW'S "SERMONS,"
SERMON XIII.)

From hence, that the use of speech is itself a great ingredient into our practice, and hath a very general influence upon whatever we do, may be inferred, that whoever governeth it well, cannot also but well order his whole life. The extent of speech must needs be vast, since it is nearly commensurate to thought itself, which it ever closely traceth, widely ranging through all the immense variety of objects; so that men almost as often speak incogitantly, as they think silently. Speech is indeed the rudder that steereth human affairs, the spring that setteth the wheels of action on going; the hands work, the feet walk, all the members and all the senses act by its direction and impulse; yea, most thoughts are begotten, and most affections stirred up thereby; it is itself most of our employment, and what we do beside it, is however guided and moved by it. It is the profession and trade of many, it is the practice of all men, to be in a manner continually talking. The chief and most considerable sort of men manage all their concerns merely by words; by them princes rule their subjects, generals command their armies, senators deliberate and debate about the great matters of state; by them advocates plead causes, and judges decide them; divines perform their offices, and minister their instructions; merchants strike up their bargains, and drive on all their traffic. Whatever almost great or small is done in the court or in the hall, in the church or at the exchange, in the school or in the shop, it is the tongue alone that doeth it: it is the force of this little machine that turneth all the human world about. It is indeed the use of this strange organ which rendereth human life, beyond the simple life of other creatures, so exceedingly various and compounded; which creates such a multiplicity of business, and which transacts it; while by it we communicate our secret conceptions, transfusing them into others; while therewith we instruct and advise one another; while we consult about what is to be done; contest about right, dispute about truth; while the whole business of conversation, of commerce, of government, and administration of justice, of learning, and of religion, is managed thereby; yea, while it stoppeth the gaps of time, and filleth up the wide intervals of business, our recreations and divertisements (the which do constitute a great portion of our life) mainly consisting therein, so that, in comparison thereof, the execution of what we determine, and all other action do

take up small room ; and even all that usually dependeth upon foregoing speech, which persuadeth, or counselleth, or commandeth it. Whence the province of speech being so very large, it being so universally concerned, either immediately as the matter, or by consequence as the source of our actions, he that constantly governeth it well may justly be esteemed to live very excellently.

To govern the tongue well is a matter of exceeding difficulty, requiring not only hearty goodness, but great judgment and art, together with much vigilance and circumspection : whence the doing it argues a high pitch of virtue. For since the tongue is a very loose and versatile engine, which the least breath of thought doth stir and set on going any way, it cannot but need much attention to keep it either in a steady rest or in a right motion. Since numberless swarms of things roving in the fancy do thence incessantly obtrude themselves upon the tongue, very much application of mind and great judgment are requisite to select out of them those few which are good and fit, rejecting all that is bad and improper to be spoken. Since continually temptations occur provoking or alluring to miscarriage in this kind (for, beside internal propensions and commotions of soul, every object we behold, every company we are engaged in, every accident befalling us, doth suggest somewhat inviting thereto ; the condition of our neighbour moving us, if high, to flatter ; if low, to insult : our own fortune prompting, if prosperous, to boast ; if cross, to murmur : any action drawing from us, if it pleaseth us, fond admiration ; if it disliketh, harsh censure : since, I say, we are thus at every turn obnoxious to speak amiss), it must be matter of huge skill and caution, of mighty industry and resolution, to decline it. We, for that purpose, need to imitate that earnest and watchful care of the holy Psalmist, which he thus expresseth :—"I have," saith he, "purposed that my mouth shall not offend ; and I said," saith he again, "I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue ; I will keep my mouth with a bridle while the wicked is before me." And thus to maintain a constant guard over his heart and ways, thus, in consequence thereof, to curb and rule his speech well, must assuredly be the mark of a very good person.

3. CHARITY.—(BARROW'S "SERMONS," SERMONS XXVII., XXVIII.)

It is the property of charity to *mourn with those that mourn* ; not coldly, but passionately (for it is to *weep with those that weep*), resenting¹ every man's case with an affection suitable thereto, and as he doth himself resent it. Is any man fallen into disgrace ? charity doth hold down its head, is abashed, and out of counte-

¹ Resent is here used in its literal sense, equivalent to "feeling." So, in his "Sermon on the Reward of Honouring God," he speaks of the good man as a "grateful resenter and requiter of courtesies;" where *resenter* means "a cherisher of grateful feelings." A similar use of the word "resentment" occurs in his "Sermon on the Gunpowder Plot." See some able remarks on the subject in Dean Trench's "Lectures on the Study of Words."

nance, partaking of his shame. Is any man disappointed of his hopes or endeavours? charity crieth out *alas!* as if it were itself defeated. Is any man afflicted with pain or sickness? charity looketh sadly, it sigheth and groaneth, it fainteth and languisheth with him. Is any man pinched with hard want? charity, if it cannot succour, it will condole. Doth ill news arrive? charity doth hear it with an unwilling ear and a sad heart, although not particularly concerned in it. The sight of a wreck at sea, of a field spread with carcasses, of a country desolated, of houses burnt and cities ruined, and of the like calamities incident to mankind, would touch the bowels of any man; but the very report of them would affect the heart of charity. It doth not suffer a man, with comfort or ease, to enjoy the accommodations of his own state while others before him are in distress. It cannot be merry while any man in presence is sorrowful; it cannot seem happy while its neighbour doth appear miserable. It hath a share in all the afflictions which it doth behold or hear of, according to that instance in St Paul of the Philippians, "*Ye have done well that ye did communicate with (or partake in) my afflictions;*" and according to that precept, "*Remember those which are in bonds, as bound with them.*"

Charity is the imitation and copy of that immense love which is the fountain of all being and all good; which made all things; which preserveth the world; which sustaineth every creature: nothing advanceth us so near to a resemblance of Him who is essential love and goodness; who freely and purely, without any regard to His own advantage or capacity of finding any beneficial return, doth bear and express the highest good-will, with a liberal hand pouring down showers of bounty and mercy on all His creatures; who daily putteth up numberless indignities and injuries, upholding and maintaining those who provoke Him. Charity rendereth us as angels, or peers to those glorious and blessed creatures, who, without receiving or expecting any requital from us, do heartily desire and delight in our good; are ready to promote it; do willingly serve and labour for it. Nothing is more amiable, more admirable, more venerable, even in the common eye and opinion of men; it hath in it a beauty and a majesty apt to ravish every heart; even a spark of it, in generosity of dealing, breedeth admiration; a glimpse of it in formal courtesy of behaviour procureth much esteem, being deemed to accomplish and adorn a man. How lovely, therefore, and truly gallant is an entire, sincere, constant, and uniform practice thereof, issuing from pure good-will and affection!

Love, indeed, or goodness (for true love is nothing else but goodness exerting itself in direction toward objects capable of its influence), is the only amiable and only honourable thing; power and wit may be admired by some, or have some fond idolaters; but being severed from goodness, or abstracted from their subserviency to it, they cannot obtain real love, they deserve not any esteem; for the worst, the most unhappy, the most odious and contemptible of beings, do partake of them in high measure; the Prince of Dark-

ness hath more power, and reigneth with absolute sovereignty over more subjects by many than the Great Turk ; one devil may have more wit than all the politic Achitophels and all the profane Hectors in the world ; yet, with all his power and all his wit, he is most wretched, most detestable, and most despicable : and such in proportion is every one who partaketh in his accursed dispositions of malice and uncharitableness.

For, on the other side, uncharitableness is a very mean and base thing ; it contracteth a man's soul into a narrow compass, or straiteneth it, as it were, into one point,—drawing all his thoughts, his desires, his affections, into himself as to their centre ; so that his reason, his will, his activity, have but one pitiful object to exercise themselves about : to scrape together a little pelf, to catch a vapour of fame, to prog¹ for a frivolous semblance of power or dignity ; to soothe the humour or pamper the sensuality of one poor worm, is the ignoble subject of his busy care and endeavour.

XIX. SAMUEL PEPPYS.

SAMUEL PEPPYS was born in 1682. The place of his birth is uncertain, but his education was received in London, whence he afterwards removed to Cambridge. His cousin, Sir Edward Montagu, created Earl of Sandwich by Charles II., kindly patronized him, and appointed him to an office in connection with the navy. He applied himself sedulously to the discharge of his duties, and became intimately acquainted with the naval affairs of the country, into the administration of which he is said to have introduced several important improvements, which are still in practice. He was advanced to a responsible post in the Admiralty, which he held during the reigns of Charles and James, both of whom placed much confidence in his sagacity and knowledge of the state of the navy ; but on the accession of William he was deprived of his preferments, and the rest of his life was spent in retirement. He died in 1708. Pepys was a man of sound principle and considerable ability ; a member of the Royal Society, and a liberal patron of learned and charitable institutions. Like his kinsman Evelyn, he began early in life to keep a diary, in which he noted all passing events of moment, and from his minuteness, his prying curiosity, his candour, and his knowledge of many of the secret springs of action, his diary is a most important source of historical information. Beyond the interest of its details, and the information which it contains, it has to the literary student no other merit ; the work was never intended for public use, and no attention has been paid by the author to the graces of style.

1. DESCRIPTION OF THE FIRE IN LONDON.

September 2d (Lord's-day). Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called

¹ To seek by low artifices ; the word is only used now-a-days as a sort of slang expression.

us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the city. So I rose, and slipped on my night-gown, and went to her window, and thought it to be on the backside of Mark Lane at the farthest, but being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off, and so went to bed again, and to sleep. About seven, rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and further off. So to my closet to set things to rights, after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge, which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down with my heart full of trouble to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned down St Magnus Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the waterside, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steel Yard while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the water-side to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies till they burned their wings, and fell down. Having staid, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steel Yard, and the wind mighty high, and driving it into the city; and everything after so long a drought proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and, among other things, the poor steeple, whereof my old schoolfellow, Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down; I to Whitehall (with a gentleman with me, who desired to go off from the Tower to see the fire in my boat), and there up to the king's closet in the chapel, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried into the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of

York bid me tell him, that if he would have any more soldiers, he shall ; and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's, and there walked along Watling Street as well as I could, every creature coming away laden with goods to save, and here and there sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried away in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning Street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message, he cried, like a fainting woman, "What can I do ? I am spent ; people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses, but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." That he needed no more soldiers ; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home, seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses too so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar in Thames Street, and warehouses of oyle, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr Isaac Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed, and dirty at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brother's things, whose houses were on fire, and, as he says, have been removed twice already ; and he doubts (as it soon proved) that they must be in a little time removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people, who themselves should have been quietly there at this time.

By this time it was about twelve o'clock ; and so home, and there find my guests, who were Mr Wood and his wife Barbary Shelden, and also Mr Moone ; she mighty fine, and her husband, for aught I see, a likely man. But Mr Moone's design and mine, which was to look over my closet, and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired, was wholly disappointed ; for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be. While at dinner Mrs Batelier came to inquire after Mr Woolfe and Stanes (who it seems are related to them), whose houses in Fish Street are all burned, and they in a sad condition. She would not stay in the fright. Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the city ; the streets full of nothing but people, and horses and carts laden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning Street (which received goods in the morning) into Lombard Street, and further : and among others, I now saw my little goldsmith Stokes receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. We parted at Paul's ; he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr Carcasse and his brother, whom I met in the street, and carried them below and above bridge, too. And again to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and

above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhith, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the waterside ; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttolph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used ; but the wind carries it into the city, so as we know not by the waterside what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water, and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three, that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of virginalls in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to Whitehall by appointment, and there walked to St James's Park, and there met my wife, and Creed, and Wood and his wife, and walked to my boat ; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still increasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke ; and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true ; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the Bank side, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow, and as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners, and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the city, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We staid till it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long : it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire, and flaming at once ; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the crackling of houses at their ruin. So home with a sad heart, and there find everybody discoursing and lamenting the fire.

2. THE APPEARANCE OF THE DUTCH FLEET IN THE THAMES.

June 10th, 1667. Up ; and news brought us that the Dutch are come up as high as the Nore ; and more pressing orders for fire-ships. W. Batten, W. Pen, and I, to St James's ; whence the Duke of York gone this morning betimes to send away some men down to Chatham. So we then to Whitehall, and meet Sir W. Coventry, who presses all that is possible for fire-ships. So we three to the office¹ presently ; and thither comes Sir Fretcheville Hollis, who is to command them all in some exploits he is to do with them on the enemy in the river. So we all down to Deptford, and pitched upon ships and set men at work : but, to see how backwardly things move at this pinch, notwithstanding that by the

¹ Peppy's office at the Admiralty.

enemy's being now come up as high as almost the Hope, Sir J. Minnes, who was gone down to pay some ships there, hath sent up the money; and so we are possessed of money to do what we will with. Yet partly ourselves, being used to be idle and in despair, and partly people that have been used to be deceived by us as to money, won't believe us; and we know not, though we have it, how almost to promise it; and our wants such, and men out of the way, that it is an admirable¹ thing to consider how much the king suffers, and how necessary it is in a state to keep the king's service always in a good posture and credit. Down to Gravesend, where I find the Duke of Albemarle just come, with a great many idle lords and gentlemen, with their pistols and fooleries; and the bulwark not able to have stood half an hour had they come up; but the Dutch are fallen down from the Hope and Shellhaven as low as Sheerness, and we plainly at this time hear the guns play.

11th. This morning Pelt writes us word that Sheerness is lost here last night, after two or three hours' dispute. The enemy hath possessed himself of that place; which is very sad, and puts us into great fears as to Chatham. Home, and there to our business, hiring some fire-ships, and receiving every hour almost letters from Sir W. Coventry, calling for more fire-ships; and an order from Council to enable us to take any man's ships; and Sir W. Coventry, in his letter to us, says, we do not doubt but at this time (under an invasion, as he owns it to be) the king may by law take any man's goods.

12th. Up very betimes to our business at the office, the hiring of more fire-ships; and at it close all the morning. When I come to Sir W. Coventry's chamber, I find him abroad; but his clerk, Powell, do tell me that ill news is come to court of the Dutch breaking the chain at Chatham; which struck me to the heart. And to Whitehall to hear the truth of it; and there, going up the Park Stairs, I did hear some lacquies speaking of sad news come to court, saying, there is hardly anybody in the court but do look as if he cried. Home, where all our hearts do now ache; for the news is true that the Dutch have broke the chain, and burned our ships, and particularly "The Royal Charles;" other particulars I know not, but it is said to be so. And the truth is, I do fear so much that the whole kingdom is undone, that I this night do resolve to study with my father and wife what to do with the little that I have in money by me; for I give all the rest that I have in the king's hands for Tangier for lost. So God help us!

XX. RICHARD BAXTER.

RICHARD BAXTER, the most eminent of the Nonconforming divines of this period, was born in 1615. His first public appearance as a clergyman was at Dudley, where his sincerity, zeal, and unwearied

¹ *i. e.*, extraordinary.

exertions are said to have produced a great reformation among the inhabitants. In the civil war he adopted the side of Parliament, with the hope that the nation would gain by its triumph a redress of grievances and an increase of liberty; when, therefore, he found that Cromwell had ceased to labour exclusively for the public good, and contemplated his own advancement, he forsook his party, and never ceased to regret the abolition of monarchy. At the Restoration, which he had laboured to promote, he became one of the Royal chaplains, and it was hoped that he would conform to the rites of the English Church; it is even said that he was offered a bishopric; but he refused to accede, and left the Church with the Nonconformists on Bartholomew's Day. While thus obeying his conscience, he by no means promoted his own comfort; he lost the esteem of the Established clergy, while at the same time he was so friendly to the Establishment as to expose himself to the dislike of the more bigoted of his Dissenting brethren. After this he devoted himself with untiring zeal to his ministerial duties, in which he was occasionally disturbed, the laws having prohibited the meetings of Nonconformists, and in one instance he was tried before the notorious Jeffreys and fined, but the penalty was remitted by the king. He died in 1691. His works are very numerous, amounting, it is said, to no fewer than one hundred and sixty-eight: and some of them, such as the "Saints' Rest," and the "Call to the Unconverted," are still largely read. They were in most cases hastily prepared, and being issued with a higher end than mere literary fame, they ought not to be tried by any rigid literary standard. They are, however, characterized by liberality, charity, thought, earnestness, and unaffected piety; and though Baxter can never be ranked with such men as South and Barrow, not to speak of Taylor or Hall, he will always be read with pleasure as an instructive writer, and his memory revered as one whose whole energies were devoted to the benefit of his fellow-men.

1. VANITY OF KNOWLEDGE.—("DYING THOUGHTS.")

How small is our knowledge in comparison of our ignorance. And how little doth the knowledge of learned doctors differ from the thoughts of a silly child! For from our childhood we take it in by drops, and as trifles are the matter of childish knowledge, so words, and notions, and artificial forms, do make up more of the learning of the world than is commonly understood, and many such learned men know little more of any great and excellent things themselves, than rustics that are contemned by them for their ignorance. God and the life to come are little better known by them, if not much less, than by many of the unlearned. What is it but a child-game, that many logicians, rhetoricians, grammarians, yea, metaphysicians, and other philosophers, in their eagerest studies and disputes, are exercised in? Of how little use is it to know what is contained in many hundred of the volumes that fill our libraries! Yea, or to know many of the most glorious speculations in physics, mathematics, &c., which have given some the title of *virtuosi*, and *ingeniosi*, in these times, who have little the more wit

or virtue to live to God, or overcome temptations from the flesh and world, and to secure their everlasting hopes. What pleasure or quiet doth it give to a dying man to know almost any of their trifles?

Yea, it were well if much of our reading and learning did us no harm, nay, more than good. I fear lest books are to some but a more honourable kind of temptation than cards and dice, lest many a precious hour be lost in them, that should be employed on much higher matters, and lest many make such knowledge but an unholy, natural, yea, carnal pleasure, as worldlings do the thoughts of their land and honours, and lest they be the more dangerous by how much the less suspected. But the best is, it is a pleasure so fenced from the slothful with thorny labour of hard and long studies, that laziness saveth more from it than grace and holy wisdom doth. But, doubtless, fancy and the natural intellect may, with as little sanctity, live in the pleasure of reading, knowing, disputing, and writing as others spend their time at a game at chess, or other ingenious sport.

For my own part, I know that the knowledge of natural things is valuable, and may be sanctified, much more theological theory, and when it is so, it is of good use; and I have little knowledge which I find not some way useful to my highest ends. And if wishing or money could procure more, I would wish and empty my purse for it; but yet if many score or hundred books which I have read had been all unread, and I had that time now to lay out upon higher things, I should think myself much richer than now I am. And I must earnestly pray, the Lord forgive me the hours that I have spent in reading things less profitable, for the pleasing of a mind that would fain know all, which I should have spent for the increase of holiness in myself and others! and yet I must thankfully acknowledge to God, that from my youth He taught me to begin with things of greatest weight, and to refer most of my other studies thereto, and to spend my days under the motives of necessity and profit to myself, and those with whom I had to do. And I now think better of the course of Paul that determined to know nothing but a crucified Christ among the Corinthians, that is, so to converse with them as to use, and glorying as if he knew nothing else, and so of the rest of the apostles and primitive ages. And though I still love and honour (and am not of Dr Colet's mind, who, as Erasmus saith, most slighted Augustine), yet I less censure even that Carthage council which forbade the reading of the heathens' books of learning and arts, than formerly I have done. And I would have men savour most that learning in their health, which they will, or should, savour most in sickness, and near to death.

And, alas! how dear a vanity is this knowledge! That which is but theoretic and notional is but a tickling delectation of the fancy or mind, little differing from a pleasant dream. But how many hours, what gazing of the wearied eye, what stretching thoughts of the impatient brain must it cost us, if we will attain to any excel-

lency! Well saith Solomon, "Much reading is a weariness to the flesh, and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow." How many hundred studious days and weeks, and how many hard and tearing thoughts, hath my little, my very little knowledge, cost me: and how much infirmity and painfulness to my flesh, increase of painful diseases, and loss of bodily ease and health! How much pleasure to myself of other kinds, and how much acceptance with men have I lost by it, which I might easily have had in a more conversant and plausible way of life! And when all is done, if I reach to know any more than others of my place and order, I must differ so much (usually) from them; and if I manifest not that difference, but keep all that knowledge to myself, I sin against conscience and nature itself. The love of man and the love of truth oblige me to be soberly communicative. Were I so indifferent to truth and knowledge as easily to forbear their propagation, I must also be so indifferent to them as not to think them worth so dear a price as they have cost me (though they are the free gifts of God).

But if I obey nature and conscience in communicating that knowledge which containeth my difference aforesaid, the Dissenters too often take themselves disparaged by it, how peaceably soever I manage it; and as bad men take the piety of the godly to be an accusation of their impiety, so many teachers take themselves to be accused of ignorance by such as condemn their errors by the light of truth; and if you meddle not with any person, yet take their opinions to be so much their interest, as that all that is said against them they take as said against themselves. And then, alas! what envyings, what whispering disparagements, and what backbitings, if not malicious slanders and underminings, do we meet with from the carnal clergy! And O that it were all from them alone! and that among the zealous and suffering party of faithful preachers there were not much of such iniquity, and that none of them preached Christ in strife and envy! It is sad that error should find so much shelter under the selfishness and pride of pious men, and that the friends of truth should be tempted to reject and abuse so much of it in their ignorance as they do: but the matter of fact is too evident to be hid.

2. BAXTER'S OPINIONS ON THE COVENANT AND OCCASIONAL CONFORMITY.—(FROM HIS FAREWELL SERMON INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN PREACHED AT KIDDERMINSTER BEFORE BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY, BUT FORBIDDEN.)

I am glad that you were kept from taking the solemn league and covenant, and the engagement, and all consent to the change of the constituted government of this kingdom. I took the covenant myself, of which I repent, and I will tell you why: I never gave it but to one man (that I remember), and he professed himself to be a Papist physician newly turned Protestant, and he came to me to

give it him : I was persuaded that he took it in false dissimulation, and it troubled me to think what it was to draw multitudes of men by carnal interest so falsely to take it : and I kept it and the engagement from being taken in your town and county. At first it was not imposed, but taken by volunteers ; but after that it was made a test of such as were to be trusted or accepted. Besides the illegality, there are two things that cause me to be against it.

First, That men should make a mere dividing engine and pretend it a means of unity : we all knew at that time when it was imposed, that a great part, if not the greatest, of church and kingdom were of another mind ; and that as learned and worthy men were for prelacy, as most the world had (such as Usher, Morton, Hall, Davenant, Brownrig, &c.) And to make our terms of union to be such as should exclude so many and such men, was but to imitate those church dividers and persecutors, who in many countries and ages have still made their own impositions the engines of division by pretence of union. And it seemeth to accuse Christ, as if He had not sufficiently made us terms of concord, but we must devise our own forms as necessary thereto.

Second, And it was an imposing on the Providence of God, to tie ourselves by vows to that as unchangeable, which we knew not but God might after change, as if we had been the masters of his Providence. No man then knew but that God might so alter many circumstances, as might make some things sins that were then taken for duty ; and some things to be duty, which then passed for sin. And when such changes come, we that should have been content with God's obligations, do find ourselves ensnared in our own rash vows.

Maintain union and communion with all true Christians on earth ; and therefore, hold to Catholic principles of mere Christianity, without which you must needs crumble into sects. Love Christians as Christians, but the best most ; locally separate from none, as accusing of them, further than they separate from Christ, or deny you their communion, unless you will sin. The zeal of a sect as such is partial, turbulent, hurtful to Dissenters, and maketh men as thorns and thistles ; but the zeal of Christianity, as such, is pure and peaceable, full of mercy and good fruits, mellow and sweet, and inclineth to the good of all. If God give you a faithful or a tolerable public minister, be thankful to God, and love, honour, and encourage him, and let not the imperfections of the Common Prayer make you separate from his communion ; prejudice will make all modes or worship different from that which we prefer, to seem some heinous, sinful crime ; but humble Christians are most careful about the frame of their own hearts, and conscious of so much faultiness in themselves, and all their service of God, that they are not apt to accuse and aggravate the failings of others, especially in matters which God has left to our own determination. Whether we shall pray with a book or without, in divers short prayers, or one long one ; whether the people shall sing God's praise in tunes, or speak

it in prose, is left to be determined by the general rules of concord, order, and edification. Yet do not withdraw from the communion of soberly, godly Nonconformists, though falsely called schismatics by others.

3. THE JOY OF THE SAINTS' REST.—("SAINTS' REST," CHAP. XVI.)

Rest! how sweet the sound! It is melody to my ears! It lies as a reviving cordial at my heart, and from thence sends forth lively spirits which beat through all the pulses of my soul! Rest, not as the stone that rests on the earth, nor as this flesh shall rest in the grave, nor such a rest as the carnal world desires. O blessed rest! when we rest not day and night saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty:" when we shall rest from sin, but not from worship; from suffering and sorrow, but not from joy! O blessed day! when I shall rest with God! when I shall rest in the bosom of my Lord! when my perfect soul and body shall together perfectly enjoy the most perfect God! when God, who is love itself, shall perfectly love me, and rest in this love to me, as I shall rest in my love to Him; and rejoice over me with joy, and joy over me with singing, as I shall rejoice in Him!

This is that joy which was procured by sorrow, that crown which was procured by the cross. My Lord wept that now my tears might be wiped away; He bled that I might now rejoice; He was forsaken that I might not now be forsaken; He then died that I might now live. O free mercy, that can exalt so vile a wretch! Free to me, though dear to Christ: free grace that hath chosen me, when thousands were forsaken. This is not like our cottages of clay, our prisons, our earthly dwellings. This voice of joy is not like our old complaints, our impatient groans and sighs; nor this melodious praise like the scoffs and revilings, or the oaths and curses, which we heard on earth. This body is not like that we had, nor this soul like the soul we had, nor this life like the life we lived. We have changed our place and state, our clothes and thoughts, our looks, language, and company. Before, a saint was weak and despised; but now, how happy and glorious a thing is a saint! Where is now their body of sin, which wearied themselves and those about them? Where are now our different judgments, reproachful names, divided spirits, exasperated passions, strange looks, uncharitable censures? Now are all of one judgment, of one name, of one heart, house, and glory. O sweet reconciliation! happy union! Now the gospel shall no more be dishonoured through our folly. No more, my soul, shalt thou lament the sufferings of the saints, or the church's ruins, or mourn thy suffering friends, nor weep over their dying beds or their graves. Thou shalt never suffer thy old temptations from Satan, the world, or thy own flesh. Thy pains and sickness are all cured; thy body shall no more burden thee with weakness and weariness; thy aching head and heart, thy hunger and thirst, thy sleep and labour, are all gone.

O what a mighty change is this ! From the dunghill to the throne ! From persecuting sinners to praising saints ! From a vile body to this which shines as the brightness of the firmament ! From a sense of God's displeasure to the perfect enjoyment of Him in love ! From all my fearful thoughts of death to this joyful life ! Blessed change ! Farewell sin and sorrow for ever ; farewell my rocky, proud, unbelieving heart ; my worldly, sensual, carnal heart ; and welcome my most holy, heavenly nature. Farewell repentance, faith, and hope ; and welcome love, and joy, and praise. 'I shall now have my harvest without ploughing or sowing : my joy without a preacher or a promise : even all from the face of God Himself. Whatever mixture is in the streams, there is nothing but pure joy in the fountain. Here shall I be encircled with eternity, and ever live, and ever, ever praise the Lord. My face will not wrinkle, nor my hair be gray : for this corruptible shall have put on incorruption ; and this mortal, immortality ; and death shall be swallowed up in victory. O death where is now thy sting ? O grave where is thy victory ? The date of my lease will no more expire, nor shall I trouble myself with thoughts of death, nor lose my joys through fear of losing them. When millions of ages are past, my glory is but beginning ; and when millions more are past, it is no nearer ending. Every day is all noon, every month is harvest, every year is a jubilee, every age is a full manhood, and all this is one eternity. O blessed eternity ! the glory of my glory, the perfection of my perfection.

XXI. ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.

JOHN TILLOTSON was born at Sowerby, near Halifax, in 1630. His father was a Puritan, and trained up his son in the most rigid doctrines of Calvinism ; but during his residence at Cambridge, the views of Tillotson were gradually relaxed from the uncompromising rigour of his early education, and at the Restoration he conformed, and joined the Established Church. He early attracted attention by his powers as a pulpit orator, which induced the Society of Lincoln's Inn to elect him as their preacher. Church promotion followed in due course ; he was appointed in 1670 Prebendary of Canterbury, and two years afterwards became Dean of the same cathedral ; he was also Chaplain to Charles II., although the zeal with which on all occasions he declaimed against Popery was by no means acceptable to that monarch, and was very offensive to his brother. He afterwards became Dean of St Paul's, and finally, after the Revolution, on Sancroft's refusing to take the oaths to the new government, Tillotson was advanced to the Primacy, which he held till his death in 1694. He left behind him a large collection of sermons, which were printed in ten volumes, and long enjoyed, as they well deserved, a most extensive popularity, although they are now sinking before the merits of Taylor and Hall. Few sermons in the language are entitled to more praise than those

of Tillotson ; they do not, indeed, contain any passages rich in poetic imagery or quaint apophthegms, and his style is sometimes languid and clumsy, yet he abounds in good sense, and sound practical admonitions ; his language is always clear, often forcible and precise in a high degree, and his manner is earnest, unaffected, and impressive.

1. IMPRUDENCE OF ATHEISM.

Atheism is imprudent, because it is unsafe in the issue. The atheist contends against the religious man that there is no God ; but upon strange inequality and odds, for he ventures his eternal interest ; whereas the religious man ventures only the loss of his lusts, which it is much better for him to be without, or at the utmost of some temporal convenience ; and all this while is inwardly more contented and happy, and usually more healthful, and perhaps meets with more respect, and faithfuller friends, and lives in a more secure and flourishing condition, and more free from the evils and punishments of this world, than the atheistical person does ; however, it is not much that he ventures ; and after this life, if there be no God, is as well as he ; but if there be a God, is infinitely better, even as much as unspeakable and eternal happiness is better than extreme and endless misery. So that, if the arguments for and against a God were equal, and it were an even question whether there were one or not, yet the hazard and danger are so infinitely unequal, that in point of prudence and interest every man were obliged to incline to the affirmative ; and whatever doubts he might have about it, to choose the safest side of the question, and to make that the principle to live by. For he that acts wisely, and is a thoroughly prudent man, will be provided against all events, and will take care to secure the main chance, whatever happens ; but the atheist, in case things should fall out contrary to his belief and expectation, hath made no provision for this case. If contrary to his confidence, it should prove in the issue that there is a God, the man is lost and undone for ever. If the atheist, when he dies, should find that his soul remains after his body, and has only quitted its lodging, how will this man be amazed and blanked, when, contrary to his expectation, he shall find himself in a new and strange place, amidst a world of spirits, entered upon an everlasting and unchangeable state ! How sadly will the man be disappointed when he finds all things otherwise than he had stated and determined them in this world ! When he comes to appear before that God whom he hath denied, and against whom he hath spoken as despicable things as he could, who can imagine the pale and guilty looks of this man, and how he will shiver and tremble for the fear of the Lord, and for the glory of His Majesty ? How will he be surprised, with terrors on every side, to find himself thus unexpectedly and irrecoverably plunged into a state of ruin and desperation ! And thus things may happen for all this man's confidence now. For our belief or disbelief of a thing does not alter the nature of the thing.

We cannot fancy things into being, or make them vanish into nothing by the stubborn confidence of our imaginations. Things are as sullen as we are, and will be what they are whatever we think of them. And if there be a God, a man cannot by an obstinate disbelief of Him make Him cease to be, any more than a man can put out the sun by winking.

2. ON BEING DILIGENT IN OUR CALLING.—(PREACHED BEFORE
KING CHARLES II.)

We must be diligent in our particular calling and charge, in that province and station which God hath appointed us, whatever it be; whether it consists in the labour of our hands, or in the improvement of our minds, in order to the gaining of knowledge for our own pleasure and satisfaction, and for the use and benefit of others; whether it lie in the skill of government, and the administration of public justice; or in the management of a great estate, of an honourable rank and quality above others, to the best advantage, for the honour of God, and the benefit and advantage of men, so as, by the influence of our power and estate, and by the authority of our example, to contribute all we can to the welfare and happiness of others.

For it is a great mistake to think any man is without a calling, and that God does not expect that every one of us should employ himself in doing good in one kind or other. Some persons, indeed, by the privilege of their birth and quality, are above a common trade and profession, but they are not hereby either exempted or excused from all business, because they are so plentifully provided for themselves; nay, on the contrary, they have so much the greater obligation, having the liberty and leisure to attend the good of others; the higher our character and station is, we have the better opportunities of being publicly useful and beneficial; and the heavier will our account be if we neglect these opportunities. Those who are in a low and private condition can only shine to a few, but they that are advanced a great height above others may, like the heavenly bodies, dispense a general light and influence, and scatter happiness and blessings among all that are below them.

And as they are capable of doing more good than others, so with more ease and effect; that which persons of an inferior rank can hardly bring others to, by all the importunity of counsel and persuasion, as, namely, to the practice of any virtue, and the quitting and abandoning of any vice, a prince and a great man that is good himself may easily gain them to, without ever speaking a word to them, by the silent authority and powerful allurements of his example. So that though every man have not a particular profession, yet the highest among men have some employment allotted to them by God, suitable to their condition, a province which He expects they should administer and adorn with great care.

The great business of the lower part of mankind is to provide for themselves the necessaries of life ; and it is well if they can do it with all their care and diligence. But those who are of a higher rank, their proper business and employment is to dispense good to others ; which, surely, is a much happier condition and employment, according to that admirable saying of our Saviour mentioned by St Paul, "It is a more blessed thing to give than to receive." Those of meaner condition can only be men to one another ; and it were well if they would be so : but he that is highly raised and advanced above others hath the happy opportunity in his hands, if he have but the heart to make use of it, to be a kind of god to men.

Let no man, then, of what birth, or rank, or quality soever, think it beneath him to serve God, and to be useful to the benefit and advantage of men. Let us remember the Son of God, a person of the highest quality and extraction that ever was, who spent Himself wholly in this blessed work of doing good ; toiled and laboured in it as if it had been for His life ; submitted to all the circumstances of meanness, to all the degrees of contempt, to all kind of hardship and sufferings, for the benefit and salvation of men,—sweat drops of blood, and at last poured it forth in full streams, to save us from eternal misery and ruin. And is any of us better than the "Son of God, the heir of all things, and the elder brother of us all ?" Shall any of us, after this, think ourselves too good to be employed in that work which God Himself disdained not to do when He appeared in the likeness and nature of men ? If we would esteem things rightly, and according to reason, the true privilege and advantage of greatness is, to be able to do more good than others ; and in this the majesty and felicity of God Himself doth chiefly consist, in His ready and forward inclination, and in His infinite power and ability to do good. The creation of the world was a great and glorious design ; but this God only calls His work. But to preserve and support the creatures which He hath made ; to bless them and to do them good ; to govern them by wise laws, and to conduct them to that happiness which He designed for them, this is His rest, His perpetual Sabbath, His great delight and satisfaction to all eternity. To do good is our duty and our business ; but it is likewise the greatest pleasure and recreation, that which refresheth the heart of God and man.

I have insisted the longer upon this, that those who are thought to be above any calling, and to have no obligation upon them but to please themselves, may be made sensible that, according to their ability and opportunity, they have a great work upon their hands, and more business to do than other men, which, if they would but seriously mind, they would not only please God, but, I daresay, satisfy and please themselves much better than they do in any other course. I know it is a duty particularly incumbent upon the lower part of mankind to be diligent in their particular calling, that so they may provide for themselves and their families ; but this is not so proper for this place ; and if it were, the necessity of

human life will probably prompt and urge men more powerfully to this than any argument and persuasion that I can use.

3. ON TRUTH AND INTEGRITY.

Truth and integrity have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure the reality is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have the qualities he pretends to? For to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now, the best way for a man to seem to be anything, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, it is often as troublesome to support the pretence of a good quality as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is most likely he will be discovered to want it; and then all his labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will betray herself at one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every one's satisfaction; for truth is convincing, and carries its own light and evidence along with it, and will not only commend us to every man's conscience, but, which is much more, to God, who searcheth our hearts. So that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the artificial modes of dissimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it hath less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard, in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to those that practise them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in business and the affairs of life.

A dissembler must always be upon his guard, and watch himself carefully that he do not contradict his own pretensions; for he acts an unnatural part, and therefore must put a continual force and restraint upon himself; whereas he that acts sincerely hath the easiest task in the world, because he follows nature, and so is put to no trouble and care about his words and actions: he needs not invent any pretences beforehand, nor make excuses afterwards for anything he hath said or done.

But insincerity is very troublesome to manage. A hypocrite

hath so many things to attend to as makes his life a very perplexed and intricate thing. A liar hath need of a good memory, lest he contradict at one time what he said at another. But truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in a few words. It is like travelling a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind—never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (as far as respects the affairs of this world) if he spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw. But if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of reputation whilst he is in it, let him make use of sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will hold out to the end. All other arts will fail; but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

XXII. JOHN LOCKE.

JOHN LOCKE was born at Wrington, in Somerset, in 1632, and was educated at Westminster and Oxford, where he was highly distinguished by general proficiency. He adopted medicine as his profession, and was fortunate enough to become the medical adviser of Lord Ashley, afterwards the famous Earl of Shaftesbury, who highly appreciated his talents, and received him into his house, where he had the opportunity of meeting with many of the most distinguished men of the day. When the Cabal came into power, Ashley rewarded his friend with a government office, which, however, he soon lost when his patron forfeited the royal favour. Locke adhered steadily to Ashley in all his career, and even followed him to Holland, when he was obliged to save his life by fleeing from his country. In Holland Locke was said to have aided Monmouth's insurrection, and James demanded him from the States for punishment, but the philosopher escaped by prudently concealing himself for a time. At the Revolu-

tion Locke came over in the fleet with William of Orange, and for some time held office under his government; but ill health obliged him to retire from public life, and, after a few years spent in retirement, he died in 1704. In his own day Locke promoted the cause of liberty by his able "Letters on Toleration;" but it is chiefly as a philosophical writer that he is now famous. His "Essay on the Human Understanding," published in 1690, has perhaps exercised a greater influence on Mental Philosophy than any other modern work. It has been of essential service in clearing away the rubbish of scholastic phraseology and baseless theories which had obscured the subject of Mental Philosophy, and teaching men that in it, as in all the sciences, truth could only be found by relying on experience and common sense. It may be doubted, however, whether Locke has not carried his scepticism too far; and to many it appears, that the view which he has taken of the operations of the human mind is defective and one-sided. Besides the works mentioned, Locke wrote "Thoughts on Education," "Essay on the Conduct of the Understanding," and a "Treatise on the Reasonableness of Christianity."

1. OF THE ORIGIN OF OUR IDEAS.—("ESSAY ON THE UNDERSTANDING," BOOK II., CHAP. I.)

Every man being conscious to himself that he thinks, and that which his mind is applied about, whilst thinking, being the ideas that are there, it is past doubt that men have in their mind several ideas, such as are those expressed by the words, "Whiteness, hardness, sweetness, thinking, motion, man, elephant, army, drunkenness," and others. It is in the first place, then, to be inquired, how he comes by them? I know it is a received doctrine, that men have native ideas and original characters stamped upon their minds in their very first being. This opinion I have at large examined already; and, I suppose, what I have said in the foregoing book will be much more easily admitted when I have shown whence the understanding may get all the ideas it has, and by what ways and degrees they may come into the mind; for which I shall appeal to every one's observation and experience.

Let us then suppose the mind to be, as we say, white paper, void of all characters, without any ideas; how comes it to be furnished? Whence comes it by that vast store, which the busy and boundless fancy of man has painted on it, with an almost endless variety? Whence has it all the materials of reason and knowledge? To this I answer, in one word, *from experience*; in that all our knowledge is founded, and from that it ultimately derives itself. Our observation, employed either about external sensible objects, or about the internal operations of our minds, perceived and reflected on by ourselves, is that which supplies our understandings with all the materials of thinking. These, too, are the fountain of knowledge, from whence all the ideas we have, or can naturally have, do spring.

First, Our senses, conversant about particular sensible objects, do convey into the mind several distinct perceptions of things, accord-

ing to those various ways wherein those objects do affect them ; and thus we come by those ideas we have of yellow, white, heat, cold, soft, hard, bitter, sweet, and all those which we call sensible qualities ; which when I say the senses convey into the mind, I mean, they from external objects convey into the mind what produces there those perceptions. This great source of most of the ideas we have, depending wholly upon our senses, and derived by them to the understanding, I call *sensation*.

Secondly, The other fountain, from which experience furnisheth the understanding with ideas, is the perception of the operations of our own minds within us, as it is employed about the ideas it has got ; which operations, when the soul comes to reflect on and consider, do furnish the understanding with another set of ideas which could not be had from things without ; and such are perception, thinking, doubting, believing, reasoning, knowing, willing, and all the different actings of our own minds ; which we, being conscious of, and observing in ourselves, do from these receive into our understandings as distinct ideas, as we do from bodies affecting our senses. This source of ideas every man has wholly within himself ; and though it be not sense, as having nothing to do with external objects, yet it is very like it, and might properly enough be called "internal sense." But as I call the other "*sensation*," so I call this "*reflection* ;" the ideas it affords being such only as the mind gets by reflecting on its own operations within itself. By reflection, then, I would be understood to mean, that notice which the mind takes of its own operations and the manner of them, by reason whereof there come to be ideas of these operations in the understanding. These two, I say, viz., external material things, as the objects of sensation, and the operations of our own minds within as the objects of reflection, are, to me, the only originals from whence all our ideas take their beginnings. The term operations here, I use in a large sense, as comprehending not barely the actions of the mind about its ideas, but some sort of passions arising sometimes from them, such as is the satisfaction or uneasiness arising from any thought.

The understanding seems to me not to have the least glimmering of any ideas which it doth not receive from one of these two. External objects furnish the mind with the ideas of sensible qualities, which are all those different perceptions they produce in us ; and the mind furnishes the understanding with ideas of its own operations. These, when we have taken a full survey of them, and their several modes, combinations, and relations, we shall find to contain all our whole stock of ideas ; and that we have nothing in our minds which did not come in one of these two ways.

2. TOLERATION.—("LETTER I. ON TOLERATION.")

No private person has any right in any manner to prejudice another person in his civil enjoyments, because he is of another church

or religion. All the rights and franchises that belong to him as a man, or as a denizen, are inviolably to be preserved to him. These are not the business of religion. No violence nor injury is to be offered him, whether he be Christian or pagan. Nay, we must not content ourselves with the narrow measures of bare justice : charity, bounty, and liberality must be added to it. This the gospel enjoins, this reason directs, and this that natural fellowship we are born into requires of us. If any man err from the right way, it is his own misfortune, no injury to thee : nor therefore art thou to punish him in the things of this life, because thou supposest he will be miserable in that which is to come.

What I say concerning the mutual toleration of private persons differing from one another in religion, I understand also of particular churches ; which stand as it were in the same relation to each other as private persons among themselves : nor has any one of them any manner of jurisdiction over any other, not even when the civil magistrate, as it sometimes happens, comes to be of this or the other communion. For the civil government can give no new right to the church, nor the church to the civil government. So that whether the magistrate join himself to any church, or separate from it, the church remains always as it was before, a free and voluntary society. It neither acquires the power of the sword by the magistrate's coming to it, nor does it lose the right of instruction and excommunication by his going from it. This is the fundamental and immutable right of a spontaneous society, that it has to remove any of its members who transgress the rules of its institution : but it cannot, by the accession of any new members, acquire any right of jurisdiction over those that are not joined with it. And therefore peace, equity, and friendship, are always mutually to be observed by particular churches, in the same manner as by private persons, without any pretence of superiority or jurisdiction over one another.

That the thing may be made yet clearer by an example : let us suppose two churches, the one of Arminians, the other of Calvinists, residing in the city of Constantinople. Will any one say, that either of these churches has right to deprive the members of the other of their estates and liberty, as we see practised elsewhere, because of their differing from it in some doctrines or ceremonies ; whilst the Turks in the meanwhile silently stand by, and laugh to see with what inhuman cruelty Christians thus rage against Christians ? But if one of these churches hath this power of treating the other ill, I ask, which of them it is to whom that power belongs, and by what right ? It will be answered, undoubtedly, that it is the orthodox church which has the right of authority over the erroneous or heretical. This is, in great and specious words, to say just nothing at all. For every church is orthodox to itself : to others, erroneous or heretical. Whatsoever any church believes, it believes to be true ; and the contrary thereunto it pronounces to be error. So that the controversy between these churches about the truth of

their doctrines, and the purity of their worship, is on both sides equal ; nor is there any judge, either at Constantinople, or elsewhere upon earth, by whose sentence it can be determined. The decision of that question belongs only to the Supreme Judge of all men, to whom also alone belongs the punishment of the erroneous. In the meanwhile, let those men consider how heinously they sin, who adding injustice, if not to their error, yet certainly to their pride, do rashly and arrogantly take upon them to misuse the servants of another master, who are not at all accountable to them.

Nay, further : if it could be manifest which of these two dissenting churches were in the right way, there would not accrue thereby unto the orthodox any right of destroying the other. For churches have neither any jurisdiction in worldly matters, nor are fire and sword any proper instruments wherewith to convince men's minds of error, and inform them of the truth.

3. THE DUTY OF THE MAGISTRATE IN REFERENCE TO TOLERATION.— ("LETTER I. ON TOLERATION.")

Let us now consider what is the magistrate's duty in the business of toleration : which is certainly very considerable :—

We have already proved that the care of souls does not belong to the magistrate, not a magisterial care, I mean, if I may so call it, which consists in prescribing by laws, and compelling by punishments. But a charitable care, which consists in teaching, admonishing, and persuading, cannot be denied unto any man. The care, therefore, of every man's soul belongs unto himself, and is to be left unto himself. But what if he neglect the care of his soul ? I answer, what if he neglect the care of his health, or of his estate ; which things are nearer related to the government of the magistrate than the other ? Will the magistrate provide by an express law, that such an one shall not become poor or sick ? Laws provide, as much as is possible, that the goods and health of subjects be not injured by the fraud or violence of others ; they do not guard them from the negligence or ill-husbandry of the possessors themselves. No man can be forced to be rich or healthful, whether he will or no. Nay, God Himself will not save men against their wills. Let us suppose, however, that some prince were desirous to force his subjects to accumulate riches, or to preserve the health and strength of their bodies. Shall it be provided by law, that they must consult none but Roman physicians, and shall every one be bound to live according to their prescriptions ? What ? shall no potion, no broth be taken, but what is prepared either in the Vatican, suppose, or in a Geneva shop ? Or, to make these subjects rich, shall they all be obliged by law to become merchants or musicians ? Or, shall every one turn victualler, or smith, because there are some that maintain their families plentifully, and grow rich in those professions ?

But it may be said, there are a thousand ways to wealth, but one

only way to heaven. It is well said, indeed, especially by those that plead for compelling men into this or the other way; for if there were several ways that lead thither, there would not be so much as a pretence left for compulsion. But now, if I be marching on with my utmost vigour in that way which, according to the sacred geography, leads straight to Jerusalem, why am I beaten and ill-used by others, because, perhaps, I wear not buskins; because my hair is not of the right cut; because, perhaps, I have not been dipt in the right fashion; because I eat flesh upon the road, or some other food which agrees with my stomach; because I avoid certain by-ways, which seem unto me to lead into briars or precipices; because, amongst the several paths that are in the same road, I choose that to walk in which seems to be the straightest and cleanest; because I avoid to keep company with some travellers that are less grave, and others that are more sour than they ought to be; or, in fine, because I follow a guide that either is or is not clothed in white, and crowned with a mitre? Certainly, if we consider right, we shall find that for the most part they are such frivolous things as these, that, without any prejudice to religion, to the salvation of souls, if not accompanied with superstition or hypocrisy, might either be observed or remitted; I say, they are such like things as these, which breed implacable enmities among Christian brethren, who are all agreed in the substantial and truly fundamental part of religion.

XXIII. JOHN EVELYN.

JOHN EVELYN was born in 1620 at Wotton, in Surrey, the residence of his father, Richard Evelyn, a gentleman of good family and considerable property. He was educated at Oxford; and on the outbreak of the civil war, disliking the proceedings of the Parliament, and not willing to adventure his life in the quarrel, he left England, and travelled for some years on the Continent. He afterwards zealously assisted in bringing about the restoration of monarchy, and under Charles, James, and William, held many honourable public offices. He began, early in life, the habit of keeping a diary, in which all noteworthy occurrences were carefully inserted, and as his wealth, employments, and social position brought him into daily contact with the most important personages in the reigns of Charles and James, his Diary, which has been frequently printed, contains much valuable historical information. He was one of the founders of the Royal Society, and did much by his own example to promote in England a taste for scientific pursuits; he is best known, however, as the great patron and promoter of horticulture, and his gardens at Sayes Court near Deptford, of which he has left us a careful description, were in his day much admired. He died at an advanced age in 1706, leaving behind him numerous works, of which the chief, besides his Diary, are "*Sylva*, a discourse of Forest Trees," "*Fumifugium*,

a prophetic invective against the Fire and Smoko of London," "Terra, a discourse of the Earth," "Kalendarium Hortense," and "Tyrannus, or the Mode."

1. CHARACTER OF CHARLES II.—("DIARY," 1685.)

Thus died King Charles II.; of a vigorous and robust constitution, and in all appearance promising a long life. He was a prince of many virtues, and many great imperfections; *debonaire*,¹ easy of access, not bloody nor cruel; his countenance fierce, his voice great; proper of person, every motion became him; a lover of the sea, and skilful in shipping; not affecting other studies, yet he had a laboratory, and knew of many empirical medicines and the easier mechanical mathematics; he loved planting and building, and brought in a politer way of living, which passed to luxury and intolerable expense. He had a particular talent in telling a story, and facetious passages, of which he had innumerable. This made some buffoons and vicious wretches too presumptuous and familiar, not worthy the favour they abused. He took delight in having a number of little spaniels follow him and lie in his bedchamber, which rendered it very offensive, and, indeed, made the whole court nasty and stinking. He would doubtless have been an excellent prince had he been less addicted to pleasure, which made him uneasy and always in want to supply an unmeasurable profusion, to the detriment of many indigent persons who had signally served both him and his father. He frequently and easily changed favourites, to his great prejudice.

As to other public transactions and unhappy miscarriages, 'tis not here I intend to number them; but certainly never had king more glorious opportunities to have made himself, his people, and all Europe happy, and prevented innumerable mischiefs, had not his too easy nature resigned him to be managed by crafty men and some abandoned and profane wretches, who corrupted his otherwise sufficient parts, disciplined as he had been by many afflictions during his banishment, which gave him much experience and knowledge of men and things; but those wicked creatures took him off from all application becoming so great a king. The history of his reign will certainly be the most wonderful for the variety of matter and accidents above any extent in former ages. The sad tragical death of his father; his banishment and hardships; his miraculous restoration; conspiracies against him; parliaments; wars, plagues, fires, comets; revolutions abroad happening in his time, with a thousand other particulars. He was ever kind to me, and very gracious on all occasions, and therefore I cannot, without ingratitude, but deplore his loss, which for many respects, as well as duty, I do with all my soul.

¹ A French word, meaning easy-tempered, which, notwithstanding the patronage of Milton and others, has not been naturalized in our language.

2. TRIAL OF LORD STAFFORD.—("DIARY," 1680.)

November 30th.—This signal day begun the trial (at which I was present) of my Lord Viscount Stafford, for conspiring the death of the King. The trial was in Westminster Hall, before the King, Lords, and Commons, just in the same manner as, forty years past, the great and wise Earl of Strafford (there being but one letter differing their names) received his trial for pretended ill-government in Ireland in the very same place, this Lord Stafford's father being then High Steward. The place of sitting was now exalted some considerable height from the paved floor of the hall with a stage of boards. The throne, woolpacks for the judges, long forms for the peers, chair for the Lord Steward, exactly ranged as in the House of Lords. The sides on both hands scaffolded to the very roof for the members of the House of Commons. At the upper end, and on the right side of the King's state, was a box for his Majesty, and, on the left, others for the great ladies; and overhead a gallery for ambassadors and public ministers. At the lower end or entrance was a bar and place for the prisoner, the Lieutenant of the Tower of London, the axe-bearer and guards, my Lord Stafford's two daughters, the Marchioness of Winchester being one. There was likewise a box for my Lord to retire into. At the right hand, in another box somewhat higher, stood the witnesses; at the left, the managers, in the name of the Commons of England,—viz., Sergeant Maynard (the great lawyer, the same who prosecuted the cause against the Earl of Strafford forty years before, being now near eighty years of age); Sir William Jones, late Attorney-General; Sir Francis Winnington, a famous pleader; and Mr Treby, now Recorder of London,—not appearing in their gowns as lawyers, but in their cloaks and swords, as representing the Commons of England. To these were joined Mr Hampden, Mr Sacheverell, Mr Poule, Colonel Titus, Sir Thomas Lee, all gentlemen of quality, and noted parliamentary men. The two first days, in which were read the commission and impeachment, were but a tedious entrance into matter of fact, at which I was but little present. But on Thursday I was commodiously seated amongst the Commons, when the witnesses were sworn and examined. The principal witnesses were Mr Oates (who called himself Dr), Mr Dugdale, and Turberville. Oates swore that he delivered a commission to Viscount Stafford from the Pope, to be Paymaster-General to an army intended to be raised: Dugdale, that being at Lord Aston's, the prisoner dealt with him plainly to murder his Majesty: and Turberville, that at Paris he also proposed the same to him.

6th December. Sir William Jones summoned up the evidence; to him succeeded all the rest of the managers, and then Mr Henry Poule made a vehement oration. After this my lord, as on all occasions, and often during the trial, spoke in his own defence, denying the charge altogether, and that he had never seen Oates

Turberville at the time and manner affirmed : in truth, their testimony did little weigh with me ; Dugdale's only seemed to press hardest, to which my lord spake a great while, but confusedly, without any method.

One thing my lord said as to Oates, which I confess did exceedingly affect me, that a person who, during his depositions, should so vauntingly brag that though he went over to the Church of Rome, yet he was never a Papist, nor of their religion, all the time that he seemed to apostatize from the Protestant, but only as a spy ; though he confessed he took their sacrament, worshipped images, went through all their oaths and discipline of their proselytes, swearing secrecy and to be faithful, but with intent to come over again and betray them ; that such an hypocrite, that had so deeply prevaricated as even to turn idolater (for so we of the Church of England termed it), attesting God so solemnly that he was entirely theirs, and devoted to their interest, and, consequently (as he pretended), trusted ; I say, that the witness of such a profligate wretch should be admitted against the life of a peer,—this my lord looked upon as a monstrous thing, and such as must needs redound to the dishonour of our religion and nation. And, verily, I am of his lordship's opinion ; such a man's testimony should not be taken against the life of a dog. But the merit of something material which he discovered against Coleman put him in such esteem with the Parliament, that now, I fancy, he stuck at nothing, and thought everybody was to take what he said for gospel. The consideration of this, and some other circumstances, began to stagger me, particularly how it was possible that one who went among the Papists on such a design, and pretended to be entrusted with so many letters and commissions from the Pope and the party, nay, and delivered them to so many great persons, should not reserve one of them to show, nor so much as one copy of any commission, which he who had such dexterity in opening letters might certainly have done, to the undeniable conviction of those whom he accused ; but, as I said, he gained credit on Coleman ; but, as to others whom he so madly flew upon, I am little inclined to believe his testimony, he being so slight a person, so passionate, so ill-bred, and of such impudent behaviour ; nor is it likely that such piercing politicians as the Jesuits should trust him with so high and so dangerous secrets.

7th. On Tuesday I was again at the trial, when judgment was demanded ; and after my lord had spoken what he could in denying the fact, the managers answering the objections, the peers adjourned to their House, and within two hours returned again. There was in the meantime this question put to the judges, "Whether, there being but one witness to any single crime or act, it could amount to convict a man of treason?" They gave an unanimous opinion, that in case of treason they all were overt acts ; for though no man should be condemned by one witness for any one act, yet for several acts to the same intent it was valid ; which

was my lord's case. This being past, and the peers in their seats again, the Lord Chancellor Finch (this day the Lord High Steward) removing to the woolsack next his Majesty's state, after summoning the Lieutenant of the Tower to bring forth his prisoner, and proclamation made for silence, demanded of every peer (who were in all eighty-six) whether William, Lord Viscount Stafford, were guilty of the treason laid to his charge, or not guilty.

Then the peer spoken to standing up, and laying his right hand upon his breast, said Guilty, or Not Guilty, upon my honour, and then sat down, the Lord Steward noting their suffrages as they answered upon a paper : when all had done, the number of Not Guilty being but 31, the Guilty 55, and then after proclamation for silence again, the Lord Steward directing his speech to the prisoner, against whom the axe was turned edgeways, and not before, in aggravation of his crime, he being ennobled by the king's father, and since received many favours from his present Majesty (after enlarging on his offence), deploring first his own unhappiness that he who had never condemned any man before should now be necessitated to begin with him ; he then pronounced sentence of death, by hanging, drawing, and quartering, according to form, with great solemnity and dreadful gravity ; and, after a short pause, told the prisoner that he believed the Lords would intercede for the omission of some circumstances of his sentence, beheading only excepted ; and then breaking his white staff, the Court was dissolved. My Lord Stafford during all this latter part spake but little, and only gave their Lordships thanks after the sentence was pronounced ; and indeed behaved himself modestly, and as became him.

It was observed that all his own relations of his name and family condemned him, except his nephew, the Earl of Arundel, son to the Duke of Norfolk. And it must be acknowledged that the whole trial was carried on with exceeding gravity : so stately and august an appearance I had never seen before ; for, besides the innumerable spectators of gentlemen and foreign ministers who saw and heard all the proceedings, the prisoner had the consciences of all the Commons of England for his accusers, and all the Peers to be his judges and jury. He had likewise the assistance of what counsel he would, to direct him in his plea, who stood by him. And yet I can hardly think that a person of his age and experience should engage men whom he never saw before (and one of them that came to visit him as a stranger at Paris) *point blank* to murder the King : God only who searches hearts can discover the truth. Lord Stafford was not a man beloved, especially of his own family.

XXIV. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE was born in London in 1628. His father held an important law office in the reigns of Charles I. and II., and young Temple of course enjoyed every advantage in his education.

He studied at Cambridge, the famous Cudworth being his tutor; and after finishing his college career, travelled for some years on the Continent, with the view of qualifying himself, by a knowledge of foreign affairs, for some political appointment. After the Restoration he was employed by Charles II. in some important diplomatic transactions, which he managed skilfully and successfully, especially the famous Triple Alliance, which formed for the time so effectual an obstacle to the ambition of France. The high reputation which he thus acquired induced Charles to consult him in the difficulties which beset the termination of his reign; and William of Orange, who had known Temple in Holland, also condescended to ask his advice in the administration of public affairs; and thus, without ever holding any important office, Temple exercised a very considerable influence on the politics of his time. He died in 1699. His works are mostly short, his "Observations on the Netherlands" being the longest. Among the others are his *Essays on Gardening*, *Poetry*, *Heroic Virtue*, and *Ancient and Modern Learning*. They display considerable shrewdness and sagacity, and great power of observation, but are not otherwise remarkable. His style has been often commended for its elegance and musical cadence, but this praise seems to have been much exaggerated, as there are several of his contemporaries who in these respects unquestionably excel him.

1. CHARACTER OF THE ENGLISH.—("ESSAY ON POETRY.")

There is a sort of variety amongst us which arises from our climate, and the dispositions it naturally produces. We are not only more unlike one another than any nation I know, but we are more unlike ourselves too at several times, and owe to our very air some ill qualities as well as good. We may allow some distempers incident to our climate, since so much health, vigour, and length of life have been generally ascribed to it; for, among the Greek and Roman authors themselves, we shall find the Britons observed to live the longest, and the Egyptians the shortest of any nations that were known in those ages. Besides, I think none will dispute the native courage of our men and beauty of our women, which may be elsewhere as great in particulars, but nowhere so in general; they may be (what is said of diseases) as acute in other places, but with us they are epidemical. For my own part, who have conversed much with men of other nations, and such as have been both in great employments and esteem, I can say very impartially, that I have not observed among any so much true genius as among the English; nowhere more sharpness of wit, more pleasantness of humour, more range of fancy, more penetration of thought, or depth of reflection, among the better sort; nowhere more goodness of nature and of meaning, nor more plainness of sense and of life, than among the common sort of country people; nor more blunt courage and honesty than among our seamen.

But with all this, our country must be confessed to be, what a great foreign physician called it, the region of spleen; which may

arise a good deal from the great uncertainty and many sudden changes of our weather in all seasons of the year. And how much these affect the heads and hearts, especially of the finest tempers, is hard to be believed by men whose thoughts are not turned to such speculations. This makes us unequal in our humours, inconstant in our passions, uncertain in our ends, and even in our desires. Besides, our different opinions in religion, and the factions they have raised or animated for fifty years past, have had an ill effect upon our manners and customs, inducing more avarice, ambition, disguise, with the usual consequences of them, than were before in our constitution. From all this it may happen, that there is nowhere more true zeal in the many different forms of devotion, and yet nowhere more knavery under the shows and pretences. There are nowhere so many disputes upon religion, so many reasoners upon government, so many refiners in politics, so many curious inquisitives, so many pretenders to business and state employments, greater porers upon books, nor plodders after wealth; and yet nowhere more abandoned libertines, more refined luxurists, extravagant debauchees, conceited gallants, more dabblers in poetry, as well as politics, in philosophy, and in chemistry. I have had several servants far gone in divinity, others in poetry; have known in the families of some friends a keeper deep in the Rosicrucian¹ principles, and a laundress firm in those of Epicurus. What effect soever such a composition or medley of humours among us may have upon our lives or our government, it must needs have a good one upon our stage, and has given admirable play to our comical wits; so that, in my opinion, there is no vein of that sort, either ancient or modern, which excels or equals the humour of our plays. And for the rest, I cannot but observe, to the honour of our country, that the good qualities amongst us seem to be natural, and the ill ones more accidental, and such as would be easily changed by the examples of princes, and by the precepts of laws; such, I mean, as should be designed to form manners, to restrain excesses, to encourage industry, to prevent men's expenses beyond their fortunes, to countenance virtue, and raise that true esteem due to plain sense and common honesty.

2. PRAISES OF POETRY AND MUSIC.—("ESSAY ON POETRY.")

They must be confessed to be the softest and sweetest, the most general and most innocent amusements of common time and life. They still find room in the courts of princes and the cottages of shepherds. They serve to revive and animate the dead calm of poor or idle lives, and to allay or divert the violent passions and perturbations of the greatest and busiest of men. And both these effects are of equal use to human life; for the mind of man is like

¹ A sect of philosophers so called from Rosenkreutz their founder. They acquire¹ much celebrity in the beginning of the seventeenth century, but their doctrines were not revealed except to the initiated.

the sea, which is neither agreeable to the beholder nor to the voyager in a calm or in a storm, but is so to both when a little agitated by gentle gales; and so the mind, when moved by soft and easy passions and affections. I know very well, that many, who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave, are apt to despise both poetry and music, as toys and trifles too light for the use and entertainment of serious men. But whoever find themselves wholly insensible to these charms, would, I think, do well to keep their own counsel, for fear of reproaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into question: it may be thought at least an ill sign, if not an ill constitution, since some of the fathers went so far as to esteem the love of music a sign of predestination, as a thing divine, and reserved for the felicities of heaven itself. While this world lasts, I doubt not but the pleasure and requests of these two entertainments will do so too, and happy those that content themselves with these, or any other so easy and so innocent, and do not trouble the world, or other men, because they cannot be quiet themselves, though nobody hurts them.

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little, to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.

3. COMPARISON OF ANCIENT AND MODERN LEARNING.—("ESSAY UPON THE ANCIENT AND MODERN LEARNING.")¹

The force of all that I have met with on this subject, either in talk or in writing, is, first, as to knowledge, that we must have more than the ancients, because we have the advantage both of theirs and of our own, which is commonly illustrated by the similitude of a dwarf's standing upon a giant's shoulders, and seeing more and farther than he.

Next, as to wit or genius, that, nature being still the same, these must be much at a rate in all ages, at least in the same climates, as the growth and size of plants and animals commonly are; and if both these are allowed, they think the cause is gained. But I cannot tell why we should conclude that the ancient writers had not as much advantage from the knowledge of others that were ancient to them, as we have from those that are ancient to us. The invention of printing has not perhaps multiplied books, but only the copies of them; and if we believe there were six hundred thousand in the library of Ptolemy, we shall hardly pretend to equal it by any of ours—not, perhaps, by all put together; I mean so many originals, that have lived any time, and thereby given testimony of their having been thought worth preserving. For the scribblers are in-

¹ This Essay gave rise to one of the most famous controversies in our language as to the comparative merits of the ancients and the moderns.

finite, that, like mushrooms or flies, are born and die in small circles of time ; whereas books, like proverbs, receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have passed. Besides the account of this library at Alexandria, and others very voluminous in the lesser Asia and Rome, we have frequent mention of ancient writers in many of those books, which we now call ancient, both philosophers and historians. 'Tis true that, besides what we have in Scripture concerning the original and progress of the Jewish nation, all that passed in the rest of our world before the Trojan War is either sunk in the depths of time, wrapped up in the mysteries of fables, or so maimed by the want of testimonies and loss of authors, that it appears to us in too obscure a shade to make any judgment upon it. For the fragments of Manethon about the antiquities of Egypt, the relations in Justin concerning the Scythian empire, and many others in Herodotus and Diadorus Siculus, as well as the records of China, make such excursions beyond the periods of time given us by the Holy Scriptures, that we are not allowed to reason upon them. And this disagreement itself, after so great a part of the world became Christian, may have contributed to the loss of many ancient authors. For Solomon tells us, even in his time, of writing many books there was no end ; and whoever considers the subject and the style of Job, which by many is thought more ancient than Moses, will hardly think it was written in an age or country that wanted either books or learning ; and yet he speaks of the ancients then, and their wisdom, as we do now. But if any should so very rashly and presumptuously conclude, that there were few books before those we have either extant or upon record, yet that cannot argue there was no knowledge or learning before those periods of time, whereof they give us the short account. Books may be helps to learning and knowledge, and make it more common and diffused ; but I doubt whether they are necessary ones or no, or much advance any other science, beyond the particular records of actions or registers of time ; and these perhaps might be as long preserved without them, by the care and exactness of tradition in the long successions of certain races of men, with whom they are intrusted. So in Mexico and Peru, before the least use or mention of letters, there was remaining among them the knowledge of what had passed in those mighty nations and governments for many ages. Whereas in Ireland, that is said to have flourished in books and learning before they had much progress in Gaul or Brittany, there are now hardly any traces left of what passed there before the conquest made of that country by the English in Henry the Second's time. A strange but plain demonstration how knowledge and ignorance, as well as civility and barbarism, may succeed each other in the several countries of the world ; how much better the records of time may be kept by tradition in one country than by writing in another ; and how much we owe to those learned languages of Greek and Latin, without which, for ought I know, the world in all these western parts would hardly be known to have been above five or six

hundred years old, nor any certainty remain of what passed in it before that time.

I do not know whether the high flights of wit and knowledge, like those of power and of empire in the world, may not have been made by the pure native force of spirit or genius in some single men, rather than by any derived strength among them, however increased by succession ; and whether they may not have been the achievements of nature rather than the improvements of art. Thus the conquests of Ninus and Semiramis, of Alexander and Tamerlane, which I take to have been the greatest recorded in story, were at their height in those persons that began them ; and so far from being increased by their successors, that they were not preserved in their extent and vigour by any of them, grew weaker in every hand they passed through, or were divided into many that set up for great princes out of several small ruins of the first empires, till they withered away in time, or were lost by the change of names, and forms of families or of governments.

Just the same fate seems to have attended the highest flights of learning and of knowledge that are upon our registers. Thales, Pythagoras, Democritus, Hippocrates, Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, were the first mighty conquerors of ignorance in our world, and made greater progresses in the several empires of science than any of their successors have been since able to reach. These have hardly ever pretended more than to learn what the others taught, to remember what they invented, and, not able to compass that itself, they have set up for authors upon some parcels of those great stocks, or else have contented themselves only to comment upon those texts, and make the best copies they could after those originals.

I have long thought that the different abilities of men, which we call wisdom or prudence, for the conduct of public affairs or private life, grow directly out of that little grain of intellect or good sense which they bring with them into the world ; and that the defect of it in men comes from some want in their conception or birth. And though this may be improved or impaired in some degree by accidents of education, of study, and of conversation and business, yet it cannot go beyond the reach of its native force, no more than life can go beyond the period to which it was destined, by the strength or weakness of the seminal virtue.

If these speculations should be true, then I know not what advantages we can pretend to modern knowledge, by any we receive from the ancients : nay, 'tis possible men may lose rather than gain by them ; may lessen the force and growth of their own genius, by constraining and forming it upon that of others ; may have less knowledge of their own, for contenting himself with that of those before them. So a man that only translates shall never be a poet, nor a painter that always copies, nor a swimmer that swims always with bladders. So people that trust wholly to others' charity, and without industry of their own, will be always poor. Besides, who

can tell whether learning may not even weaken invention in a man that has great advantages from nature and birth ; whether the weight and number of so many other men's thoughts and notions may not suppress his own, or hinder the motion and agitation of them, from which all invention arises ; as heaping on wood, or too many sticks, or too close together, suppresses, and sometimes quite extinguishes a little spark, that would otherwise have grown up to a noble flame. The strength of mind, as well as of body, grows more from the warmth of exercise than of clothes ; nay, too much of this foreign heat rather makes men faint, and their constitutions tender, or weaker than they would be without them. Let it come about how it will, if we are dwarfs, we are still so, though we stand upon a giant's shoulders ; and even so placed, yet we see less than he, if we are naturally short-sighted, or if we do not look as much about us, or if we are dazzled with the height, which often happens from weakness either of heart or brain.¹

XXV. BISHOP BURNET.

GILBERT BURNET was born at Edinburgh in 1643, and received his education at the University of Aberdeen. He officiated for some time as a clergyman in Scotland, but disliking the tyranny of Lauderdale, he removed to London, where he became famous as one of the greatest pulpit orators of the day. In 1679 he published the first volume of his "History of the Reformation in England," which was completed by the issue of a second volume in 1681, and a third in 1714. He had, however, no prospect of rising in the Church, for his politics were opposed to the court, which he had mortally offended by attending Lord William Russell to the place of execution ; and at length he quitted England and settled at the Hague, where he enjoyed the friendship of William of Orange. He took a prominent share in the Revolution, and his services were rewarded with the Bishopric of Salisbury in 1689. From that time till his death, he was unceasingly occupied either in important political and religious transactions, or in the assiduous discharge of the duties of his diocese. In addition to his "History of the Reformation," which is allowed to have been compiled with great care and accuracy, and contains a large appendix of valuable documents, he wrote an "Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles," which is a standard theological work, and left for publication a "History of his own Times," which, according to his own directions, was not printed for some years after his death. This last work provoked much hostile criticism, and is peculiarly open to ridicule from the self-importance which Burnet displays in it, and which has been imitated with such caustic sarcasm by Pope in his "Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of this Parish." The style is deficient both in dignity and strength, and the narrative is of course coloured according to

¹ This Essay was replied to, and part of its reasoning triumphantly overthrown by the famous Bentley. Swift defended his patron Temple in his well-known "Battle of the Books."

Burnet's own opinions ; still the work is highly valuable from his personal knowledge of the events and characters which he describes.

1. THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.—("HISTORY OF MY OWN TIMES,"
BOOK V. 1692.)

There was, at this time, a very barbarous massacre committed in Scotland, which showed both the cruelty and the treachery of some of those who had unhappily insinuated themselves into the king's confidence. The Earl of Breadalbane formed a scheme of quieting all the highlanders if the king would give £12,000 or £15,000 for doing it, which was remitted down from England, and this was to be divided among the heads of the tribes or clans of the highlanders. He employed his emissaries among them, and told them the best service they could do King James was to lie quiet, and reserve themselves to a better time ; and if they would take the oaths, the king would be contented with that, and they were to have a share of the sum that was sent down to buy their quiet : but this came to nothing ; their demands rose high ; they knew this lord had money to distribute among them ; they believed he intended to keep the best part of it to himself ; so they asked more than he could give. Among the most clamorous and obstinate of these were the Macdonalds of Glencoe, who were believed guilty of much robbery and many murders ; and so had gained too much by their pilfering war to be easily brought to give it over. The head of that valley had so particularly provoked Lord Breadalbane, that as his scheme was quite defeated by the opposition that he raised, so he designed a severe revenge. The king had, by a proclamation, offered an indemnity to all the highlanders that had been in arms against him, upon their coming in, by a prefixed day, to take the oaths. The day had been twice or thrice prolonged ; and it was at last carried to the end of the year 1691 ; with a positive threatening of proceeding to military execution against such as should not come into his obedience by the last day of December.

All were so terrified that they came in, and even that Macdonald went to the governor of Fort-William on the last of December, and offered to take oaths ; but he, being only a military man, could not or would not tender them, and Macdonald was forced to seek for some of the legal magistrates to tender them to him : the snows were then fallen, so four or five days passed before he could come to a magistrate ; he took the oaths in his presence on the 4th or 5th of January, when, by the strictness of law, he could claim no benefit by it ; the matter was signified to the council, and the person had a reprimand for giving him the oaths when the day was passed.

This was kept up from the king, and the Earl of Breadalbane came to court to give an account of his diligence, and to bring back the money, since he could not do the service for which he had it. He informed against this Macdonald as the chief person who had

defeated that good design ; and that he might both gratify his own revenge, and render the king odious to all the highlanders, he proposed that orders should be sent for a military execution on those of Glencoe. An instruction was drawn by the Secretary of State, the Master of Stair, to be both signed and countersigned by the king (that so he might bear no part of the blame, but that it might be wholly on the king), that such as had not taken the oaths by the time limited should be shut out of the benefit of the indemnity, and be received only upon mercy. But when it was found that this would not authorize what was intended, a second order was got to be signed and countersigned, that if the Glencoe men could be separated from the rest of the highlanders, some examples might be made of them, in order to strike terror into the rest. The king signed this without any inquiry about it, for he was too apt to sign papers in a hurry, without examining the importance of them. This was one effect of his slowness in despatching business ; for as he was apt to suffer things to run on till there was a great heap of papers laid before him, so then he signed them a little too precipitately. But all this while the king knew nothing of Macdonald's offering to take the oaths within the time, nor of his having taken them soon after it was past, when he came to a proper magistrate. As these orders were sent down, the Secretary of State writ many letters to Levingstoun, who commanded in Scotland, giving him a strict charge and particular directions for the execution of them ; and he ordered the passes in the valley to be kept, describing them so minutely that the orders were certainly drawn by one who knew the country well. He gave also a positive direction that no prisoners should be taken, that so the execution might be as terrible as was possible. He pressed this upon Levingstoun, with strains of vehemence, that looked as if there was something more than ordinary in it : he, indeed, grounded it on his zeal for the king's service, adding, that such rebels and murderers should be made examples of.

In February a company was sent to Glencoe, who were kindly received and quartered over the valley, the inhabitants thinking themselves safe, and looking for no hostilities : after they had staid a week among them, they took their time in the night, and killed about six and thirty of them, the rest taking the alarm and escaping ; this raised a mighty outcry, and was published by the French in their gazettes, and by the Jacobites in their libels, to cast a reproach on the king's government as cruel and barbarous, though in all other instances it had appeared that his own inclinations were gentle and mild rather to an excess. The king sent orders to inquire into the matter ; but when the letters, writ upon this business, were all examined, which I myself read, it appeared that so many were involved in the matter, that the king's gentleness prevailed on him to a fault, and he contented himself with dismissing only the Master of Stair from his service. The highlanders were so inflamed with this, that they were put in as forward a disposition as the Jacobites could wish for, to have rebelled upon the first

favourable opportunity ; and, indeed, the not punishing this with a due rigour was the greatest blot in this whole reign, and had a very ill effect in alienating that nation from the king and his government.

2. ON THE PROPER CONDUCT OF PRINCES.—(CONCLUSION OF
"HISTORY OF MY OWN TIMES.")

I have had the honour to be admitted to much free conversation with five of our sovereigns, King Charles II., King James II., King William III., Queen Mary, and Queen Anne. King Charles's behaviour was a thing never enough to be commended ; he was a perfectly well-bred man, easy of access, free in his discourse, and sweet in his whole deportment ; this was managed with great art, and it covered bad designs ; it was of such use to him, that it may teach all succeeding princes of what advantage an easiness of access and an obliging behaviour may be ; this preserved him ; it often disarmed those resentments which his ill conduct in everything, both public and private, possessed all thinking people with very early, and all sorts of people at last ; and yet none could go to him, but they were in a great measure softened before they left him ; it looked like a charm that could hardly be resisted ; yet there was no good nature under that, nor was there any truth in him. King James had great application to business, though without a right understanding ; that application gave him a reputation, till he took care to throw it off ; if he had not come after King Charles, he would have passed for a prince of a sweet temper, and easy of access. King William was the reverse of all this ; he was scarce accessible, and was always cold and silent ; he minded affairs abroad so much, and was so set on the war, that he scarce thought of his government at home ; this raised a general disgust, which was improved by men of ill designs, so that it perplexed all his affairs, and he could scarce support himself at home, whilst he was the admiration of all abroad. Queen Mary was affable, cheerful, and lively, spoké much, and yet under great reserves, minded business, and came to understand it well ; she kept close to rules, chiefly to those set her by the king, and she charmed all that came near her. Queen Anne is easy of access, and hears everything very gently ; but opens herself to so few, and is so cold and general in her answers, that people soon find that the chief application is to be made to her ministers and favourites, who, in their turns, have an entire credit and full power with her ; she has laid down the splendour of a court too much, and eats privately ; so that, except on Sundays, and a few hours twice or thrice a-week at night in the drawing-room, she appears so little, that her court is as it were abandoned. But of all these princes' conduct, and from their successes in their affairs, it is evident what ought to be the measures of a wise and good prince, who would govern the nation happily and gloriously.

The first, the most essential, and most indispensable rule for a king is, to study the interest of the nation, to be ever in it, and to be always pursuing it: this will lay in for him such a degree of confidence, that he will be ever safe with his people when they feel they are safe in him. No part of our story shows this more visibly than Queen Elizabeth's reign, in which the true interest of the nation was constantly pursued; and this was so well understood by all, that everything else was forgiven her and her ministers both. Sir Simon d'Ewe's journal shows a treatment of parliament that could not have been borne at any other time, or under any other administration. This was the constant support of King William's reign, and continues to support the present reign,¹ as it will support all who adhere steadily to it.

A prince that would command the affections and purses of this nation, must not study to stretch his prerogative, or be uneasy under the restraints of law. As soon as this humour shows itself, he must expect that a jealousy of him, and an uneasy opposition to him, will follow through the whole course of his reign; whereas, if he governs well, parliaments will trust him as much as a wise prince would desire to be trusted, and will supply him in every war that is necessary, either for their own preservation or the preservation of those allies with whom mutual interests and leagues unite him; but though, soon after the Restoration, a slavish Parliament supported King Charles in the Dutch war, yet the nation must be strangely changed before anything of that sort can happen again.

3. CHARACTER OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE.—(BURNET'S "OWN TIMES," BOOK VI.)

He had a thin and weak body, was brown-haired, and of a clear and delicate constitution. He had a Roman eagle nose, bright and sparkling eyes, a large front, and a countenance composed to gravity and authority. All his senses were critical and exquisite. He was always asthmatical; and the dregs of the small-pox falling on his lungs, he had a constant deep cough. His behaviour was solemn and serious, seldom cheerful, and but with a few. He spoke little, and very slowly, and most commonly with a disgusting dryness, which was his character at all times, except in a day of battle; for then he was all fire, though without passion. He was then everywhere, and looked to everything. He had no great advantage from his education. De Witt's discourses were of great use to him; and he, being apprehensive of the observation of those who were looking narrowly into everything he said or did, had brought himself under a habitual caution that he could never shake off, though, in another sense, it proved as hurtful as it was then necessary to his affairs. He spoke Dutch, French, English, and German equally well; and he understood the Latin, Spanish, and Italian; so that he was well

¹ This was written in the reign of Queen Anne.

fitted to command armies composed of several nations. He had a memory that amazed all about him, for it never failed him. He was an exact observer of men and things. His strength lay rather in a true discerning and sound judgment than in imagination or invention. His designs were always great and good; but it was thought he trusted too much to that, and that he did not descend enough to the humours of his people to make himself and his notions more acceptable to them. This, in a government that has so much of freedom in it as ours, was more necessary than he was inclined to believe. His reservedness grew on him; so that it disgusted most of those who served him. But he had observed the errors of too much talking more than those of too cold a silence. He did not like contradiction, nor to have his actions censured; but he loved to employ and favour those who had the arts of complaisance; yet he did not love flatterers. His genius lay chiefly in war, in which his courage was more admired than his conduct. Great errors were often committed by him; but his heroic courage set things right, as it inflamed those who were about him. He was too lavish of money on some occasions, both in his buildings and to his favourites; but too sparing in rewarding services, or in encouraging those who brought intelligence. He was apt to take ill impressions of people, and these stuck long with him; but he never carried them to indecent revenges. He gave too much way to his own humour almost in everything, not excepting that which related to his own health. He knew all foreign affairs well, and understood the state of every court in Europe very particularly. He instructed his own ministers himself; but he did not apply enough to affairs at home. He believed the truth of the Christian religion very firmly, and he expressed a horror of atheism and blasphemy; and though there was much of both in his court, yet it was always denied to him and kept out of his sight. He was most exemplarily decent and devout in the public exercises of the worship of God; only on week-days he came too seldom to them. He was an attentive hearer of sermons, and was constant in his private prayers and in reading the Scriptures; and when he spoke of religious matters, which he did not often, it was with a becoming gravity. His indifference as to the forms of church government, and his being zealous for toleration, together with his cold behaviour towards the clergy, gave them generally very ill impressions of him. In his deportment towards all about him, he seemed to make little distinction between the good and the bad, and those who served well or those who served him ill. He loved the Dutch, and was much beloved among them; but the ill returns he met from the English nation, their jealousies of him, and their perverseness towards him, had too much soured his mind, and had in a great measure alienated him from them, which he did not take care enough to conceal, though he saw the ill effects this had on his business. He grew, in his last years, too remiss and careless as to all affairs, till the treacheries of France awakened him, and the dreadful conjunction of the monarchies gave

so loud an alarm to all Europe; for a watching over that court, and a bestirring himself against their practices, was the prevailing passion of his whole life. Few men had the art of concealing and governing passions more than he had; yet few men had stronger passions, which were seldom felt but by inferior servants, to whom he usually made such recompences for any sudden or indecent vents he might give his anger, that they were glad at every time that it broke upon them. He was too easy to the faults of those about him when they did not lie in his own way or cross any of his designs, and he was so apt to think that his ministers might grow insolent if they should find that they had much credit with him, that he seemed to have made it a maxim to let them often feel how little power they had, even in small matters. His favourites had a more entire power; but he accustomed them only to inform him of things, but to be sparing in offering advice, except when it was asked. I had occasion to know him well, having observed him very carefully in a course of sixteen years. I had a large measure of his favour, and a free access to him all the while, though not at all times to the same degree. The freedom that I used with him was not always acceptable; but he saw that I served him faithfully, so that, after some intervals of coldness, he always returned to a good measure of confidence in me. I was in many great instances much obliged by him; but that was not my chief bias towards him. I considered him as a person raised up by God to resist the power of France, and the progress of tyranny and persecution. After all the abatements that may be allowed for his errors and faults, he ought still to be reckoned among the greatest princes that our history, or indeed that of any other country, can afford.¹

XXVI.—JOHN DRYDEN.

Dryden was born at Aldwinkle, in Northamptonshire, in 1631. He was educated at Westminster School under the famous Busby, and afterwards removed to Cambridge, where, without making a brilliant figure, he acquired a respectable amount of scholarship. His first published work was a copy of highly laudatory verses on the death of Cromwell; but, changing his opinions, he, at the Restoration, celebrated the return of Charles II., in a poem entitled "*Astræa Redux*;" and from that time to the end of his life, his fertile pen issued poems, plays, and translations in rapid and almost uninterrupted succession. On the death of Davenant, he was created by Charles Poet-Laureate, a dignity which he enjoyed till the Revolution, when, having become a Papist to please James, he was removed by the Prince of Orange. Deprived of his pecuniary resources, he was again left to support himself by his pen, and he continued occupied in literary labour till his death in 1701. As a poet, Dryden is one of the greatest names in

¹ The reader would do well to compare this character of William, sketched from personal knowledge, with that quoted from Macaulay in a subsequent part of the book.

our literature; and his peculiar merits are happily, and on the whole justly, summed up by Pope in his well-known lines:—

"Waller was smooth, but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine."

His works are too numerous to be specified; but the chief are, "*Astræa, Redux*," "*Annus Mirabilis*," the "*Fables*," the "*Hind and Panther*," "*Ode on St Cecilia's Day*," "*Absalom and Achithophel*,"—his translations, of which his "*Virgil*" is the best, and his dramatic works, of which "*Don Sebastian*" and the "*Spanish Friar*" are considered the finest. His prose works consist of the introductions to his poems, and are chiefly remarkable as the first attempt in the language to reduce criticism to a science; and though that science has made great progress since Dryden's day, yet the liveliness of his style and the general truth of his remarks will always prevent these, the earliest of our critical essays, from falling into oblivion.

1. COMPARISON OF VIRGIL AND HOMER.

In the works of Virgil and Homer, we may read their manners and natural inclinations, which are wholly different. Virgil was of a quiet, sedate temper; Homer was violent, impetuous, and full of fire. The chief talent of Virgil was propriety of thoughts, and ornament of words: Homer was rapid in his thoughts, and took all the liberties, both of numbers and of expression, which his language and the age in which he lived allowed him. Homer's invention was more copious, Virgil's more confined; so that if Homer had not led the way, it was not in Virgil to have begun heroic poetry: for nothing can be more evident, than that the Roman poem is but the second part of the "*Iliad*," a continuation of the same story, and the persons already formed; the manners of *Æneas* are those of *Hector*, superadded to those which Homer gave him. The adventures of *Ulysses* in the "*Odyssey*" are imitated in the first six books of Virgil's "*Æneid*:" and though the accidents are not the same (which would have argued him of servile copying and total barrenness of invention), yet the seas were the same in which both the heroes wandered; and *Dido* cannot be denied to be the poetical daughter of *Calypso*. The six latter books of Virgil's poem are the four-and-twenty *Iliads* contracted: a quarrel occasioned by a lady, a single combat, battles fought, and a town besieged. I say not this in derogation to Virgil, neither do I contradict anything which I have formerly said in his just praise: for his episodes are almost wholly of his own invention; and the form which he has given to the telling makes the tale his own, even though the original story had been the same. But this proves, however, that Homer taught Virgil to design; and, if invention be the first virtue of an epic poet, then the Latin poem can only be allowed the second place. Mr *Hobbes*, in the preface to his own bald translation of

the "Iliad" (studying poetry, as he did mathematics, when it was too late), Mr Hobbes, I say, begins the praise of Homer where he should have ended it. He tells us, that the first beauty of an epic poem consists in diction, that is, in the choice of words and harmony of numbers: now, the words are the colouring of the work, which, in the order of nature, is the last to be considered. The design, the disposition, the manners, and the thoughts, are all before it: where any of these are wanting, or imperfect, so much wants or is imperfect in the imitation of human life, which is the very definition of a poem. Words, indeed, like glaring colours, are the first beauties that arise and strike the sight; but if the draught be false or lame, the figures ill-disposed, the manners obscure or inconsistent, or the thoughts unnatural, then the finest colours are but daubing, and the piece is a beautiful monster at the best. Neither Virgil nor Homer were deficient in any of the former beauties; but in this last, which is expression, the Roman poet is at least equal to the Grecian, supplying the poverty of his language by his musical ear and his diligence. But to return: our two great poets, being so different in their tempers, one choleric and sanguine, the other phlegmatic and melancholic, that which makes them excel in their several ways is, that each has followed his own natural inclination, as well in forming the design as in the execution of it. The very heroes show their authors; Achilles is hot, impatient, revengeful; Æneas patient, considerate, careful of his people, merciful to his enemies, and ever submissive to the will of Heaven. I could please myself with enlarging on this subject, but I am forced to defer it to a future time. From all I have said, I will only draw this inference, that the action of Homer, being more full of vigour than that of Virgil, according to the temper of the writer, is of consequence more pleasing to the reader. One warms you by degrees; the other sets you on fire all at once, and never intermits his heat. It is the same difference which Longinus makes betwixt the effects of eloquence in Demosthenes and Tully. One persuades, the other commands. You never cool while you read Homer, not even in the second book (a graceful flattery to his countrymen); but he hastens from the ships, and concludes not that book till he has made you amends by the violent playing of a new machine. From thence he hurries on his action with variety of events, and ends it in less compass than two months.

2. CHAUCER.

As he is the father of English poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil: he is a perpetual fountain of good sense; learned in all sciences; and, therefore, speaks properly on all subjects: as he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off; a continence which is practised by few writers, and scarcely by any of the an-

cients, excepting Virgil and Horace. Chaucer followed nature everywhere; but was never so bold as to go beyond her.

The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but it is like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends, it was suited to the ears of his time; they who lived with him, and some time after him, thought it musical; and it continues so even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lidgate and Gower, his contemporaries: there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. It is true, I cannot go so far as he who published the last edition of him; for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears,¹ and that there were really ten syllables in a verse where we find but nine; but this opinion is not worth confuting; it is so gross and obvious an error, that common sense, which is a rule in everything but matters of faith and revelation, must convince the reader, that equality of numbers in every verse, which we call heroic, was either not known or not always practised in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses which are lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say, that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be children before we grow men. There was an Ennius, and, in process of time, a Lucilius and a Lucretius, before Virgil and Horace; even after Chaucer, there was a Spencer, a Harrington, a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being; and our numbers were in their nonage till these last appeared.

Chaucer must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his "Canterbury Tales" the various manners and humours (as we now call them) of the whole English nation in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other; and, not only in their inclinations, but in their physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta² could not have described their natures better than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humours, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity; their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding; such as are becoming of them, and them only. Some of his persons are vicious, and some are virtuous; some are unlearned, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learned. Even the ribaldry of the lower characters is different: the Reeve, the Miller, and the

¹ The reader will find the metrical system of Chaucer discussed in almost every edition of that poet's works.

² A famous Neapolitan philosopher of the sixteenth century, much distinguished for the study of physiognomy.

Cook, are several men, and distinguished from each other, as much as the mincing Lady Prioress, and the broad-speaking, gape-toothed wife of Bath. But enough of this : there is such a variety of game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. It is sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that here is God's plenty. We have our forefathers and great-grandames all before us, as they were in Chaucer's days ; their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England, though they are called by other names than those of Monks, and Friars, and Canons, and Lady Abbesses, and Nuns ; for mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of nature, though everything is altered.

3. SHAKSPERE AND BEN JONSON.

Shakspere was the man who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily. When he describes anything, you more than see it—you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned ; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature ; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike ; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat and insipid ; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him ; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

“ As the tall cypress towers above the shrubs.”¹

The consideration of this made Mr Hales of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakspere ; and however others are now² generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem. And in the last king's³ court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakspere far above him.

As for Jonson, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language, and humour also in some

¹ Dryden here quotes the well-known line of Virgil, Eclogue 1.—

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

² In the degenerate ages after the Restoration.

³ Charles I.

measure, we had before him ; but something of art was wanting to the drama till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions ; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humour was his proper sphere ; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them ; there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in "Sejanus" and "Catiline."¹ But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch ; and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represented Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially : perhaps, too, he did a little too much *Romanize* our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them ; wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakspeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakspeare the greater wit. Shakspeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets : Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing ; I admire him, but I love Shakspeare.

XXVII. ROBERT SOUTH.

ROBERT SOUTH was born in London in 1633, and was educated at Westminster and Oxford, where he made himself very conspicuous by his ability, and was chosen University orator. On the Restoration he became chaplain to Lord Clarendon, and the influence of that powerful nobleman secured for him a considerable share of church preferment, though he never reached the position to which his wit, talents, and enthusiastically royalist principles might seem to entitle him. He died in 1714. South is universally allowed to be the wittiest of our divines ; and though wit is not usually considered a clerical excellence, yet it has been used by him with great discretion,—for his judgment is as great as his wit, and so as effectually to serve the interests of religion and morality. He belonged to the High Church party, and never hesitates to express in the strongest possible terms his dislike of the Dissenters, his hatred of many of their doctrines, his

¹ Two of Jonson's most famous tragedies ; they are literally crammed with translations from the Latin.

contempt of their peculiar worship and language, and his disgust at the law which tolerated their assemblies. His sermons are still considered as models of pulpit eloquence: their wit, variety, depth of thought, novelty of treatment, felicity of illustration, force of language, earnestness, and good sense, present a combination of excellences, such as few writers can exhibit.

1. POWER OF NAMES.

The generality of mankind is wholly and absolutely governed by words or names; without, nay, for the most part, even against the knowledge men have of things. The multitude, or common rout, like a drove of sheep, or an herd of oxen, may be managed by any noise or cry which their drivers shall accustom them to. And he who will set up for a skilful manager of the rabble, so long as they have but ears to hear, needs never inquire whether they have any understanding whereby to judge: but with two or three popular empty words, such as *popery and superstition, right of the subject, liberty of conscience*, well-timed and humoured, may whistle them backwards and forwards, upwards and downwards, till he is weary; and get up upon their backs when he is so.

As for the meaning of the word itself, that may shift for itself: and as for the sense and reason of it, that has little or nothing to do here: only let it sound full and round, and chime right to the humour which is at present agog (just as a big, long, rattling name is said to command even adoration from a Spaniard), and no doubt, with this powerful senseless engine, the rabble-driver shall be able to carry all before him, or to draw all after him, as he pleases. For a plausible, insignificant word, in the mouth of an expert demagogue, is a dangerous and a dreadful weapon. You know, when Cæsar's army mutinied and grew troublesome, no argument from interest or reason could satisfy or appease them: but as soon as he gave them the appellation of *Quirites*,¹ the tumult was immediately hushed, and all were quiet and content, and took that one word in good payment for all. Such is the trivial slightness and levity of most minds. And, indeed, take any passion of the soul of man, while it is predominant and afloat, and, just in the critical height of it, nick it with some lucky or unlucky word, and you may as certainly overrule it to your own purpose, as a spark of fire falling upon gunpowder will infallibly blow it up.

The truth is, he who shall duly consider these matters will find that there is a certain bewitchery or fascination in words, which makes them operate with a force beyond what we can naturally give an account of. For would not a man think ill deeds and shrewd turns should reach further and strike deeper than ill words? And yet many instances might be given in which men have much

¹ *Quirites* was the name applied to the Romans as citizens, and by using this term Cæsar intimated to the rebellious army that they were mere citizens, and no longer soldiers.

more easily pardoned ill things *done* than ill things *said* against them: such a peculiar rancour and venom do they leave behind them in men's minds, and so much more poisonously and incurably does the serpent bite with his tongue than with his teeth. Nor are men prevailed upon at this odd unaccountable rate by bare words, only through a defect of knowledge; but sometimes also do they suffer themselves to be carried away with these puffs of wind, even contrary to knowledge and experience itself. For otherwise how could men be brought to surrender up their reason, their interest, and their credit to flattery,—gross, fulsome, abusive flattery?—indeed, more abusive and reproachful, upon a true estimate of things and persons, than the rudest scoffs and the sharpest invectives. Yet so it is, that though men know themselves utterly void of those qualities and perfections which the impudent sycophant, at the same time, both ascribes to them, and in his sleeve laughs at them for believing; nay, though they know that the flatterer himself knows the falsehood of his own flatteries, yet they swallow the fallacious morsel, love the impostor, and with both arms hug the abuse; and that to such a degree, that no offices of friendship, no real services, shall be able to lie in the balance against those luscious falsehoods which flattery shall feed the mind of a fool in power with; the sweetness of the one infinitely overcomes the substance of the other.

And therefore you shall seldom see that such an one cares to have men of worth, honesty, and veracity about him; for such persons cannot fall down and worship stocks and stones, though they are placed never so high above them; but their *yea* is *yea*, and their *nay*, *nay*; and they cannot admire a fox for his sincerity, a wolf for his generosity, nor an ass for his wit and ingenuity, and therefore can never be acceptable to those whose whole credit, interest, and advantage lies in their not appearing to the world what they are really in themselves. None are or can be welcome to such but those who speak paint and wash; for that is the thing they love; and no wonder, since it is the thing they need.

There is hardly any rank, order, or degree of men but, more or less, have been captivated and enslaved by words. It is a weakness, or rather a fate, which attends both high and low,—the statesman who holds the helm, as well as the peasant who holds the plough. So that, if ever you find an ignoramus in place and power, and can have so little conscience and so much confidence as to tell him to his face that he has a wit and an understanding above all the world besides, and that what his own reason cannot suggest to him, neither can the united reason of all mankind put together, I dare undertake that as fulsome a dose as you give him, he shall readily take it down and admit the commendation, though he cannot believe the thing. Tell him that no history or antiquity can match his policies and his conduct; and presently the sot (because he knows neither history nor antiquity) shall begin to measure himself by himself (which is the only sure way for him not to fall short),

and so, immediately amongst his outward admirers and his inward despisers, vouched also by a "*Take my word for it*," he steps forth an exact politician, and, by a wonderful and new way of arguing, proves himself no fool, because, forsooth, the sycophant who tells him so is an egregious knave. But to give you yet a grosser instance of the force of words, and of the extreme vanity of man's nature in being influenced by them, hardly shall you meet with any person, man or woman, so aged or ill-favoured, but, if you will venture to commend them for their comeliness, nay, and for their youth too, though "*time out of mind*" is wrote upon every line of their face, yet they shall take it very well at your hands, and begin to think with themselves that certainly they have some perfections which the generality of the world are not so happy as to be aware of. But now are not these, think we, strange self-delusions, and yet attested by common experience almost every day? But whence, in the meantime, can all this proceed, but from the besotting intoxication which this verbal magic, as I may so call it, brings upon the mind of man? For can anything in nature have a more certain, deep, and undeniable effect than folly has upon man's mind, and age upon his body? And yet we see that, in both these, words are able to persuade men out of what they find and feel, to reverse the very impressions of sense, and to amuse men with fancies and paradoxes, even in spite of nature and experience.

2. THE STATE OF MAN BEFORE THE FALL.

The understanding, the noblest faculty of the mind, was then sublime, clear, and aspiring, and as it were the soul's upper region, lofty and serene, free from the vapours and disturbances of the inferior affections. It was the leading, controlling faculty; all the passions wore the colours of reason; it did not so much persuade as command; it was not consul, but dictator. Discourse was then almost as quick as intuition; it was nimble in proposing, firm in concluding; it could sooner determine than now it can dispute. Like the sun, it had both light and agility; it knew no rest but in motion; no quiet but in activity. It did not so properly apprehend as irradiate the object; not so much find as make things intelligible. It arbitrated upon the several reports of sense, and all the varieties of imagination; not, like a drowsy judge, only hearing, but also directing their verdict. In short, it was vegete, quick, and lively; open as the day, untainted as the morning, full of the innocence and sprightliness of youth; it gave the soul a bright and full view into all things; and was not only a window, but itself the prospect. Adam came into the world a philosopher, which sufficiently appeared by his writing the nature of things upon their names; he could view essences in themselves, and read forms without the comment of their respective properties; he could see consequents yet dormant in their principles, and effects yet unborn in the womb of their causes; his understanding could almost pierce into

future contingents, his conjectures improving even to prophecy, or the certainties of prediction; till his fall, he was ignorant of nothing but sin; or at least it rested in the notion, without the smart of the experiment. Could any difficulty have been proposed, the resolution would have been as early as the proposal; it could not have had time to settle into doubt. Like a better Archimedes, the issue of all his inquiries was an "I have found it, I have found it!"¹—the offspring of his brain, without the sweat of his brow. Study was not then a duty, night-watchings were needless; the light of reason wanted not the assistance of a candle. This is the doom of fallen man, to labour in the fire, to seek truth in the deep,² to exhaust his time, and to impair his health, and perhaps to spin out his days and himself into one pitiful controverted conclusion. There was then no poring, no struggling with memory, no straining for invention; his faculties were quick and expedite; they answered without knocking, they were ready upon the first summons; there was freedom and firmness in all their operations. I confess it is as difficult for us, who date our ignorance from our first being, and were still bred up with the same infirmities about us with which we were born, to raise our thoughts and imaginations to those intellectual perfections that attended our nature in the time of innocence, as it is for a peasant bred up in the obscurities of a cottage to fancy in his mind the unseen splendours of a court. But by rating positives by their privatives, and other acts of reason, by which discourse supplies the want of the reports of sense, we may collect the excellency of the understanding then by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building by the magnificence of its ruins. All those arts, rarities, and inventions, which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the relics of an intellect defaced with sin and time. We admire it now only as antiquaries do a piece of old coin, for the stamp it once bore, and not for those vanishing lineaments and disappearing draughts that remain upon it at present. And certainly that must needs have been very glorious the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely when old and decrepit, surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.

¹ South here refers to the well-known story of Archimedes having discovered, while in the bath, the principle of a problem which had long puzzled him, and rushing out exclaiming, "I have found it!" (Heureka.)

² South here uses the Latin "in profundo," alluding, perhaps, to the Latin version of Psalm cxxx. Quotations in Latin were common in the sermons of this age,—more so perhaps among Dissenters than among Churchmen.

PERIOD THIRD.

FROM THE ACCESSION OF QUEEN ANNE TO THE BREAKING OUT OF
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

1. A change in the national style of literary composition necessarily implies a previous change in the moral and social character of the nation, and an important alteration in the established habits of thought. The difference between the styles of different countries is not more certainly an index of difference of national character, than are the varieties of style in the same country at different epochs, of the fluctuations of the moral and social condition of the state. When, therefore, after the Restoration, a complete change of manners took place in England, a corresponding change followed as a matter of course in the literary style. What suited the earnest gravity of the times of Charles I. would have been quite out of place amid the heartless frivolity of the reign of his son, or the dull routine of the Orange and Brunswick families. The nation had become French in its morals and tastes, and an imitation of French style in compositions, intended to gratify these tastes, was in the nature of things unavoidable. Not the writer's matter, but his manner was now all-important; his aim was to be witty, and say smart things; but how could the language of Taylor and Bacon be accommodated to such purposes? The dignity of the former style rendered it quite unsuitable as a vehicle for wit; and a lighter and more flexible style was thus required to suit the wants of an age in which gravity, earnestness, and learning were no longer valued as an author's highest recommendations. Such a style was not of course formed at once, or by one author; it was some time before it succeeded in displacing the old style, and did not reach its perfection till the days of Addison and Pope. In many respects, the style that now became prevalent was inferior to that which had preceded it; it wanted its dignity, its copiousness, and its variety of musical rhythm. It had, however, merits of its own; it was less obscure, less heavy, more suitable for narrative and controversy, and more easily adapted to light compositions and the more common purposes of life. The French manners, which were now introduced, were those of a highly artificial state of society, and a corresponding conventional uniformity in style was established in every department of literature. Thought and expression were in a great measure moulded into one form; profound sentiment, true

pathos, and simple love of nature were almost wholly banished from poetry, and the poet was taught to confide for success in his smooth and antithetical couplets, his judicious employment of a system of stereotype images, his polished sarcasm, his knowledge of genteel society, and his accurate delineation of the conventionalities of artificial life. For the purposes for which in a degenerate age literature was employed, the style now introduced was indeed admirably adapted, but these purposes were by no means of the highest order. Well suited for irony and satire, controversy and narrative, it was ill adapted to express warmth of feeling, depth of thought, and dignity of sentiment; and hence this period of our literature exhibits a great deficiency in all that is of the highest excellence in tragedy, in poetry, and the higher departments of prose. This style continued to prevail for nearly a century, for so long did the same habits of thought prevail in the nation. During that period the energies of the nation seemed to remain dormant; the quiet, commonplace decorum of the reigns of William and Anne was succeeded by the dull and heartless scepticism of the early Georges, and nothing occurred to awaken into life that intensity and earnestness of feeling, without which no literature of the highest class has ever been produced.

2. Of the poets of this period, the earliest in point of time was Matthew Prior, one of the fortunate sons of the Muses, who contrived by his abilities to procure for himself honourable and lucrative political employment. His "Tales" afford one of the finest specimens of the new French style, for they possess in perfection all the excellences of which that style is capable, and his subject required no higher. They are, however, considerably tinged with the prevalent licentiousness of the period. Addison's poems are distinguished by the same moral purity and correctness of language which characterize his prose, but are deficient in all the higher virtues of poetry. His short devotional hymns are perhaps his best works; they are certainly those by which he is at present best known and most likely to be remembered. Garth, a well-known physician in London, is the author of a mock-heroic poem called the "Dispensary," which was long deservedly popular, as the light, graceful style in which it is written is admirably in keeping with the object of the author. Equally popular at the time, though long ago forgotten, were the solemn epics of another noted physician, Sir Richard Blackmore. His "Prince Arthur," "King Arthur," "Creation," "Eliza," "Nature of Man," and "King Alfred," all heroic and philosophical poems, were written on the model of the graver French writers, and, besides abounding in instances of false taste and bombast, which Swift and Pope delighted to hold up to ridicule, are perhaps the dullest poems ever written. Pope, the next great poet of the age, holds the unquestioned pre-eminence among all the poets of the reign of Queen Anne. He possessed, in the highest excellence, all those accomplishments which were then considered essential to the poetical character, combined with others which, though less esteemed in his own day, are now more highly appreciated. His versification, in polish, roundness, and epigrammatic smartness, has never been equalled, and whatever objection may be made to the uniformity and monotonous excellence of the heroic couplet in his hands, it must at least be admitted that he has given

to that measure every perfection of which it is capable. His "Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady," and his "Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard," display a greater depth of feeling than has been manifested by any of the poets of that era; and the recent discovery that we owe to Pope's suggestions many of the finest passages in Thomson's "Seasons," shows that amidst the conventionalities of an artificial generation, he retained an eye for the beauties of nature, and a heart capable of feeling her charms. His earliest works were his "Pastorals" and "Windsor Forest," in the latter of which his unrivalled powers of versification were first exhibited. His next work, the "Essay on Criticism," displays great maturity of judgment, and is an admirable summary of the principles that should regulate what may be called the mechanical parts of criticism and composition. His "Rape of the Lock" is the finest of all his poems, and is unequalled in richness of fancy, sprightliness of language, and the exquisite taste with which he has introduced by way of machinery the sprites of the Rosicrucian Philosophers. His "Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady" and "Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard" have been already noticed. His translations of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," which followed, are now generally admitted not to have reached the simple grandeur which characterizes their great original, though his command of the language has enabled him to produce an admirable modernized version of Homer. His "Dunciad," a satire upon some rival versifiers, though not very creditable to Pope's good nature, is the finest satirical poem in the language; and his "Essay on Man," to which, on the score of religion, objections have been made, not without reason, has carried the power of polished versification and sententious expression to a height which has never been surpassed. Gay, a contemporary and friend of Pope, has written a volume of fables of very high merit, this being one of those subjects to which a light style of versification is peculiarly adapted. Swift's verses are, as might be expected, chiefly satirical, and are perhaps scarcely entitled to be ranked as poetry. It is unnecessary to recite the names of the minor poets whose works have been now consigned to oblivion: Tickell, a frequent contributor to the "Spectator;" Parnell, author of the "Hermit;" and Fenton and Broome, who assisted Pope in translating the "Odyssey," are almost the only writers whose names still survive.

3. At a later period a new race of poets sprung up, who ventured to depart, in some respects, from the school of Pope, without, however, following in the footsteps of the older authors. They did not confine themselves exclusively to the use of the heroic couplet, but varied it with blank verse and other measures, and they employed language of a more energetic character than had been customary in the previous writers; but there was, in general, no return to the study of nature, and no throwing off of the artificial trammels by which the free action of the mind was impeded. Young is still well known by his "Night Thoughts," which appeared in 1742, and which, amid much affected gloom and over-charged bombast, contain many striking and impressive passages. Thomson displays a greater love of nature than any of his contemporaries; and his "Seasons," though the sentiments are sometimes low, and the language turgid and tautologous, never fail to please from their beautiful descriptions of natural scenery.

His "Castle of Indolence," a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, is the most perfect production of his muse, and is one of the best which the century has left us. Gray is one of the finest lyrical poets in the language. His "Bard," and his "Progress of Poesy," are written in a very dignified and elevated strain, with perfect purity of taste, and are constructed with exquisite skill in a varied and highly-musical measure. In a softer strain, but equally excellent, are his "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," and his "Ode on a Distant View of Eton College." Lyrical poetry was also cultivated by Collins, whose "Ode on the Passions" is perhaps next to Dryden's "Ode on St Cecilia's Day," the most famous in the language. Akenside's "Pleasures of Imagination," a sort of philosophical poem in blank verse, possesses many both of the excellences and failings of Young's "Night Thoughts." Its fine passages are too often declamatory, and his enthusiasm often degenerates into extravagant rhapsody. Goldsmith's "Traveller" and "Deserted Village" are perhaps the most pleasing works which that generation of poets has bequeathed to posterity; and akin to them, in their calm, contemplative air, is the "Minstrel" of Beattie, the first Scotch poet, if we except Thomson (who, however, spent most of his time in London), who distinguished himself as a writer of English verse. The poetry of Dr Johnson, his "London," a satire, and "Vanity of Human Wishes," resembles that of Pope in the roundness of the versification and the terseness of the language, but has a moral dignity to which Pope could not pretend. Many of the minor poets of this period still enjoy a small share of reputation, and are occasionally quoted. Among these may be mentioned Blair, a Scotch clergyman, author of the "Grave," a highly impressive piece; Logan, likewise a Scotch clergyman, and best known by his "Ode to the Cuckoo;" Falconer, author of the "Shipwreck;" Smollett the novelist, author of the famous "Ode to Liberty;" Mickle, Armstrong, and Michael Bruce, all Scotsmen; Isaac Watts, whose hymns are so well known to the juvenile population; Somerville, author of the "Chase;" Shenstone, whose "Schoolmistress" and "Pastoral Ballads" have been generally admired; Smart, the Wartons, Hammond, and Dodsley. The poems of Chatterton display a precocity of genius such as our country has never since seen; but an untimely fate cut him off before his muse had reached her maturity. In the Scotch dialect two poets are of sufficient note to require special mention:—Allan Ramsay, whose "Gentle Shepherd" is now generally allowed to be the best pastoral poem which our country has produced; and Robert Ferguson, who, though he died in early youth, left behind him poems which entitle him to be considered as the poetical forerunner of Burns.

4. The tragic dramatists of this period are not entitled to much praise. Their works are in general unimpressive and deficient in feeling, while they possess, of course, the virtues of smoothness of versification and appropriateness of language. Southerne was one of the most popular of the early tragedians, and his "Isabella" is still occasionally represented. Lillo's "George Barnwell," founded on a well-known ballad, and drawing its characters from ordinary life, is kept in memory by the tragic interest which attaches to the story. Rowe was perhaps the most distinguished tragedian of the period; his

"Fair Penitent" and "Jane Shore" still retain their place on the stage. He was better versed than most of his contemporaries in the literature of the previous century,—his edition of Shakspeare being the first which contributed to throw any light on the history of our great dramatist. Nothing could more conspicuously display the almost total neglect into which the writers of the reigns of James and Charles I. had fallen, than the fact that Rowe has ventured, in the confidence of perfect security, to borrow the plot, and much of the details and speeches, of his "Fair Penitent" from the "Fatal Dowry" of Massinger. Addison's "Cato" has been found unfitted for dramatic representation; but, though cold and often uninteresting, it contains many admirable speeches, which never fail deeply to impress the reader. Congreve's "Mourning Bride" is much inferior to the comedies of the same author, but contains some passages of high merit: its commencement, in particular, has always been much admired. Of the later tragedians of the period, few have acquired a permanent reputation; they exhibit the same want of passion, and the same inclination to supply its place by stilted declamation. Such is the character of "Revenge," a tragedy, by the author of the "Night Thoughts;" of Thomson's "Sophonisba" and "Agamemnon;" and Dr Johnson's "Irene." Mason, in his "Elfrida" and "Caractacus," attempted unsuccessfully to produce on our stage plays written on the model of the old Greek tragedies; and in the dearth of original genius, some translations were made from the French of Voltaire. The only tragedy of the period that is now read with pleasure is "Douglas," written by Home, a Presbyterian clergyman, who was, however, obliged to resign his office for what was deemed so gross a breach of propriety. The simple and genuine affection which Douglas displays is so true to nature, that it irresistibly compels the sympathies of the audience. The poverty and inferiority of the tragedians of the period was amply compensated by the great fertility and excellence of the comic writers. Everything was favourable for the development of comic talent; the follies and absurdities of a highly artificial state of society, in contrast with the rusticity and awkwardness of those who lived out of the "world," offered an admirable field, and the universal conversational smartness allowed the writer to give full rein to his wit, without the risk of transgressing the limits of what was natural. Hence the regular comedy of this period reached a pitch of excellence which it has never since attained. Of the comic writers, Congreve, already mentioned as a tragedian, is usually considered the best; and his "Love for Love" and the "Double Dealer" are admired as among the finest comedies in the language. Farquhar and Sir John Vanbrugh, contemporaries of Congreve, were his rivals in dramatic fame; the "Beaux' Stratagem" of the former, and "Provoked Husband" of the latter, contesting the palm of superiority with the works of Congreve. To these must be added Colley Cibber and Mrs Centlivre, both of whom have produced plays which still rank among our best comedies. The only objection to the merit of these writers arises from their licentiousness, which cannot but offend the more refined morals of a modern reader. This immorality of the drama drew down upon it the censure of Addison and the other essayists; and their efforts led, by degrees, to the purification of the stage, and

the production of a class of comedies of a less objectionable character, known in works on literature as the "Genteel Comedy." Of this class of comic writers, Colman and Goldsmith are the best known. A lower class of productions, of which the "Beggars Opera" of Gay, and the various farces of Garrick and Foote, may serve as examples, also enjoyed an extensive, and, on the whole, well-earned popularity.

5. The essayists form a class of writers peculiar to this period, their place being supplied in our days by the numerous writers in newspapers, magazines, and reviews. The essays were issued sometimes daily, sometimes at longer intervals, and the merit of originating the idea belongs to Defoe, though for the practical realization of it we are indebted to Sir Richard Steele. Happening to enjoy a government office which secured for him the early possession of the news from abroad, Steele resolved to avail himself of the opportunity, and issued three times a-week a small penny sheet, containing the most recent intelligence, the rest of the paper being occupied with some tale, allegory, imaginary correspondence, or original essay, designed to "expose the false arts of life, and encourage simplicity in dress, discourse, and behaviour." Such was the origin of the "Tatler;" and the plan proved eminently successful, Steele's diversity of talents qualifying him well for the duties which he had undertaken. He was also assisted by his friends, at first by Swift, who afterwards changed his politics and deserted him, but chiefly by Addison, who wrote a large part of the best papers in the "Tatler." After being issued for nearly two years it was discontinued, but encouraged by the unmistakable approbation of the public for such a work, Steele immediately started the "Spectator," the most famous of our British series of essays, and the only one which a student of literature is still expected to peruse. In the "Spectator," which appeared daily, Steele was again assisted by Addison, and occasional papers were contributed by Tickell, Budgell, Hughes, and others. Besides furnishing a never-failing supply of wholesome and amusing reading, the "Spectator" rendered essential service to our literature by purifying and elevating the tastes of the public, and introducing into the minor civilities of life a spirit of greater propriety, and a higher morality than had hitherto prevailed. The "Spectator" was followed by the "Guardian," conducted mainly by the same authors, with some small aid also from Pope; and periodicals of the same kind appeared at intervals during the century. The "Examiner" was largely contributed to by Swift, and was characterized by the extreme vigour of its political articles. At a subsequent period Dr Johnson issued the "Rambler" and "Idler," which, though wanting the ease and sprightliness of Addison and Steele, are impressive from the dignified strain of morality which pervades them. The "World" by Moore, the "Adventurer" by Hawkesworth, and the "Connoisseur" by Colman and Thornton, are the best known of the other essayists; while in Scotland, Henry Mackenzie issued the "Lounger" and "Mirror," highly creditable to the ability of the writers, and the state of literature in the country at the time. The "Gentleman's Magazine" and some reviews also belong to this period, but they possessed only a fraction of the influence which they now exert.

6. The sceptical spirit, which was at this time so widely prevalent, may be considered as on the whole highly favourable to the produc-

tion of able historical works. A wise and judicious scepticism is in fact the prime qualification in a historian who has to weigh conflicting statements, and single out from them that which is most probable, to determine when and how far a document is credible, to distinguish what an authority has advanced upon sufficient evidence, and what has been coloured in accordance with the views of religion and party. The general spirit of the eighteenth century was eminently fitted to promote the growth of this important qualification, and to this period accordingly our greatest historians belong; for whatever may be their defects, no subsequent writers can be preferred to Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. Their works have a completeness as wholes, which is wanting in those of their successors. Their style, with individual peculiarities, is admirably suited to history; simple and perspicuous, with sufficient dignity to keep it from being low or familiar, and sufficient ornament to keep it from being flat or monotonous. Their narrative is a happy medium between prolixity and excessive brevity; full enough to prevent all obscurity, and yet unincumbered by the introduction of extraneous and subordinate matters, which are better discussed in notes. Hume, the earliest of the three, is also much the simplest in his style, which, for all the purposes of history, has never been excelled. He has been frequently accused of inaccuracy and carelessness, and it is evident that his ignorance of English law has led him into several errors, and he was at all times more anxious to remove defects in style than to correct errors in fact. His political leanings are too obviously exhibited to mislead any one; and it can hardly be doubted that in accusing Hume of dishonesty, critics have often been led to exaggerate his faults through hatred of his politics. Robertson is inferior to Hume in simplicity, and his style is occasionally faulty; but his narrative is at all times highly interesting, and his philosophical views are characterized by great truth and profoundness. His works are the result of careful and extensive research, and though objection has sometimes been taken to some of his statements, subsequent investigations have satisfactorily shown that he judged with great impartiality on the evidence he possessed. Gibbon wrote in a much more dignified and ornate style than his two predecessors, yet not too much so considering the greater grandeur of his subject. The almost boundless range of his knowledge is better appreciated now than it was in his own day; and the masterly ability with which he has grappled with and overcome the difficulties of a subject which no other historian could have undertaken, has quite superseded all necessity of further labour on the same field. His indirect attack upon Christianity must ever be regretted as the great blot upon his "Decline and Fall," while, like every other attack on the truth, it has only served to point out to Christian divines that point in the line of their defences which was most vulnerable, and to rouse all their energies in defence of their faith. Besides the three historians now named, others of less note flourished in this period. Of these the earliest was Echard, whose "History of England" was the best in our language till it was superseded by that of Hume. Bishop Kennet was in part the author of a work on the same subject, and a valuable collection of materials in illustration of our history was accumulated by Carte, a non-juring clergyman. The "History of the Reign of

Henry II." was written by Lord Lyttleton, and that of "Great Britain" till the time of Henry VIII. was composed with considerable ability by Dr Henry, a clergyman in Edinburgh. The "Roman History" of Hooke was a good performance for its time, though, of course, since the days of Niebuhr it has been forgotten. In the time of George II., a ponderous "Universal History" was issued, the work of numerous hands, of whom Bower, Guthrie, and Campbell are tolerably well known by other publications of a similar nature. A continuation of "Hume's History," but in a very inferior style, was written by Smollett the novelist; Goldsmith wrote several small histories, which, though possessing no other merit than their pleasing, easy style, have, such is the virtue of a graceful style, continued to be used as school-books ever since. Russell's "History of Modern Europe" is still a well-known and useful compilation; and the "History of the Roman Republic" by Ferguson, and of "Greece" by Dr Gillies, though now superseded, were also ably-written works. The "History of Music" by Dr Burney, and of "Poetry" by Warton; various biographical works by Birch, Echard, Campbell, and others; works on antiquities by Potter and Kennet; the "Annual Register" begun by Dodaley, and its opponent the "New Annual Register," are all entitled to a place in the historical literature of the century, and many of them are still valuable to the student.

7. The theological literature of the period is rich and varied, and still retains much of its value. On it, as on all other departments of literature, the genius of the age exercised a most important influence. There was almost a general consent among the wits and authors of the day to attack Christianity on all points; the credibility of the Christian evidences was called in question; it was even maintained by writers of no mean note that it was impossible to establish the truth of the Christian doctrines by any amount of evidence; and the whole system of the Christian faith was ridiculed as contrary to human reason, as unworthy of its alleged divine origin, and opposed to all the ordinary principles of divine operation in the natural world. These attacks called forth a voluminous and varied literature on the part of the advocates of Christianity, which is still valuable to the theological student, though the better feeling towards religion which happily prevails in the present age has rendered it less necessary for the general reader to peruse such works. On everything connected with natural theology and the external evidences of Christianity, the theological literature of the eighteenth century, which may be considered as beginning with Tillotson and ending with Paley, is by far the best which we yet possess. Besides the main controversy with the sceptical spirit of the age, two subordinate discussions were carried on within the Church. The one, referring to the mysterious doctrines of the Trinity, was excited by a publication of Dr Samuel Clarke's, the principal combatants being Clarke and Waterland, and was afterwards revived and carried on with great vigour between Horsley, Priestley, and Wakefield. The other, on the extent of Church authority, excited by a sermon of Dr Hoadley, Bishop of Bangor, was known in consequence as the Bangorian Controversy, and caused much and long-continued animosity, from its ranking against each other the two great parties of the Church, the High and the Low, as well as the two

great parties of the State, the Whigs and the Tories. In defence of religion against Atheism, the earliest writer was Leslie, an Irish non-juror, whose "Short and Easy Method with the Deists," though limited in dimensions, is not excelled in argumentative ability by any of the works which appeared during the controversy. Still more famous at the time were the Lectures of Dr Samuel Clarke on the "Being and Attributes of God," in which he endeavoured to establish the Divine existence and perfections by what is usually known as the *a priori* argument. The soundness of this argument is now very generally denied; it is impossible, however, not to admire the ability with which it is urged; while it proved of great service at the time by confounding the sceptics with metaphysical subtleties to which they could make no satisfactory reply. A "Vindication of the Divine Authority and Inspiration of Scripture," by Bishop Lowth, is characterized by the usual learning of that eminent prelate; and Bishop Berkeley, in his "Minute Philosopher," has refuted with great ability and soundness many of the arguments which were most customarily adduced by the Freethinkers of the time against revealed religion. The best-known, however, of the works of this period is the "Analogy" of Bishop Butler, in which he shows that the same objections which had been made against natural and revealed religion could be made with equal force against God's ordinary government of the world, and that consequently a Deist who admitted God to be the author and ruler of the external world, could not consistently deny the truth of the principles of religion. His work is written in a cumbrous style, totally destitute of all the graces of composition, and the high popularity which it has always enjoyed and still retains is therefore the strongest proof that could be given of its great merit. Equally solid and more learned, though not at present so highly esteemed, are the Discourses of Dr Jortin on the "Truth of the Christian Revelation." The "History" of Gibbon called forth a host of opponents eager to defend Christianity against his attacks; few of them, however, were qualified for the task, and the "Apology for Christianity" of Bishop Watson is the only one now remembered. The Dissenters on their part were not wanting in defence of the common religion, one of the most laborious, learned, and useful works which appeared during the century being produced by Dr Lardner, minister of a dissenting chapel in London. His "Credibility of the Gospel History" has, indeed, from want of skill in composition, and its formidable dimensions (it extends to fifteen volumes), never enjoyed any great share of popularity, but it affords an inexhaustible supply of admirable materials, which, in the hands of more expert workmen such as Paley, have been of great service to the cause of Christian truth. Leland's "View of the principal Deistical Writers" is a work still highly prized for its ability; and the "Dissertation on Miracles" by Farmer is considered by some judges the best refutation that we possess of the sceptical views by which Hume endeavoured to deprive religion of one of its strongest evidences. The efforts of the clergy in defence of the faith were also ably seconded by the pen of Addison, and still more by the noble energy of Johnson, whose superiority of character and vast literary influence contributed much to infuse a healthier tone in speaking of religious matters; and doubtless the sarcasm of Swift on

the same subject was not spent in vain. The miscellaneous theological literature of the age is not so valuable as that which has been already noticed; still it embraces many works of merit. Bishop Warburton's "Divine Legation of Moses" is, in point of erudition, inferior to no work in the English language; but, besides the extreme arrogance and dogmatism which disfigure it, it is now generally admitted that the author was mistaken in the views which he sought to defend. Lowth's "Lectures on Hebrew Poetry" are still admired; and the "Free Inquiry into the Miraculous Powers of the early Christians" by Middleton, and the "Remarks on Ecclesiastical History" of Jortin, though perhaps a little too sceptical, were yet of great service in inducing the clergy to inquire with more care and discrimination into the ecclesiastical history of the early centuries. Law's "Serious Call" is a well-known work; and Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs," though full of false rhetoric, is still held in considerable esteem. Among the Dissenters, the names and writings of Watts, Doddridge, Booth, and Guyse, are those most familiar to the men of the present generation. The revival of religious feeling, and the rise of the Methodists by the labours of Wesley and Whitefield, led to the production of a new style of theological literature, in which it would be difficult to praise anything beyond the zeal which is displayed. Scotland makes a highly-respectable contribution to the theology of the century. Boston's "Fourfold State," though its theology is of the narrowest kind, is an able and vigorous work, the production of a masculine mind; the Sermons of Logan, and still more of Blair, acquired a reputation such as no Scotch theological work had ever before possessed; the "Essay on Miracles," by Dr Campbell of Aberdeen, was an able reply to the objections made by Hume against the credibility of the gospel miracles; and the learning of Macknight was highly creditable to his country.

8. To this period we owe the origin of the *Novel*. The merit of devising a form of composition that is now so important a part of our literature belongs to Daniel Defoe; and, though the earliest of our novelists, his merits have in some respects not been surpassed by any succeeding writer. Such was his power of producing, by the circumstantiality of his narrative, and its air of perfect truth, an irresistible conviction of the reality of what he describes, that many of his novels were long believed to be genuine histories,—a belief which is perhaps not yet quite extinct. His best work, "Robinson Crusoe," is too well known to need any description; he wrote also a "History of the Plague," "Memoirs of a Cavalier," "Moll Flanders," "Colonel Jack," and other works, all distinguished by the same characteristic features,—many of them, however, highly objectionable in a moral point of view. The next great novelist was Richardson, an imitator of Defoe, happily with a higher moral aim. His "Pamela," "Clarissa Harlowe," and "Sir Charles Grandison," are somewhat too long for modern taste, and somewhat deficient in action; but his powerful delineation of all that affects the passions seldom fails to entrance his reader. Great as were the improvements introduced into the novel by Richardson, a still further advance was made under his contemporary Fielding. Possessed of singular ability in the delineation of character and manners, great power of observa-

tion, a happy satirical vein, eminent skill in concocting his plots, and inexhaustible invention in diversifying his incidents, Fielding is the father of the novel in its modern character, and the great model whom most of our modern novelists have endeavoured to imitate. Unfortunately it is impossible not to condemn the loose morals of his works; but Fielding was a rake, and his writings contain only too faithful a picture of the profligacy which brought their author to poverty, disgrace, and an untimely grave. Still more licentious are the novels of Smollett, Fielding's great rival, who, with less skill in the construction of his plots, and inferior judgment in the introduction of his incidents, possessed a broader humour, which makes his works more fascinating, and therefore more likely to exert their evil influence on the unwary reader. Sterne, the other great novelist of the period, owed much of his early popularity to the extreme eccentricity of his style. His "Tristram Shandy" is at one time grossly licentious, and immediately afterwards so tender and pathetic as to melt the most obdurate reader. Passages containing keen sarcastic remarks upon the follies and the foibles of mankind, alternate with others that are full of mere talk and nonsense. An exquisite tale is narrated with consummate skill; but when the interest is at its height, the author capriciously darts off to some totally different subject, interpolates half-a-dozen impertinent episodes, and finishes, perhaps, with a chapter consisting wholly of blank paper and asterisks. The effect of this style gradually wore off, and his fame declined as the public came accustomed to his vagaries; but Sterne, as a humorist, still holds a very high rank in our literature. Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" though very faulty in its composition, is perhaps the most pleasing tale in the language, and enjoys a reputation on which time is not likely to have any influence. Johnson's "Rasselas" is an able tale, and produces a deep impression on the reader, but partakes too much of the gloomy views of human nature, in which the worthy moralist was apt to indulge. Brooke's "Fool of Quality," after a temporary oblivion, has been again revived and reintroduced as a claimant for public favour; and Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling" and "Man of the World," though deficient as pictures of human life, are able and well-written works. The old romances were again revived by Horace Walpole in his "Castle of Otranto," which, as well as "The Old English Baron" by Mrs Reeve, are well known to the juvenile part of the community. Towards the end of the century the novel sadly degenerated; but able works were still produced by Miss Burney, Miss Charlotte Smith, and Dr Moore.

9. Philosophy has been defined to be "the art of doubting well;" and a century universally abandoned to doubting, as the eighteenth was, very naturally produced some of the most famous systems of mental and moral philosophy. The nature of our knowledge of the external world has always been one of the grand subjects of dispute in metaphysics, and on this various theories were maintained during the period now under notice. Bishop Berkeley held that the properties of bodies, such as hardness, were not qualities in the bodies themselves, but ideas in our minds; and from this doctrine, which its author intended as a proof of the omnipresence of the Deity, sceptical writers drew the conclusion that we had no reason to believe in the

existence of an external world at all. Hume, in his "Essays," "Treatise on Human Nature," and other metaphysical writings, asserted, that from the fallaciousness of our reason and other mental powers, as well as of our senses, we had no good grounds for certainty in any of our beliefs. Hartley, a contemporary of Hume, taught, in his "Observations," that all our thoughts were occasioned by the association of ideas in our minds, and that ideas were produced in us by vibrations in the brain. To oppose such doctrines as these, which seemed to establish nothing but universal scepticism and materialism, and to justify the often-repeated taunt that metaphysics was a mere juggling with words, Dr Reid, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow, promulgated a new system. He maintained, in his "Enquiry" and his "Active Powers," that all men had an immediate knowledge of the world, and as firm a conviction of its existence as of their own, and laid down certain principles taught by common sense as the basis on which alone any sound philosophical system could be built. His opinions have exercised a very important influence on the course of speculation ever since his day. In moral philosophy opinions have been principally divided on the answers which should be given to two questions, viz.—Is there any essential and immutable difference between right and wrong, and if so, wherein does it consist? and, How is it that we distinguish the one from the other? To these questions very various answers have been given. Lord Shaftesbury, in his "Inquiry concerning Virtue," asserted that right and wrong were necessarily distinct, and that in our judgment of actions we were regulated by a "moral sense." Dr Clarke, author of the *a priori* argument, taught that right and wrong consisted in the fitness or unfitness of a certain line of conduct to certain necessary and eternal differences of things perceived by the understanding. Hutcheson, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow, held, with Shaftesbury, that we perceived moral qualities in actions by means of a moral sense, just as we perceive the qualities of external bodies by our bodily senses, and that we judged of actions without any necessity of reasoning upon their consequences. Bishop Butler's moral system, contained in his "Sermons," is distinguished mainly by the prominent place assigned to the doctrine of the supremacy of conscience, to which he assigns the right to control all our actions, and to judge of them as right or wrong according as they do or do not correspond to the dignity of our nature. Dr Adam Smith, in his "Theory of Moral Sentiments," holds that we are able to judge of the propriety or impropriety of actions only through sympathy, by supposing ourselves to be in the place of the actor, and judging accordingly. A different view was taken by Hume, who taught that utility was the sole ground of the distinction between actions; that those actions were good which tended to promote our happiness, and that those which had a contrary tendency were bad. This theory of morals is known as the *utilitarian* theory, and, with various modifications, has been widely prevalent ever since the times of Hume. These were the chief writers in moral and mental philosophy; but the same departments of literature were cultivated with more or less success by many others, of whom Beattie and Lord Kames are the best known. It is worthy of remark, that a large proportion of the writers that have

been named were Scotsmen; and, for nearly a century, the study of mental philosophy attracted a much greater number of devotees in Scotland than in any other part of the British dominions.

10. There still remain to be noticed some compositions which cannot be distinctly classed under any of the previous heads, and must, therefore, be considered together as miscellaneous works. Of writers of this class the earliest was Swift, Dean of St Patrick's, Dublin, and already enumerated among the minor poets and the essayists. His works are very numerous, but almost all short, and chiefly on political subjects, and of a satirical cast. He may, indeed, be said to have brought political satire to its perfection, and no one ever possessed in higher eminence all the requisites of a satirist. Using the plainest and most forcible language, however gross, and sparing no taunt, however coarse, his sole object was to overwhelm his political opponents with ridicule; and in this he succeeded so well that, unable to answer him in any other way, they oftener than once threatened him with a prosecution, and offered a large reward for his apprehension. His chief works are the "Tale of a Tub," in which he satirizes, not always in very choice language, the differences among Christians, and especially the opinions of the Roman Catholics and Presbyterians; and "Gulliver's Travels," a political satire in the form of a humorous book of travels, which enjoyed an unequalled popularity at the time of its issue, and is still popular with many who have no suspicion of its author's political views in publishing it. Arbuthnot, a friend of Swift and Pope, and their associate in many literary projects, was the author of part of the "Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus," a fragment of a large work, which the illustrious trio designed as a satire upon the history of human folly. Lord Bolingbroke, also a friend and correspondent of Swift, is the author of "Letters on the Study of History," "Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism," and "Philosophical Essays." His works are written in a very forcible and eloquent style, but contain many oblique reflections upon morality and Christianity, which cannot but prove offensive to a reader of good principles. Unhappily his more powerful mind exercised an evil moral influence over the poetry of Pope, most conspicuously manifested in the "Essay on Man." In the next generation, the chief miscellaneous writer was Samuel Johnson. Without any of the accidental advantages of wealth, high descent, or powerful patrons, Johnson, by sheer force of learning, strong good sense, and high moral energy of character, gradually won his way to the first rank in literature, and was for many years a sort of literary dictator, whose style was the model for universal imitation, whose opinions formed the standard of criticism, and whose sentence of approval or condemnation sealed the fate of every literary production. He introduced a new style, which, though occasionally pompous and pedantic, was yet more dignified and sonorous than that which had been established by the authority of Addison; he infused a higher moral tone into the literature of the day; and established a code of critical laws, which, though unjust to the literature of the fancy and imagination, are yet, on the whole, eminently sound and judicious. His chief works are his "Lives of the Poets," "Journey to the Hebrides," and numerous articles in the "Gentleman's Magazine" and other periodicals. His "Dictionary," moreover, though such

works are not usually reckoned among the literature of a country, forms an important era in the history of our language, and its value, with all its faults, is shown very conspicuously by the failure of almost every work of the same kind which has been projected to supply his deficiencies. To the same period belong the miscellaneous works of Goldsmith, his "Essays," "History of Animated Nature," &c., all characterized by the graceful ease of narrative which is so conspicuous in all that Goldsmith wrote. It is impossible to mention the names of Johnson and Goldsmith without referring to one of the most delightful books in our literature, the "Life of Dr Johnson" by Boswell, a work which, by its interesting revelations of the private intercourse of that famous band of literary associates of which Johnson was the centre, has more than any other contributed to impress us with a high opinion of the intellectual eminence of the men whose brilliant conversational sallies it so faithfully records. Of the younger friends of Johnson, the most eminent by far was Edmund Burke, an Irishman, whose ability made him the foremost orator in the House of Commons, and who was favourably known in Johnson's days by his "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful." His first work is in style a remarkable contrast to his later productions; it is plain and unadorned, while they afford the finest specimens of florid, highly-coloured, impassioned eloquence of which our language can boast. As a parliamentary orator he has been seldom equalled, and he is now universally allowed to be the most philosophical of all political writers. His latest works were occasioned by the outbreak of the French Revolution, which he fiercely condemned, and though his prognostications were at the time considered by many of his old friends as unfounded and improbable, subsequent events unhappily showed that they were in general only too true. The study of political economy was immensely advanced and placed on a firm foundation by Adam Smith in his "Wealth of Nations," a work displaying great sagacity, and much power of patient observation and acute conjecture. A similar service was rendered to the study of law by the publication of Blackstone's "Commentaries on the Law of England," a work which, with some imperfections, is still highly valued as an able summary of the nature of our constitution, and the spirit of our jurisprudence. Of a similar nature is the famous work on the "British Constitution" by De Lolme, a Swiss lawyer, which has however lost much of its original reputation. The "History of Civil Society" by Dr Adam Ferguson has been admired, both for its sentiment and its eloquence; and Lord Monboddo's "Essay on the Origin of Languages," among much that is strange, and even positively ludicrous, gives proof of extensive learning and great shrewdness. The "Letters of Junius," a series of letters full of the most cutting sarcasm, appeared anonymously, and though the question of the authorship has been vigorously canvassed ever since, it still remains unsettled; the main difficulty, in fact, being to discover among the less eminent authors of the age (for none of the more eminent, except Burke, has been suspected) any one capable of producing a work so talented. The letters of Walpole are perfect models of graceful epistolary correspondence, and throw much light on the characters, manners, politics, and transactions of the long period over which they extend. Three female

writers obtained a considerable share of public applause, Mrs Montagu, Mrs Chapone, and Hannah More, the last of them being by much the most popular, and the only one whose fame has reached our day. The "Discourses on Painting" of Sir Joshua Reynolds are worthy of the distinguished friend of Johnson, and have always been considered as high authority upon everything connected with the art to which they refer. Of writers on natural history, the names of Pennant and Gilbert White of Selborne are best known to ordinary readers; and to the antiquarian, the names of Strype and Grose are still familiar. Books of travel were not then so popular as now, and formed a much smaller constituent part of the current literature: this period, however, produced some works of merit in this department, of which those now most usually read are—the "Voyages of Captain Cooke," the account of the "Embassy to China" by Lord Macartney and Sir George Staunton, and the "Travels in Abyssinia" of Bruce. The scholarship of Bentley at the beginning, and Porson at the close of the period, has never been surpassed in our country; and to the diligence of Malone and Ritson, we are much indebted for the knowledge we now possess of our earlier literature.

SELECTIONS.

I. JOSEPH ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON was the son of the Dean of Lichfield, and was born in 1672 at Milston, in Wilts. His early education was received at Salisbury, Lichfield, and the Charter-house School in London; and on his removal to Oxford, he greatly distinguished himself by his proficiency in classical literature, and especially by his skill in composing Latin verse. He joined the Whig party, and his ability was rewarded with pensions and offices; he commemorated the victory of Blenheim in a poem called the "Campaign," and received in return the office of "Commissioner of Appeals;" he was afterwards advanced to the Secretaryship for Ireland, and finally became one of the Secretaries of State, from which post, after a brief tenure of office, he retired with an abundant pension of £1500 a-year. He died at Holland House near London, in 1719. Addison occupies a high position in our literature as a poet, and still more as a prose writer: of his poems the most admired is his "Letter from Italy," and some of his exquisite hymns are universal favourites. His famous tragedy of Cato, though containing many magnificent passages, is too deficient in feeling to suit the taste of the present day. Of his prose writings, the papers in the "Spectator" are the best known, and on these his fame rests imperishably. They are justly considered models of a graceful style, pure language, and polished humour. In delineation of character Addison was peculiarly happy; his "Sir Roger de Coverley" is not surpassed by anything in the whole range of our literature. It should also be mentioned to his honour that his pen is always employed in the service of virtue and morality, a commendation which few writers of the period deserve.

I. SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AT THE ASSIZES.—("SPECTATOR," NO. CXXII.)

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when

the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend, Sir Roger, is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the country assizes. As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who *rid* before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend, Sir Roger, acquainted me with their characters.

The first of them, says he, that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a-year, an honest man. He is just within the Game Act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a-week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short, he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, that he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution; his father left him fourscore pounds a-year; but he has cast and been cast so often that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the Willow-Tree.

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow-traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole, when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr Such-a-one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend, Sir Roger, heard them both upon a round trot; and, after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that "Much might be said on both sides." They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The Court was sat before Sir Roger came; but, notwithstanding

all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them: who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, "That he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit." I was listening to the proceeding of the Court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws, when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend, Sir Roger, was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, until I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the Court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the Court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the Court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and, to do honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a duke; but told him, at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter, by the knight's directions, to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and, by a little aggravation of the features, to change it into the "Saracen's Head." I should not have known this story had not the innkeeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing, that his honour's head was brought back last night, with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth

than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but, upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, "That much might be said on both sides."

2. THE WORKS OF CREATION.

I was yesterday, about sunset, walking in the open fields, until the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours which appeared in the western parts of heaven. In proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, until the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection: "When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou regardest him?" In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds which were moving round their respective suns—when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us—in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little, insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass

from one end of the creation to the other; as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light has not yet travelled down to us since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

3. THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of before that which would fall to them by such a division. As I was ruminating upon this, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep, when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds. There was a certain lady, of a thin, airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose, flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes as her garments hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me. There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion. Upon this occasion I observed one bringing in a fardel,¹ very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. But what most of all surprised me was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown

¹ *i. e.*, a bundle. The reader will remember Hamlet's question, "Who would fardels bear?" &c.

into the whole heap, at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties. I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who, I did not question, came loaden with his crimes; but, upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance. When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying-glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it than I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and return to his habitation with any such bundle as should be allotted to him. Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and, parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time were not to be expressed. A poor galley-slave who had thrown down his chains took up the gout instead, but made such wry faces that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made,—for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain. I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, than he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done; on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for, as I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish exchange between a pair of thick bandy legs and two long trap-sticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the

air above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it ; while the other made such awkward circles as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans, and lamentations. Jupiter at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure, after which the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure ; her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious, but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the Mount of Sorrows than, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and, teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learnt from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's sufferings ; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

3. THE POLITICAL UPHOLSTERER.—("TATTLER.")

There lived some years since, within my neighbourhood, a very grave person, an upholsterer, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my inquiry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest newsmonger in our quarter ; that he rose before day to read the "Postman," and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to see if there were any Dutch mails come in. He had a wife and several children, but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for King Augustus's welfare than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a westerly

wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop ; for about the time that his favourite prince left the crown of Poland, he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, till, about three days ago, as I was walking in St James's Park, I heard somebody at a distance hemming after me ; and who should it be but my old neighbour the upholsterer ? I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty by certain shabby superfluities in his dress ; for, notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose greatcoat and a muff, with a long campaign wig out of curl, to which he had added the ornament of a pair of black garters, buckled under the knee. Upon his coming up to me I was going to inquire into his present circumstances, but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, whether the last letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from Bender ? I told him none that I heard of, and asked him whether he had yet married his eldest daughter ? He told me no. But pray, says he, tell me sincerely what are your thoughts of the King of Sweden ?¹ For though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great monarch. I told him that I looked upon him as one of the first heroes of the age. But pray, says he, do you think there is anything in the story of his wound ? And finding me surprised at the question,—Nay, says he, I only propose it to you. I answered that I thought there was no reason to doubt of it. But why in the heel, says he, more than in any other part of the body ? Because, said I, the bullet chanced to light there.

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the north ; and after having spent some time on them, he told me he was in a great perplexity how to reconcile the "Supplement" with the "English Post," and had been just now examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. The "Daily Courant," says he, has these words :—We have advices from very good hands that a certain prince has some matters of great importance under consideration. This is very mysterious ; but the "Postboy" leaves us more in the dark, for he tells us that there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain prince, which time will bring to light. Now, the "Postman," says he, who uses to be very clear, refers to the same news in these words :—The late conduct of a certain prince² affords great matters of speculation. This certain prince, says the upholsterer, whom they are all so cautious of naming, I take to be ——. Upon which, though there was nobody near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear or think worthy my while to make him repeat.

¹ Charles XII., whose career then attracted the notice of Europe.

² I.e., the young Pretender, as he was called, the son of James II. Strange rumours were circulated at the time of an intended invasion of Britain in behalf of the Stewarts, under the auspices of Charles XII.

We were now got to the upper end of the Mall, where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the bench. These, I found, were all of them politicians, who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner-time. Observing them to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I sat down among them. The chief politician of the bench was a great asserter of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, that by some news he had lately read from Muscovy, it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering in the Black Sea, which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation. To this he added, that for his part, he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture. He then told us, that he looked upon those extraordinary revolutions, which had lately happened in those parts of the world, to have risen from two persons who were not much talked of; and those, says he, are Prince Menzikoff and the Duchess of Mirandola. He backed his assertions with so many broken hints, and such a show of depth and wisdom, that we gave ourselves up to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point which seldom escapes a knot of true-born Englishmen, whether, in case of a religious war, the Protestants would not be too strong for the Papists? This we unanimously determined on the Protestant side. One, who sat on my right hand, and, as I found by his discourse, had been in the West Indies, assured us, that it would be a very easy matter for the Protestants to beat the Pope at sea; and added, that whenever such a war does break out, it must turn to the good of the Leeward Islands. Upon this, one who sat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the geographer of the company, said, that in case the Papists should drive the Protestants from these parts of Europe, when the worst came to the worst, it would be impossible to beat them out of Norway and Greenland, provided the northern crowns hold together, and the Czar of Muscovy stand neuter. He further told us, for our comfort, that there were vast tracts of lands about the pole, inhabited neither by Protestants nor Papists, and of greater extent than all the Roman Catholic dominions in Europe.

When we had fully discussed this point, my friend the upholsterer began to exert himself upon the present negotiations of peace, in which he deposed princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of Europe, with great justice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away; but had not gone thirty yards, before the upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me, with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate on the bench; but, instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him half-a-crown. In compassion to so needy a statesman, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleased, I would give him five shillings, to receive five pounds of him when the great Turk was driven out of Constanti-

noble, which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of Europe now stand.

II. SIR RICHARD STEELE.

RICHARD STEELE was born in Dublin in 1675, and was educated at the Charter-House in London, where he became acquainted with Addison, then a scholar in the same institution, and whom he also accompanied to Oxford. On leaving college, having no fixed inclination for any profession, he enlisted, and led for some time a very irregular and disreputable life. In 1701 he published his "Christian Hero," a tolerably true description of all that he himself was *not*, and afterwards produced several dramatic works, and having thus acquired a reputation as an author, he was employed to write in support of the ministry, and the services of his pen were liberally rewarded. In 1709 he established the "Tatler," a work in imitation of Defoe's "Review," but conducted with much more ability; and it was followed by the "Spectator," the most famous of our British essays, and at a later period by the "Guardian." In these periodicals Steele was assisted by Pope, Swift, Berkeley, and others, but especially by Addison, to whose ability their reputation was mainly owing. On the accession of the Hanover family, Steele engaged in politics, and entered the House of Commons, but without making any conspicuous figure, and he died in 1729 in Wales, deeply involved in debt by a life of constant thoughtlessness and extravagance. After suffering a temporary eclipse, the fame of Steele is again reviving, and, as is usual in such cases, his merit is perhaps somewhat exaggerated by his admirers. His writings, however, are easy and lively in their style, and to him we owe the first outline of many of those inimitable characters, which, when completed by the superior genius, taste, and industry of Addison, have become universal favourites.

1. ON TEDIOUS STORY-TELLERS.—("TATLER," NO. CCLXIV.)

Boccalini,¹ in his "Parnassus," indicts a laconic writer for speaking that in three words which he might have said in two, and sentences him for his punishment to read over all the works of Guicciardine.² This Guicciardine is so very prolix and circumstantial in his writings, that I remember our countryman Dr Donne, speaking of that majestic and concise manner in which Moses has described the creation of the world, adds, "that if such an author as Guicciardine were to have written on such a subject, the world itself would not have been able to have contained the books that gave the history of its creation."

¹ A famous satirical writer of modern Rome.

² The historian of Florence; his history is much admired notwithstanding its prolixity.

I look upon a tedious talker, or what is generally known by the name of a story-teller, to be much more insufferable than even a prolix writer. An author may be tossed out of your hand, and thrown aside when he grows dull and tiresome, but such liberties are so far from being allowed towards your orators in common conversation, that I have known a challenge sent a person for going out of the room abruptly, and leaving a man of honour in the midst of a dissertation. This evil is at present so very common and epidemical, that there is scarce a coffee-house in town that has not some speakers belonging to it, who utter their political essays, and draw parallels out of Baker's "Chronicle" to almost every part of her Majesty's reign. It was said of two ancient authors, who had very different beauties in their style, "that if you took a word from one of them, you only spoiled his eloquence; but if you took a word from the other, you spoiled his sense." I have often applied the first part of this criticism to several of these coffee-house speakers whom I have at present in my thoughts, though the character that is given to the last of those authors is what I would recommend to the imitation of my loving countrymen. But it is not only public places of resort, but private clubs and conversations over a bottle, that are infested with this loquacious kind of animal, especially with that species which I comprehend under the name of a story-teller. I would earnestly desire these gentlemen to consider, that no point of wit or mirth at the end of a story can atone for the half-hour that has been lost before they come at it. I would likewise lay it home to their serious consideration, whether they think that every man in the company has not a right to speak as well as themselves? and whether they do not think they are invading another man's property, when they engross the time which should be divided equally among the company to their own private use?

What makes this evil the much greater in conversation is, that these humdrum companions seldom endeavour to wind up their narrations into a point of mirth or instruction, which might make some amends for the tediousness of them, but think they have a right to tell anything that has happened within their memory. They look upon matter of fact to be a sufficient foundation for a story, and give us a long account of things, not because they are entertaining or surprising, but because they are true.

My ingenious kinsman, Mr Humfrey Wagstaff,¹ used to say, "The life of man is too short for a story-teller."

Methusalem might be half an hour in telling what o'clock it was; but as for us postdiluvians, we ought to do everything in haste; and in our speeches, as well as actions, remember that our time is short. A man that talks for a quarter of an hour together in company, if I meet him frequently, takes up a great part of my span. A quarter of an hour may be reckoned the eight-and-fortieth part of a day, a day the three hundred and sixtieth part of a year, and a year the

¹ An allusion perhaps to Swift.

three score and tenth part of life. By this moral arithmetic, supposing a man to be in the talking world one-third part of the day, whoever gives another a quarter of an hour's hearing, makes him a sacrifice of more than the four hundred thousandth part of his conversable life.

I would establish but one great general rule to be observed in all conversation, which is this, "That men should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear them." This would make them consider whether what they speak be worth hearing; whether there be either wit or sense in what they are about to say; and whether it be adapted to the time when, the place where, and the person to whom, it is spoken. For the utter extirpation of these orators and story-tellers, which I look upon as very great pests of society, I have invented a watch which divides the minute into twelve parts, after the same manner that the ordinary watches are divided into hours; and will endeavour to get a patent, which shall oblige every club or company to provide themselves with one of these watches, that shall lie upon the table, as an hour-glass is often placed near the pulpit, to measure out the length of a discourse.

I shall be willing to allow a man one round of my watch, that is, a whole minute to speak in; but if he exceeds that time, it shall be lawful for any of the company to look upon the watch, or to call him down to order. Provided, however, that if any one can make it appear he is turned of threescore, he may take two, or, if he pleases, three rounds of the watch without giving offence. Provided, also, that this rule be not construed to extend to the fair sex, who shall still be at liberty to talk by the ordinary watch that is now in use. I would likewise earnestly recommend this little automaton, which may easily be carried in the pocket without any incumbrance, to all such as are troubled with this infirmity of speech, that upon pulling out their watches, they may have frequent occasion to consider what they are doing, and by that means cut the thread of the story short, and hurry to a conclusion.

2. THE STORY OF INKLE AND YARICO.—("SPECTATOR," NO. XI.)

Mr Thomas Inkle, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs, in the good ship called the Achilles, bound for the West Indies, on the 16th of June 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandise. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and, consequently, giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passion, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles, in some distress, put into a creek on the

main of America, in search of provisions. The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others went on shore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped, among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprise they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the American, the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of the European. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and, consequently, solicitous for his preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she came every day in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and beads. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her, so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins or beasts, and most party-coloured fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moonlight, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and show him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms for fear of her countrymen, and wake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses without being exposed to wind or weather.

All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals; and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound for Barbadoes. When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

To be short, Mr Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh

with himself how many days' interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man pensive, and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which consideration, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant.

3. FLATTERING COMPANIONS.

It is generally to be observed, that the person most agreeable to a man for a constancy¹ is he that has no shining qualities, but is a certain degree above great imperfections, whom he can live with as his inferior, and who will either overlook or not observe his little defects. Such an easy companion as this, either now and then throws out a little flattery, or lets a man silently flatter himself in his superiority to him. If you take notice, there is hardly a rich man in the world who has not such a led friend of small consideration, who is a darling for his insignificancy. It is a great ease to have one in our own shape or species below us, and who, without being listed in our service, is by nature of our retinue. These dependents are of excellent use on a rainy day, or when a man has not a mind to dress; or to exclude solitude, when one has neither a mind to that nor to company. There are of this good-natured order, who are so kind as to divide themselves, and do these good offices to many. Five or six of them visit a whole quarter of the town, and exclude the spleen, without fees, from the families they frequent. If they do not prescribe physic, they can be company when you take it. Very great benefactors to the rich, or those whom they call people at their ease, are your persons of no consequence. I have known some of them, by the help of a little cunning, make delicious flatterers. They know the course of the town, and the general characters of persons; by this means they will sometimes tell the most agreeable falsehoods imaginable. They will acquaint you that such one of a quite contrary party said that, though you were engaged in different interests, yet he had the greatest respect for your good sense and address. When one of these has a little cunning, he passes his time in the utmost satisfaction to himself and his friends; for his position is never to report or speak a displeasing thing to his friend. As for letting him go on in an error, he knows advice against them is the office of persons of greater talents and less discretion.

The Latin word for a flatterer² implies no more than a person that barely consents; and indeed such a one, if a man were able to purchase or mention him, cannot be bought too dear. Such a one never contradicts you, but gains upon you, not by a fulsome way of commending you in broad terms, but liking whatever you propose or utter; at the same time he is ready to beg your pardon, and gainsay you if you chance to speak ill of yourself. An old lady is very seldom

¹ *i. e.*, for a constant, permanent friend.

² *Viz.*, *assentator*.

without such a companion as this, who can recite the names of all her lovers, and the matches refused by her in the days when she minded such vanities (as she is pleased to call them, though she so much approves the mention of them). It is to be noted that a woman's flatterer is generally elder than herself, her years serving to recommend her patroness's age, and to add weight to her complaisance in all other particulars.

We gentlemen of small fortunes are extremely necessitous in this particular. I have indeed one who smokes with me often, but his parts are so low that all the incense he does me is to fill his pipe with me, and to be out at just as many whiffs as I take. This is all the praise or assent that he is capable of, yet there are more hours when I would rather be in his company than that of the brightest man I know. It would be a hard matter to give an account of this inclination to be flattered; but if we go to the bottom of it, we shall find that the pleasure in it is something like that of receiving money which lay out. Every man thinks he has an estate of reputation, and is glad to see one that will bring any of it home to him; it is no matter how dirty a bag it is conveyed in, or by how clownish a messenger, so the money is good. All that we want to be pleased with flattery, is to believe that the man is sincere who gives it us. It is by this one accident that absurd creatures often outrun the most skilful in this art. Their want of ability is here an advantage, and their bluntness, as it is the seeming effect of sincerity, is the best cover to artifice.

III. LORD SHAFTESBURY.

LORD SHAFTESBURY was born in London in 1671. His early education was superintended by Locke, to whom he probably owed his subsequent inclination for speculation. After a Continental tour he entered the House of Commons, and succeeding not long afterwards to the Earldom, he took his seat in the House of Lords, where his appearance as an orator was highly creditable to his education and reputation. In 1699 was published his earliest and most important work, "An inquiry concerning Virtue or Merit;" and he afterwards wrote "A letter on Enthusiasm," "The Moralists, a Rhapsody," "An Essay on the Freedom of Wit and Humour," and "Advice to an Author." Delicate health obliged him to leave Britain, and retire to Naples, where he died prematurely in 1713. After his death was published a volume of "Miscellanies," and his whole works have been frequently reprinted in three volumes as his "Characteristics." As a philosopher, Shaftesbury was very popular, both in this country and on the Continent; and his influence is not yet exhausted, as many of the prevalent opinions of German philosophers are mere reproductions of his speculations. That he rendered important service to moral philosophy is generally admitted, but what was his own religious belief, and what is the religious tendency of his writings, has been very much debated,

though it is probable he was a Deist. His style is carefully elaborated, and without being very vigorous, is graceful, eloquent, and sometimes highly poetical; he, however, occasionally indulges in that whimsical kind of writing which reached its highest pitch in Sterne.

1. THE DEITY UNFOLDED IN HIS WORKS.—("MORALISTS.")

How oblique and faintly looks the sun on yonder climates, far removed from him! How tedious are the winters there! How deep the horrors of the night, and how uncomfortable even the light of day! The freezing winds employ their fiercest breath, yet are not spent with blowing. The sea, which elsewhere is scarce confined within its limits, lies here immured in walls of crystal. The snow covers the hills, and almost fills the lowest valleys. How wide and deep it lies, incumbent o'er the plains, hiding the sluggish rivers, the shrubs and trees, the dens of beasts, and mansions of distressed and feeble men! See where they lie confined, hardly secure against the raging cold or the attacks of the wild beasts, now masters of the wasted field, and forced by hunger out of the naked wood. Yet not disheartened (such is the force of human breasts), but thus provided for by art and prudence, the kind compensating gifts of Heaven, men and their herds may wait for a release. For, at length, the sun approaching melts the snow, sets longing men at liberty, and affords them means and time to make provision against the next return of cold. It breaks the icy fetters of the main, where vast sea-monsters pierce through floating islands, with arms which can withstand the crystal rock; whilst others, who of themselves seem great as islands, are by their bulk alone armed against all but man, whose superiority over creatures of such stupendous size and force should make him mindful of his privilege of reason, and force him humbly to adore the great composer of these wondrous frames, and author of his own superior wisdom.

But leaving these dull climates, so little favoured by the sun, for those happier regions, on which he looks more kindly, making perpetual summer, how great an alteration do we find? His purer light confounds weak-sighted mortals, pierced by his scorching beams. Scarce can they tread the glowing ground. The air they breathe cannot enough abate the fire which burns within their panting breasts. Their bodies melt. O'ercome and fainting, they seek the shade, and wait the cool refreshments of the night. Yet oft the bounteous Creator bestows other refreshments. He casts a veil of clouds before them, and raises gentle gales; favoured by which, the men and beasts pursue their labours, and plants refreshed by dews and showers can gladly bear the warmest sun-beams.

And here the varying scene opens to new wonders. We see a country rich with gems, but richer with the fragrant spices it affords. How gravely move the largest of land-creatures on the banks of this fair river! How ponderous are their arms, and vast their strength, with courage, and a sense superior to the other beasts! Yet are they tamed (we see) by mankind, and brought even to fight their

battles, rather as allies and confederates than as slaves. But let us turn our eyes towards these smaller and more curious objects,—the numerous and devouring insects on the trees in these wide plains. How shining, strong, and lasting are the subtle threads spun from their artful mouths! Who beside the All-wise has taught them to compose the beautiful soft shells, in which recluse and buried, yet still alive, they undergo such a surprising change, when not destroyed by men, who clothe and adorn themselves with the labours and lives of these weak creatures, and are proud of wearing such inglorious spoils? How sumptuously apparelled, gay, and splendid are all the various insects which feed on the other plants of this warm region! How beautiful the plants themselves in all their various growths, from the triumphant palm down to the humble moss!

Now may we see that happy country where precious gums and balsams flow from trees, and nature yields her most delicious fruits. How tame and tractable, how patient of labour and of thirst, are those large creatures, who, lifting up their lofty heads, go led and laden through those dry and barren places! Their shape and temper show them framed by nature to submit to man, and fitted for his service, who from hence ought to be more sensible of his wants, and of the divine bounty thus supplying them.

But see! not far from us, that fertilest of lands, watered and fed by a friendly generous stream, which, ere it enters the sea, divides itself into many branches, to dispense more equally the rich and nitrous manure it bestows so kindly and in due time on the adjacent plains. Fair image of that fruitful and exuberant nature, who with a flood of bounty blesses all things, and parent-like, out of her many breasts, sends the nutritious draught in various streams to her rejoicing offspring! Innumerable are the dubious forms and unknown species which drink the slimy current: whether they are such as, leaving the scorched deserts, satiate here their ardent thirst, and, promiscuously engendering, beget a monstrous race; or whether (as 'tis said) by the sun's genial heat active on the fermenting ooze, new forms are generated, and issue from the river's fertile bed. See there the noted tyrant of the flood, and terror of its borders! When suddenly displaying his horrid form, the amphibious ravager invades the land, quitting his watery den, and from the deep emerging, with hideous rush, sweeps o'er the trembling plain. The natives from afar behold with wonder the enormous bulk, sprung from so small an egg. With horror they relate the monster's nature, cruel and deceitful; how he, with dire hypocrisy and false tears, beguiles the simple-hearted; and, inspiring tenderness and kind compassion, kills with pious fraud. Sad emblem of that spiritual plague, dire superstition! Native of this soil, where first religion grew unso- ciable, and among different worshippers bred mutual hatred and abhorrence of each others' temples. The infection spreads; and nations, now profane one to another, war fiercer, and in religion's cause forget humanity: whilst savage zeal, with meek and pious

semblance, works dreadful massacre, and for Heaven's sake (horrid pretence !) makes desolate the earth.

Here let us leave these monsters (glad if we could here confine them !), and detesting the dire prolific soil, fly to the vast deserts of these parts. All ghastly and hideous as they appear, they want not their peculiar beauties. The wildness pleases. We seem to live alone with nature. We view her in her inmost recesses, and contemplate her with more delight in these original wilds than in the artificial labyrinths and feigned wildernesses of the palace. The objects of the place, the scaly serpents, the savage beasts, and poisonous insects, how terrible soever, or how contrary to human nature, are beautiful in themselves, and fit to raise our thoughts in admiration of that divine wisdom, so far superior to our short views.

Unable to declare the use or service of all things in this universe, we are yet assured of the perfection of all, and of the justice of that economy to which all things are subservient, and in respect of which things seemingly deformed are amiable, disorder becomes regular, corruption wholesome, and poisons (such as these we have seen) prove healing and beneficial.

But behold ! through a vast tract of sky before us, the mighty Atlas rears his lofty head, covered with snow, above the clouds. Beneath the mountain's foot the rocky country rises into hills, a proper basis of the ponderous mass above, where huge embodied rocks lie piled on one another, and seem to prop the high arch of heaven. See ! with what trembling steps poor mankind tread the narrow brink of the deep precipices ! From whence, with giddy horror, they look down, mistrusting even the ground which bears them, whilst they hear the hollow sound of torrents underneath, and see the ruin of the impending rock, with falling trees which hang with their roots upwards, and seem to drive more ruin after them. Here thoughtless men, seized with the newness of such objects, become thoughtful, and willingly contemplate the incessant changes of this earth's surface. They see, as in one instant, the revolutions of past ages, the fleeting forms of things, and the decay even of this our globe, whose youth and first formation they consider, whilst the apparent spoil and irreparable breaches of the wasted mountain show them the world itself only as a noble ruin, and make them think of its approaching period. But here midway the mountain, a spacious border of thick wood harbours our wearied travellers, who now are come among the ever-green and lofty pines, the firs, and noble cedars, whose towering heads seem endless in the sky, the rest of trees appearing only as shrubs beside them. And here a different horror seizes our sheltered travellers, when they see the day diminished by the deep shades of the vast wood ; which closing thick above, spreads darkness and eternal night below. The faint and gloomy light looks horrid as the shade itself ; and the profound stillness of these places imposes silence upon men, struck with the hoarse echoings of every sound within the spacious caverns of the wood. Here space astonishes. Silence itself seems pregnant ;

whilst an unknown force works on the mind, and dubious objects move the wakeful sense. Mysterious voices are either heard or fancied, and various forms of deity seem to present themselves, and appear more manifest in these sacred sylvan scenes, such as of old gave rise to temples, and favoured the religion of the ancient world. Even we ourselves, who in plain characters may read divinity from so many bright parts of earth, chuse rather these obscurer places to spell out that mysterious Being, which to our weak eyes appears at best under a veil of cloud.

IV. JONATHAN SWIFT.

JONATHAN SWIFT was born in Dublin in 1667. Shortly before his birth his father died, and Swift, left to the care of unfeeling relations, grew up amid poverty and misery, and imbibed from his earliest years those feelings of disgust with the perfidy and cruelty of the human species which characterized him through life. After graduating at Trinity College, Dublin, he came over to England, and was received into the family of Sir William Temple, a distant connexion, through whose influence he hoped for advancement. In this, however, he was disappointed; he entered the Irish Church, but could obtain no preferment of value, and on the death of his patron he was left to rely on his own abilities. He was late in appearing as an author, but the unrivalled merits of his clear, vigorous style, and irresistible irony were at once recognised, and he was encouraged to hope for promotion from the Whigs, whose party he espoused, and who were then in office. Overlooked, however, among other literary auxiliaries of more influence, he went over to the Tories, and directed against his former associates the full power of his unwearied pen. His services were in 1713 rewarded with the Deanery of St Patrick's, and higher promotion would have followed but for the death of Anne and the consequent disgrace of the Tory ministry. From this time he lived almost constantly in Ireland, devoting himself to the service of his native country, and by his resistance to a gross fraud which the ministers designed to perpetrate on the Irish through the adulteration of the copper coinage, he acquired unbounded popularity, and his death in 1745 was lamented by the whole nation. For some years previous to his decease he laboured under mental derangement, and it is charitable to suppose that the tendency to this melancholy termination may have had something to do with the unhappy mystery that shrouds his conduct towards Stella and Vanessa. Swift's works are very numerous both in prose and verse, and consist chiefly of pamphlets written for political purposes. His largest works are "Gulliver's Travels," "Tale of a Tub," "History of the last four years of Queen Anne," and "Journal to Stella." As a writer he is distinguished by the clearness and purity of his style, the irresistible vigour of his irony, his masculine sense, his great power of observation, and his intimate knowledge of the weaknesses and supreme contempt for the

follies and vices of mankind. He exhibits scarce any trace of imaginative powers, or of sympathy with the sublime, and sometimes condescends to low and indecent allusions; but with all his faults he is one of the great models of a pure English style, and in everything that constitutes excellence as a writer he is superior to most of the wits of Queen Anne's reign.

1. DESCRIPTION OF THE DIVERSIONS OF THE COURT AT LILLIPUT.—
(FROM "GULLIVER'S TRAVELS:" WRITTEN IN RIDICULE OF THE
BRITISH COURT.)

The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace (which often happens), five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope; and whoever jumps the highest, without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer,¹ is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset several times together, upon a trencher fixed on a rope which is no thicker than a common pack thread in England. My friend Beldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer: the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far, that there is hardly one of them who have not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that, a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would infallibly have broke his neck, if one of the king's cushions,² that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shown before

¹ This is supposed to allude to Sir Robert Walpole, then prime minister.

² This refers to the dismissal of Walpole in 1717, when he was partly screened by the Duchess of Kendal, the *cushion* here alluded to.

the emperor and empress and first minister, upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long: one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the emperor has a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity, very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the new or old world. The emperor holds a stick in his hands; both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates, advancing one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it, backward and forward, several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-coloured silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle; and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.¹

2. VISIT TO THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCES AT LAGADO.—("GULLIVER'S TRAVELS." IN RIDICULE PARTLY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.)

This academy is not an entire single building, but a continuation of several houses on both sides of a street, which, growing waste, was purchased and applied to that use. I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the Academy. Every room has in it one or more projectors; and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin were all of the same colour. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt that, in eight years more, he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me "to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers." I made him a small present; for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them. I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder, who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

The blue and red threads are the ribbons of the orders of the Garter and Bath.

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof and working downward to the foundation, which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

There was a man born blind, who had several apprentices in his own condition. Their employment was to mix colours for painters, which their master taught them to distinguish by feeling and smelling. It was indeed my misfortune to find them, at that time, not very perfect in their lessons, and the professor himself happened to be generally mistaken. This artist is much encouraged and esteemed by the whole fraternity.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the Academy, where the projects in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame, which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said, "Perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge by practical mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness; and he flattered himself that a more noble, exalted, thought never sprang in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences, whereas, by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with little bodily labour, might write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, laws, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study." He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered on every square, with paper pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language in their several moods, tenses, and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me "to observe; for he was going to set his engine at work." The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame, and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly, as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times; and at every turn the engine was so contrived that the words shifted into new places as the square bits of wood moved upside down.

Six hours a-day the young students were employed in this labour; and the professor showed me several volumes in large folio already collected of broken sentences which he intended to

piece together, and out of these rich materials to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences, which, however, might be still improved and much expedited if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections.

He assured me "that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth ; that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the number of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech."

I made my humblest acknowledgment to this illustrious person for his great communicativeness, and promised, "if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine;" the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to delineate on paper, as in the figure here annexed. I told him, "although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby at least this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner, yet I would take such caution that he should have the honour entire without a rival." We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was to shorten discourse by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles, because, in reality, all things imaginable are but nouns.

The other project was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever, and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health as well as brevity ; for it is plain that every word we speak is, in some degree, a diminution of our lungs by corrosion, and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, "that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express a particular business they are to discourse on." And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their forefathers, —such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people. However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things, which has only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged, in proportion, to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of these sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us, who, when they meet in the street, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an

hour together, then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burdens, and take their leave.

But for short conversations, a man may carry implements in his pockets, and under his arms enough to supply him; and in his house he cannot be at a loss. Therefore, the room where company meet who practise this art is full of all things ready at hand, requisite to furnish matter for this kind of artificial converse.

Another great advantage proposed by this invention was, that it should serve as a universal language to be understood in all civilized nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes, or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

3. THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.—("BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.")

(This pamphlet was written to defend the superiority of the ancients over the moderns in learning; the Bee represents the Ancients, the Spider the Moderns.)

Upon the highest corner of a large window in the library, there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out on all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by swallows from above, or to his palace by brooms from below; when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went, where, expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel, which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that nature was approaching to her final dissolution; or else that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate. Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when, beholding the chasms, the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very

near at his wits' end; he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events, for they knew each other by sight—"Rogue, rogue," cried the spider, "you should have more respect to a person whom all the world allows to be so much your betters." "By my troth," says the bee, "the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute." At this the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge on his own reasons, without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite, and fully pre-determined in his mind against all conviction. "Not to disparage myself," said he, "by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance, born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe? Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as easily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a stock within myself. This large castle (to show my improvements in the mathematics¹) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person."

"I am glad," answered the bee, "to hear you grant, at least, that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music, and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts, without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit, indeed, all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect thence enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture and mathematics, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough; but by woful experience for us both, it is too plain the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast indeed of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and, though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet I doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this: whether is the

¹ The moderns contended for their superiority to the ancients especially in mathematics.

nobler being of the two, that which by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding, and engendering on itself, turns all into venom, producing nothing at all but fly-bane and a cobweb; or that which, by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax." This dispute was managed with such eagerness, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of books, in arms below, stood silent a while, waiting in suspense what would be the issue, which was not long undetermined; for the bee, grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away to a bed of roses, without looking for a reply, and left the spider, like an orator, collected in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

It happened on this emergency that Æsop broke silence first. He had been of late most barbarously treated by a strange effect of the regent's humanity,¹ who had torn off his title-page, sorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained him fast among a shelf of moderns: where, soon discovering how high the quarrel was likely to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himself into a thousand forms. At length, in the borrowed shape of an ass, the regent mistook him for a modern; by which means he had time and opportunity to escape to the ancients, just when the spider and the bee were entering into their contest; to which he gave his attention with a world of pleasure, and when it was ended, swore in the loudest key, that in all his life he had never known two cases so parallel and adapt to each other, as that in the window and this upon the shelves. The disputants, said he, have admirably managed the dispute between them, have taken in the full strength of all that is to be said on both sides, and exhausted the substance of every argument *pro* and *con*. It is but to adjust the reasonings of both to the present quarrel, then to compare the labours and fruits of each, as the bee has learnedly deduced them, and we shall find the conclusion fall plain and close upon the moderns and us. For, pray, gentlemen, was ever anything so modern as the spider in his air, his turns, and his paradoxes? he argues in behalf of you his brethren and himself with many boastings of his native stock and great genius; that he spins wholly from himself, and scorns to own any obligation or assistance from without. Then he displays to you his great skill in architecture and improvement in the mathematics. To all this the bee, as an advocate retained by us the ancients, thinks fit to answer, that if one may judge of the great genius or inventions of the moderns by what they have produced, you will hardly have countenance to bear you out in boasting of either. Erect your schemes with as much method and skill as you please; yet, if the materials be nothing but dirt spun out of your own brains, the edifice will conclude at last in a cobweb; the duration of which, like that of other spiders' webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten, or neglected, or hid in a corner. For anything else of

¹ Bentley, the regent here referred to, had shortly before written a work to show that the greater part of Æsop's fables was of comparatively modern date.

genuine that the moderns may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unless it be a large vein of wrangling and satire, much of a nature and substance with the spider's poison; which, however they pretend to spit wholly out of themselves, is improved by the same arts, by feeding upon the insects and vermin of the age. As for us the ancients, we are content, with the bee, to pretend to nothing of our own beyond our wings and our voice: that is to say, our flights and our language. For the rest, whatever we have got has been by infinite labour and search, and ranging through every corner of nature; the difference is, that instead of dirt and poison, we have rather chosen to fill our hives with honey and wax, thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light.

V. DANIEL DEFOE.

DANIEL DEFOE was born in London in 1663. His father was a small tradesman and a Dissenter, and young Daniel's education was, consequently, very limited, being confined to a few years' instruction in a Dissenting academy near London. On leaving school he was apprenticed to a hosier; but his ambition prompting him to something higher than the counter, he joined in Monmouth's rebellion, and having fortunately escaped the notice of Jeffreys and Kirke, he returned again to his former occupation. But Defoe was not adapted for mercantile life, he neglected his business, devoted his whole attention to literature and politics, and spent his time in writing pamphlets, from which he derived scarce any profit, lost all his money, and became bankrupt. Once only did his prospects brighten: in 1689 he wrote his famous poem the "True-born Englishman," in vindication of William and the Dutch, which was very popular and proved equally remunerative; but his prosperity was short-lived; in the beginning of the next reign the Commons voted one of his books libellous, and ordered it to be burned by the hangman, and the unfortunate author was fined, pilloried, and imprisoned. In prison his pen was indefatigably employed, chiefly in writing a periodical called the "Review," till at length, Harley having occasion for his talents, employed him on some government missions of importance, for which he was rewarded with a pension. Still untaught by experience, he again engaged in political controversy, and was once more fined and imprisoned; and profiting by this severe lesson, on his release he abandoned politics, and devoted himself to the composition of works of fiction. In 1719 appeared "Robinson Crusoe," and before his death in 1731, it was followed by "Moll Flanders," "Captain Singleton," "Colonel Jack," "History of the Plague," &c. Considering the universal popularity of "Robinson Crusoe," it can hardly be necessary to say that Defoe is entitled to stand in the very foremost rank of our writers of fiction. Without any high power of imagination, with very little ability in delineating character or exciting the emotions, he notwithstanding surpasses every other author in the faculty of producing in the mind

of his reader a thorough conviction of the truth of his story. His narrative is so circumstantial, and is told with such an air of truth, and there is such a total freedom from all appearance of art or studied invention, that one irresistibly believes in its reality.

1. INCIDENT DURING THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.—(FROM DEFOE'S
"HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE.")

John Hayward was at that time under-sexton of the parish of St Stephen, Coleman Street; by under-sexton was understood at that time grave-digger and bearer of the dead. This man carried, or assisted to carry, all the dead to their graves which were buried in that large parish, and who were carried in form; and after that form of burying was stopped, went with the dead-cart and the bell, to fetch the dead bodies from the houses where they lay, and fetched many of them out of the chambers and houses; for the parish was, and is, still remarkable, particularly, above all the parishes in London, for a great number of alleys and thoroughfares, very long, into which no carts could come, and where they were obliged to go and fetch the bodies a very long way, which alleys now remain to witness it; such as White's Alley, Cross Keys Court, Swan Alley, Bell Alley, White Horse Alley, and many more. Here they went with a kind of handbarrow, and laid the dead bodies on, and carried them out to the carts; which work he performed, and never had the distemper at all, but lived about twenty years after it, and was sexton of the parish to the time of his death. His wife at the same time was a nurse to infected people, and tended many that died in the parish, being for her honesty recommended by the parish-officers; yet she never was infected neither.

He never used any preservative against the infection other than holding garlic and rue in his mouth, and smoking tobacco; this I also had from his own mouth; and his wife's remedy was washing her head in vinegar, and sprinkling her head-clothes so with vinegar as to keep them always moist; and if the smell of any of those she waited on was more than ordinary offensive, she snuffed vinegar up her nose, and sprinkled vinegar upon her head-clothes, and held a handkerchief wetted with vinegar to her mouth.

It must be confessed, that, though the plague was chiefly among the poor, yet were the poor the most venturous and fearless of it, and went about their employment with a sort of brutal courage. I must call it so, for it was founded neither on religion or prudence; scarce did they use any caution, but run into any business which they could get any employment in, though it was the most hazardous; such was that of tending the sick, watching houses shut up, carrying infected persons to the pest-house, and, which was still worse, carrying the dead away to their graves.

It was under this John Hayward's care, and within his bounds, that the story of the piper, with which much people have made themselves so merry, happened, and he assured me that it was true.

It is said that it was a blind piper ; but, as John told me, the fellow was not blind, but an ignorant, weak, poor man, and usually went his rounds about ten o'clock at night, and went piping along from door to door, and the people usually took him in at public-houses where they knew him, and would give him drink and victuals, and sometimes farthings ; and he in return would pipe and sing, and talk simply, which diverted the people, and thus he lived. It was but a very bad time for this diversion, while things were as I have told, yet the poor fellow went about as usual, but was almost starved ; and when anybody asked how he did, he would answer, the dead-cart had not taken him yet, but that they had promised to call for him next week.

It happened one night that this poor fellow, whether somebody had given him too much drink or no (John Hayward said he had not drink in his house, but that they had given him a little more victuals than ordinary at a public-house in Coleman Street), and the poor fellow having not usually had a bellyful, or, perhaps, not a good while, was laid all along upon the top of a bulk or stall, and fast asleep at a door, in the street near London-wall, towards Cripple-gate, and that, upon the same bulk or stall, the people of some house, in the alley of which the house was a corner, hearing a bell, which they always rung before the cart came, had laid a body really dead of the plague just by him, thinking too that this poor fellow had been a dead body as the other was, and laid there by some of the neighbours.

Accordingly, when John Hayward with his bell and the cart came along, finding two dead bodies lie upon the stall, they took them up with the instrument they used, and threw them into the cart ; and all this while the piper slept soundly.

From hence they passed along, and took in other dead bodies, till, as honest John Hayward told me, they almost buried him alive in the cart, yet all this while he slept soundly ; at length the cart came to the place where the bodies were to be thrown into the ground, which, as I do remember, was at Mountmill ; and as the cart usually stopt some time before they were ready to shoot out the melancholy load they had in it, as soon as the cart stopped, the fellow awaked, and struggled a little to get his head out from among the dead bodies, when, raising himself up in the cart, he called out, Hey, where am I ? This frightened the fellow that attended about the work, but, after some pause, John Hayward, recovering himself, said, Lord bless us ! there's somebody in the cart not quite dead. So another called to him, and said, Who are you ? The fellow answered, I am the poor piper : Where am I ? Where are you : says Hayward ; why, you are in the dead-cart, and we are going to bury you. But I an't dead though, am I ? says the piper ; which made them laugh a little, though, as John said, they were heartily frightened at first : so they helped the poor fellow down, and he went about his business.

I know the story goes, he set up his pipes in the cart, and frighted

the bearers and others, so that they ran away ; but John Hayward did not tell the story so, nor say anything of his piping at all ; but that he was a poor piper, and that he was carried away as above, I am fully satisfied of the truth of.

2. ROBINSON CRUSOE'S DIFFICULTIES WITH HIS HARVEST, AND HIS ATTEMPTS TO MAKE EARTHENWARE.—("CRUSOE," CHAPS. VIII., IX.)

It might be truly said, that I now worked for my bread. It is a little wonderful, and what I believe few people have thought much upon, viz, the strange multitude of little things necessary in the providing, producing, curing, dressing, making, and finishing this one article of bread.

I, that was reduced to a mere state of nature, found this to be my daily discouragement, and was made more and more sensible of it every hour, even after I got the first handful of seed-corn, which, as I have said, came up unexpectedly, and indeed to a surprise.

First, I had no plough to turn the earth, no spade or shovel to dig it. Well, this I conquered by making a wooden spade, as I observed before ; but this did my work but in a wooden manner ; and though it cost me a great many days to make it, yet, for want of iron, it not only wore out the sooner, but made my work the harder, and made it be performed much worse.

However, this I bore with too, and was content to work it out with patience, and bear with the badness of the performance. When the corn was sowed, I had no harrow, but was forced to go over it myself, and drag a great heavy bough of a tree over it, to scratch the earth, as it may be called, rather than rake or harrow it.

When it was growing, or grown, I have observed already how many things I wanted to fence it, secure it, mow or reap it, cure or carry it home, thresh, part it from the chaff, and save it. Then I wanted a mill to grind it, sieves to dress it, yeast and salt to make it into bread, and an oven to bake it in ; and all these things I did without, as shall be observed ; and yet the corn was an inestimable comfort and advantage to me too. But all this, as I said, made everything laborious and tedious to me, but that there was no help for : neither was my time so much lost to me, because I had divided it ; a certain part of it was every day appointed to these works ; and as I resolved to use none of the corn for bread till I had a greater quantity by me, I had the next six months to apply myself wholly, by labour and invention, to furnish myself with utensils proper for the performing all the operations necessary for making the corn, when I had it, fit for my use.

But first I was to prepare more land, for I had now seed enough to sow above an acre of ground. Before I did this, I had a week's work at least to make me a spade, which, when it was done, was a very sorry one indeed, and very heavy, and required double labour to work with it ; however, I went through that, and sowed my

seeds in two large flat pieces of ground, as near my house as I could find them to my mind, and fenced them in with a good hedge, the stakes of which were all cut off that wood which I had set before, which I knew would grow; so that in one year's time I knew I should have a quick or living hedge, that would want but little repair. This work was not so little as to take me up less than three months, because great part of that time was in the wet season, when I could not go abroad.

Within-door—that is, when it rained and I could not go out—I found employment on the following occasion, always observing that, all the while I was at work, I diverted myself with talking to my parrot and teaching him to speak; and I quickly learnt him to know his own name; at last, to speak it out pretty loud—Pol, which was the first word I ever heard spoken in the island by any mouth but my own. This, therefore, was not my work, but an assistant to my work; for now, as I said, I had a great employment upon my hands, as follows, viz.:—I had long studied, by some means or other, to make myself some earthen vessels, which, indeed, I wanted sorely, but knew not where to come at them. However, considering the heat of the climate, I did not doubt but, if I could find out any such clay, I might botch up some such pot as might, being dried by the sun, be hard enough and strong enough to bear handling, and to hold anything that was dry, and required to be kept so; and as this was necessary in preparing corn, meal, &c., which was the thing I was upon, I resolved to make some as large as I could, and fit only to stand like jars to hold what should be put into them.

It would make the reader pity me, or rather laugh at me, to tell how many awkward ways I took to raise this paste; what odd, misshapen, ugly things I made; how many of them fell in, and how many fell out, the clay not being stiff enough to bear its own weight; how many cracked by the overviolent heat of the sun, being set out too hastily; and how many fell to pieces with only removing, as well before as after they were dried; and, in a word, how, after having laboured hard to find the clay, to dig it, to temper it, to bring it home, and work it, I could not make above two large earthen ugly things, I cannot call them jars, in about two months' labour. However, as the sun baked these two very dry and hard, I lifted them very gently up, and set them down again in two great wicker baskets which I had made on purpose for them, that they might not break; and, as between the pot and the basket there was a little room to spare, I stuffed it full of the rice and barley straw; and those two pots being to stand always dry, I thought they would hold my dry corn, and perhaps the meal, when the corn was bruised.

Though I miscarried so much in my design for large pots, yet I made several smaller things with better success,—such as little round pots, flat dishes, pitchers, and pipkins, and anything my hand turned to; and the heat of the sun baked them strangely

hard. But all this would not answer my end, which was to get an earthen pot to hold what was liquid and bear the fire, which none of these could do. It happened after some time, making a pretty large fire for cooking my meat, when I went to put it out after I had done with it, I found a broken piece of one of my earthenware vessels in the fire, burnt as hard as a stone and red as a tile. I was agreeably surprised to see it, and said to myself that certainly they might be burnt whole if they would burn broken. This set me to study how to order my fire so as to make it burn me some pots. I had no notion of a kiln, such as the potters burn in, or of glazing them with lead, though I had some lead to do it with; but I placed three large pipkins, and two or three pots, in a pile one upon another, and placed my firewood all round it, with a great heap of embers under them. I plied the fire with fresh fuel round the outside and upon the top, till I saw the pots in the inside red-hot quite through, and observed that they did not crack at all. When I saw them clear red, I let them stand in that heat about five or six hours, till I found one of them, though it did not crack, did melt or run; for the sand which was mixed with the clay melted by the violence of the heat, and would have run into glass if I had gone on. So I slacked my fire gradually till the pots began to abate of the red colour; and watching them all night, that I might not let the fire abate too fast, in the morning I had three very good, I will not say handsome pipkins, and two other earthen pots, as hard burnt as could be desired, and one of them perfectly glazed with the running of the sand.

After this experiment I need not say that I wanted no sort of earthenware for my use; but I must needs say, as to the shapes of them, they were very indifferent, as any one may suppose, when I had no way of making them but as the children make dirt-pies, or as a woman would make pies that never learned to raise paste. No joy at a thing of so mean a nature was ever equal to mine when I found I had made an earthen pot that would bear the fire; and I had hardly patience to stay till they were cold before I set one upon the fire again with some water in it to boil me some meat, which I did admirably well; and with a piece of a kid I made some very good broth, though I wanted oatmeal and several other ingredients requisite to make it so good as I would have had it.

VI. ALEXANDER POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in London in 1688. His early education was exceedingly imperfect, and was completed before he was thirteen; but his own industry and indefatigable perseverance amply compensated for these deficiencies. Unlike Swift, Pope's mind soon reached its maturity. From his earliest years he was a poet, and his first productions showed him to be a master in the art. He had scarcely

reached his majority when he published his "Essay on Criticism," a work not more distinguished by perfect command of all the resources of verse, than by acuteness in reasoning and soundness of judgment. His life presents few incidents; it was that of a popular and successful votary of the Muses. His time was spent in the pursuits of literature; his leisure was cheered by the conversation of literary friends; his society was courted by all parties, wits, poets, and nobles; and the money which he realized from his works enabled him to live in comfort, and even luxury, at his beautiful villa at Twickenham, where he died in 1744. His chief works are the "Essay on Criticism," "Essay on Man," the "Rape of the Lock," "Dunciad," "Imitations of Horace," "Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard," and the translations of the "Iliad and Odyssey." As a reasoner in verse, it is universally admitted that Pope has no equal in the language; and he gave to the English heroic couplet a roundness and melody which no other poet has been able to reach. His ability as a satirist is equally unrivalled. The grace and delicacy of his fancy will hardly be doubted by any one who has read the "Rape of the Lock;" and the "Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard" abundantly shows his power over the deeper emotions. He is usually accused of being too much the poet of artificial life, and of showing in his works little sensibility to the beauties of nature; but some deduction must now be made from this charge, as it has been recently discovered that some of the finest descriptive parts of Thomson's "Seasons" were suggested and improved by Pope. His prose writings consist chiefly of his "Letters," whose excellence has been always admitted: some prefaces, especially that to Shakspeare; some essays contributed to periodicals, such as the "Tatler;" and the "Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus," intended as a satire on the abuses of human learning, in which he was assisted by Swift and Arbuthnot, and which was never finished.

1. EDUCATION OF MARTIN SCRIBLERUS BY HIS FATHER CORNELIUS.¹

Four years of young Martin's life having passed away, Mrs Scriblerus considered it was now time to instruct him in the fundamentals of religion, and to that end took no small pains in teaching him his catechism. But Cornelius looked on this as a tedious way of instruction, and therefore employed his head to find out more pleasing methods, the better to induce him to be fond of learning. He would frequently carry him to the puppet-show of the creation of the world, where the child, with exceeding delight, gained a notion of the history of the Bible. His first rudiments in profane history were acquired by seeing of raree-shows, where he was brought acquainted with all the princes of Europe. In short, the old gentleman so contrived it, to make everything contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very dress. He invented for him a geographical suit of clothes, which might give him some hints of that science, and likewise some knowledge of the commerce of different nations. He had a French hat with an African feather,

¹ This was perhaps written by Dr Arbuthnot, mentioned in the above biography.

Holland shirts and Flander's lace, English cloth, lined with Indian silk; his gloves were Italian, and his shoes were Spanish. He was made to observe this, and daily catechized thereupon, which his father was wont to call "travelling at home." He never gave him a fig or an orange but he obliged him to give an account from what country it came. In natural history he was much assisted by his curiosity in sign-posts, insomuch that he hath often confessed he owed to them the knowledge of many creatures which he never found since in any author; such as white lions, golden dragons, &c. He once thought the same of green men, but had since found them mentioned by Kercherus, and verified in the history of William of Newbury.

His disposition to the mathematics was discovered very early, by his drawing parallel lines on his bread and butter, and intersecting them at equal angles, so as to form the whole superficies into squares. But in the midst of all these improvements, a stop was put to his learning the alphabet; nor would he let him proceed to letter *d* till he could truly and distinctly pronounce *c* in the ancient manner, at which the child unhappily boggled for near three months. He was also obliged to delay his learning to write, having turned away the writing-master because he knew nothing of Fabius's waxen tables.¹

Cornelius having read and seriously weighed the methods by which the famous Montaigne was educated,² and resolving in some degree to exceed them, resolved he should speak and learn nothing but the learned languages, and especially the Greek, in which he constantly eat and drank according to Homer. But what most conduced to his easy attainment of this language, was his love of gingerbread, which his father observing, caused it to be stamped with the letters of the Greek alphabet; and the child, the very first day, eat as far as *iota*.³ By his particular application to this language above the rest, he attained so great a proficiency therein that Gronovius ingenuously confesses he durst not confer with this child in Greek at eight years old; and at fourteen he composed a tragedy in the same language as the younger Pliny had done before him. He learned the Oriental languages of Erpenius, who resided some time with his father for that purpose. He had so early relish for the eastern way of writing, that even at this time he composed, in imitation of it, the "Thousand-and-One Arabian Tales," and also the "Persian Tales," which have been since translated into several languages, and lately into our own with particular elegance by Mr Ambrose Philips. In this work of his childhood he was not a little assisted by the historical traditions of his nurse.

¹ An allusion to the ancient mode of writing on waxen tablets with a sharp-pointed pen, called a *stylus*.

² He was taught to speak Latin before he was taught his mother-tongue.

³ *i. e.*, the *ninth* letter of the Greek alphabet.

2. ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—(CONTRIBUTED TO THE "GUARDIAN.")

I cannot think it extravagant to imagine that mankind are no less, in proportion, accountable for the ill use of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exercise of tyranny over their own species. The more entirely the inferior creation is submitted to our power, the more answerable we should seem for our mismanagement of it; and the rather as the very condition of nature renders these creatures incapable of receiving any recompense in another life for their ill treatment in this. 'Tis observable of those noxious animals which have qualities most powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind, and never hurt us unless provoked or necessitated by hunger. Man, on the other hand, seeks out and pursues even the most inoffensive animals, on purpose to persecute and destroy them.

Montaigne thinks it some reflection upon human nature itself that few people take delight in seeing beasts caress or play together; but almost every one is pleased to see them lacerate and worry one another. I am sorry this temper is become almost a distinguishing character of our own nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners of our beloved pastimes, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like. We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying of anything that has life, merely out of wantonness; yet in this principle our children are bred up, and one of the first pleasures we allow them is, the license of inflicting pain on poor animals; almost as soon as we are sensible what life is ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversion to a virtue.

I fancy, too, some advantage might be taken of the common notion, that 'tis ominous or unlucky to destroy some sorts of birds, as swallows and martins. This opinion might possibly arise from the confidence these birds seem to put in us by building under our roofs, so that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality to murder them. As for robin red-breasts in particular, 'tis not improbable they owe their security to the old ballad of the "Children in the Wood." However it be, I don't know, I say, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preservation of many innocent creatures which are now exposed to all the wantonness of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reason, to be treated as common enemies wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives, has cost, at least, nine lives in ten of the whole race of them; scarce a boy in the streets but has in

this point outdone Hercules himself, who was famous for killing a monster that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animosity against this useful domestic be any cause of the general persecution of owls (who are a sort of feathered cats), or whether it be only an unreasonable pique the moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine;—though I am inclined to believe the former; since I observe the sole reason alleged for the destruction of frogs is because they are like toads. Yet amidst all the misfortunes of these unfriended creatures, 'tis some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them; for should our countrymen refine upon the French never so little, 'tis not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments, owls, cats, and frogs may be yet reserved.

When we grow up to men, we have another succession of sanguinary sports,—in particular, hunting. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it; but must have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exercise, with the example and number of the chasers, not a little contribute to resist those checks, which compassion would naturally suggest in behalf of the animal pursued. Nor shall I say with Monsieur Fleury, that this sport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I must animadvert upon a certain custom yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians, I mean that savage compliment our huntsmen pass upon ladies of quality, who are present at the death of a stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpless, trembling, and weeping creature.

But if our sports are destructive, our gluttony is more so, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobsters roasted alive, pigs whipped to death, fowls sewed up, are testimonies of our outrageous luxury. Those who (as Seneca expresses it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conscience and a nauseated stomach, have a just reward of their gluttony in the diseases it brings with it; for human savages, like other wild beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their destruction. I know nothing more shocking, or horrid, than the prospect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures.

The excellent Plutarch (who has more strokes of good-nature in his writings than I remember in any author) cites a saying of Cato to this effect: "That 'tis no easy task to preach to the belly which has no ears."

There is a passage in the book of Jonas, when God declares His unwillingness to destroy Nineveh, where, methinks, that compassion of the Creator, which extends to the meanest rank of His creatures, is expressed with wonderful tenderness—"Should I not spare Nineveh, the great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons, and also much cattle?" And we have in Deuteronomy a precept of great good-nature of this sort, with a blessing in form

annexed to it in those words: "If thou shalt find a bird's nest in the way, thou shalt not take the dam with the young: but thou shalt in anywise let the dam go, that it may be well with thee, and that thou may'st prolong thy days."

This whole matter, with regard to each of these considerations, is set in a very agreeable light in one of the Persian fables of Pilpay, with which I shall end this paper.

A traveller passing through a thicket, and seeing a few sparks of a fire, which some passengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a sudden the sparks caught hold of a bush in the midst of which lay an adder, and set it in flames. The adder intreated the traveller's assistance, who tying a bag to the end of his staff, reached it and drew him out; he then bid him go where he pleased, but never more be hurtful to men, since he owed his life to a man's compassion. The adder, however, prepared to sting him, and when he expostulated how unjust it was to retaliate good with evil, I shall do no more (said the adder) than what you men practise every day, whose custom it is to requite benefits with ingratitude. If you can deny this truth, let us refer it to the first we meet. The man consented, and seeing a tree, put the question to it, in what manner a good turn was to be recompensed? If you mean according to the usage of men (replied the tree), by its contrary. I have been standing here these hundred years to protect them from the scorching sun, and in requital they have cut down my branches, and are going to saw my body into planks. Upon this the adder insulting the man, he appealed to a second evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a cow. The same demand was made, and much the same answer given, that among men it was certainly so; I know it, said the cow, by woful experience; for I have served a man this long time with milk, butter, and cheese, and brought him besides a calf every year; but now I am old, he turns me into this pasture, with design to sell me to a butcher, who will shortly make an end of me. The traveller upon this stood confounded, but desired of courtesy one more trial, to be finally judged by the next beast they should meet. This happened to be the fox, who, upon hearing the story in all its circumstances, could not be persuaded it was possible for the adder to get into so narrow a bag. The adder, to convince him, went in again; the fox told the man he had now his enemy in his power, and with that he fastened the bag, and crushed him to pieces.

3. DESCRIPTION OF AN OLD COUNTRY HOUSE.—("LETTERS TO
LADY MARY W. MONTAGU." LETTER VIII.)

DEAR MADAM,—I am fourscore miles from London, a short journey compared to that I so often thought at least of undertaking, rather than die without seeing you again. Though the place I am in is such as I would not quit for the town, if I did not value you more than any, nay, everybody else there; and you'll be convinced

how little the town has engaged my affections in your absence from it, when you know what a place this is which I prefer to it ; I shall therefore describe it to you at large, as the true picture of a genuine ancient country seat.

You must expect nothing regular in my description of a house that seems to be built before rules were in fashion ; the whole is so disjointed, and the parts so detached from each other, and yet so joining again one can't tell how, that (in a poetical fit) you'd imagine it had been a village in Amphion's time, where twenty cottages had taken a dance together, were all out, and stood still in amazement ever since. A stranger would be grievously disappointed who should ever think to get into this house the right way : one would expect, after entering through the porch, to be let into the hall ;—alas ! nothing less ;—you find yourself in a brew-house. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room ; but, upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced, by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that 'tis the pigeon-house.

On each side our porch are two chimnies that wear their greens on the outside, which would do as well within, for whenever we make a fire, we let the smoke out of the windows. Over the parlour window hangs a sloping balcony, which time has turned to a very convenient penthouse. The top is crowned with a very venerable tower, so like that of the church just by that the jackdaws build in it as if it were the true steeple.

The great hall is high and spacious, flanked with long tables, images of ancient hospitality ; ornamented with monstrous horns, about twenty broken pikes, and a match-lock musquet or two, which, they say, were used in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers scutcheons of painted glass. There seems to be great propriety in this old manner of blazoning upon glass, ancient families being like ancient windows, in the course of generations—seldom free from cracks. One shining pane bears date 1286. The youthful face of Dame Elinor owes more to this single piece, than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. Who can say after this that glass is frail, when it is not half so perishable as human beauty or glory ? for in another pane you see the memory of a knight preserved, whose marble nose is mouldered from his monument in the church adjoining. And yet, must not one sigh to reflect, that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every boy that throws a stone ? In this hall, in former days, have dined gartered knights and courtly dames ; with ushers, sewers, and seneschals ; and yet it was but t'other night that an owl flew in hither, and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you up (and down) over a very high threshold into the parlour. It is furnished with historical tapestry, whose marginal fringes do confess the moisture of the air. The other contents of the room are a broken-bellied virginal, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors. These are carefully set at the further

corner ; for the windows being everywhere broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard-seed in, that the room is appropriated to that use. Next this parlour lies (as I said before) the pigeon-house ; by the side of which runs an entry that leads, on one hand and t'other, into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study. Then follow a brew-house, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy. A little further on the right, the servants' hall ; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet, which has a lattice into the said hall, that while she said her prayers, she might cast an eye on the men and maids. There are upon this ground-floor in all twenty-four apartments, hard to be distinguished by particular names ; among which I must not forget a chamber that has in it a large antiquity of timber, which seems to have been either a bedstead or a cyder-press. Our best room above is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a band-box ; it has hangings of the finest work in the world, those I mean which Arachne spins out of her own bowels ; indeed the roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower of rain, we may, with God's blessing, expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of the floors. All this upper story has for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this venerable mansion, for the very rats of this ancient seat are gray. Since these had not quitted it, we hope at least this house may stand during the small remainder of days these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another ; they have still a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

I had never seen half what I have described, but for an old, starched, gray-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in the place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He failed not, as we passed from room to room, to relate several memoirs of the family, but his observations were particularly curious in the cellar ; he showed where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent¹ for toast in the morning. He pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogsheds of strong beer ; then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tottered fragment of an unframed picture : "this," says he, with tears in his eyes, "was poor Sir Thomas, once master of the drink I told you of : he had two sons (poor young masters), that never arrived to the age of this beer ; they both fell ill in this very cellar, and never went out upon their own legs." He could not pass by a broken bottle, without taking it up to show us the arms of the family on it. He then led me up the tower, by dark, winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms, one above another ; one of these was nailed up, and my guide whispered to me the occasion of it. The ghost of Lady Frances is supposed to walk here ; some prying maids of the family formerly reported

¹ A kind of red wine.

that they saw a lady in a fardingale through the keyhole ; but this matter was hushed up, and the servants forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you with this long letter; but what engaged me in this description was a generous principle to preserve the memory of a thing that must itself soon fall to ruin; nay, perhaps, some part of it before this reaches your hands: indeed I owe this old house the same gratitude that we do to an old friend that harbours us in his declining condition, nay, even in his last extremity. I have found this an excellent place for retirement and study, where no one who passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even anybody that would visit me dares not venture under my roof. You will not wonder I have translated a great deal of Homer in this retreat; any one that sees it will own I could not have chosen a fitter or more likely place to converse with the dead.¹

VII. LORD BOLINGBROKE.

VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE, better known to students of literature as the "St John" of Pope, was born at Battersea in 1678, and educated at Eton and Oxford. Being intended for public life, he entered Parliament, and shortly afterwards obtained office under Godolphin. His subsequent political career is well known to every reader of history. On the disgrace of the Whig ministry, Bolingbroke and Harley were called to the administration of affairs, and continued in office till the accession of the Hanover family. He was one of the first victims of the violent measures which political spleen unfortunately prompted on that occasion; and, being threatened with impeachment, he fled to France, where he remained till 1728, when he was pardoned and allowed to return home. In England he devoted all his energies to oppose, through the press, the great Whig minister, Sir Robert Walpole, and he had the satisfaction of living long enough to see his fall. He died at Battersea in 1751. Bolingbroke's reputation as an author is now on the decline, owing in great measure to the loose and heterodox views on Christianity which his writings inculcate, and which he was unhappily able to instil into the mind and poetry of his friend Pope. His works are, however, highly meritorious, and the style is singularly eloquent and forcible,—more so, indeed, than that of almost any of his contemporaries. His chief writings are "Letters on the Study of History," "Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism, and the Idea of a Patriot King," and "Philosophical Essays."

1. THE STUDY OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—(ESSAY I.)

There is no study, after that of morality, which deserves the application of the human mind so much as that of natural philo-

¹ The house here referred to is Stanton Harcourt, Oxfordshire; and it is somewhat curious that Pope sent the very same description to the Duke of Buckingham. Pope's letters were among the first published in this country, and they are deservedly much esteemed: it is seldom, however, that they possess the ease and grace of the letter given above, for Pope always wrote with an eye to the press.

sophy, and of the arts and sciences which serve to promote it. The will of God, in the constitution of our moral system, is the object of one: His infinite wisdom and power, that are manifested in the natural system of the universe, are the object of the other. One is the immediate concern of every man, and lies therefore within the reach of every man. The other does so too, as far as our immediate wants require, and far enough to excite awe and veneration of a Supreme Being in every attentive mind. But farther than this, a knowledge of physical nature is not the immediate and necessary concern of every man; and therefore a further inquiry into it becomes the labour of a few, though the fruits of this inquiry be to the advantage of many. Discoveries of use in human life have been sometimes made; but these fruits in general consist chiefly in the gratification of curiosity. Their acquisition, therefore, is painful; and when all that can be gathered are gathered, the crop will be small. Should the human species exist a thousand generations more, and the study of nature be carried on through all of them with the same application, a little more particular knowledge of the apparent properties of matter, and of the sensible principles and laws of motion, might be acquired; more phenomena might be discovered, and a few more of those links, perhaps, which compose the great immeasurable chain of causes and effects that descends from the throne of God. But human sense, which can alone furnish the materials of this knowledge, continuing the same, the want of ideas, the want of adequate ideas, would make it to the last impracticable to penetrate into the great secrets of nature, the real essences of substances, and the primary causes of their action, their passion, and all their operations; so that mankind would cease to be without having acquired a complete and real knowledge of the world they inhabited, and of the bodies they wore in it.

2. DISREGARD OF TRUTH IN CONTROVERSY.

Though truth be one, and every necessary truth be obvious enough, yet that there must be various opinions about it among creatures constituted as we are, is as certain as that there are such opinions. Truth, however, is seldom the object, as reason is seldom the guide; but every man's pride and every man's interest require that both should be thought to be on his side. From hence all those disputes, both public and private, which render the state of society a state of warfare—the warfare of tongues, pens, and swords. In that of the two first, with which alone we have to do here, disputes become contests for superiority between man and man, and party and party; instead of being what they should be, comparisons of opinions, of facts and reasons; by which means each side goes off with triumph, and every dispute is a drawn battle. This is the ordinary course of controversy, not among the vulgar alone, but among sage philosophers and pious divines, whose conduct is not more edifying than that of the vulgar. Will it be pretended that

the schools of religion and learning have in this respect any advantage over other public assemblies, over coffee-houses and taverns? If it is, we may safely deny it, because we can easily prove the contrary. In vain will it be urged, that men who have much learning, and who are accustomed to investigate, and to fix the most abstruse and momentous truths, must of course, and even without superior parts, be better able nicely to discern, to determine, and to compare, and to connect ideas and notions, than those who neither possess the same learning and the same habits, nor have the same art of reasoning. This may be in some respects true, but upon the whole it is not so; and a plain man would overwhelm the scholar who should hold this language, by showing, in numerous instances, the weakness of the human mind, that of this very scholar perhaps in some; the narrow confines, and in them the instability, of our ideas and notions, the impertinence of logic, the futility of metaphysics, the blasphemy of divinity, and the fraud of disputation.

The best, and even such as pass for the fairest controversial writers, improve by artifice the natural infirmity of the human mind, and do on purpose what is here lamented as an evil not always to be avoided. They confound ideas, and perplex the signification of their signs, so as may serve best the intention, not of discovering truth, but of having the last word in the dispute. This practice is so common, and especially where favourite interests, and on their account favourite tenets, are concerned, that I think no writings of this sort can be produced, wherein it is not employed, more or less, on both sides. How, indeed, should it be otherwise, when skill in disputation is esteemed a great part of learning, and the most scandalous frauds are applauded under the name of subtilty? Whatever excites men to it, whether pride, or self-interest, or habitual and inveterate prepossession and bigotry, by which they are induced to think that the worst means may be employed to serve the best cause, which is always the cause they have embraced, it is fraud still. We may lament the imperfections of the human mind, we may blame those who do not give their attention to frame and to preserve their ideas and notions, with all the exactness necessary to make them materials of knowledge, not of error. But we have a right to abominate those who do their utmost to render the discovery of truth impracticable, to perpetuate controversy, and to pervert the use and design of language. I prefer ignorance to such learning, Swift's *bagatelle*¹ to such philosophy, and the disputes of a club where it does not prevail, to those of an academy or university where it does.

3. THE PATRIOT KING.—("THE IDEA OF A PATRIOT KING.")

The good of the people is the ultimate and true end of government. Governors are therefore appointed for this end, and the civil

¹ See the second extract given above from Swift's "Gulliver's Travels."

constitution which appoints them, and invests them with their power, is determined to do so by that law of nature and reason which has determined the end of government, and which admits this form of government as the proper mean of arriving at it. Now the greatest good of a people is their liberty; and in the case here referred to, the people has judged it so, and provided for it accordingly. Liberty is to the collective body, what health is to the individual body: without health no pleasure can be tasted by man, without liberty no happiness can be enjoyed by society. The obligation, therefore, to defend and maintain the freedom of such constitutions, will appear most sacred to a patriot king. Kings who have weak understandings, bad hearts, and strong prejudices, and all these, as it often happens, inflamed by their passions, and rendered incurable by their self-conceit and presumption, such kings are apt to imagine, and they conduct themselves so as to make many of their subjects imagine, that the king and the people in free governments are rival powers, who stand in competition with one another, who have different interests, and must of course have different views: that the rights and privileges of the people are so many spoils taken from the right and prerogative of the crown; and that the rules and laws, made for the exercise and security of the former, are so many diminutions of their dignity, and restraints on their power.

A patriot king will see all this in a far different and much truer light. The constitution will be considered by him as one law, consisting of two tables, containing the rule of his government, and the measure of his subjects' obedience; or as one system, composed of different parts and powers, but all duly proportioned to one another, and conspiring by their harmony to the perfection of the whole.

He will make one, and but one, distinction between his rights, and those of his people; he will look on his to be a trust, and theirs a property. He will discern, that he can have a right to no more than is trusted to him by the constitution: and that his people, who had an original right to the whole by the law of nature, can have the sole indefeasible right to any part: and really have such a right to that part which they have reserved to themselves. In fine, the constitution will be revered by him as the law of God and of man; the force of which binds the king as much as the meanest subjects, and the reason of which binds him much more.

Thus he will think, and on these principles he will act, whether he come to the throne by immediate or remote election. I say remote; for in hereditary monarchies, where men are not elected, families are: and therefore some authors would have it believed, that when a family has been once admitted, and an hereditary right to the crown recognized in it, that right cannot be forfeited, nor that throne become vacant, as long as any heir of the family remains.

How much more agreeably to truth and to common sense would these authors have written, if they had maintained that every prince

who comes to a crown in the course of succession, were he the last of five hundred, comes to it under the same conditions under which the first took it, whether expressed or implied; as well as under those, if any such there be, which have been since made by legal authority: and that royal blood can give no right, nor length of succession any prescription, against the constitution of a government? The first and the last hold by the same tenure.

I mention this the rather, because I have an imperfect remembrance, that some scribbler was employed, or employed himself, to assert the hereditary right of the present royal family: a task so unnecessary to any good purpose, that I believe a suspicion arose of its having been designed for a bad one. A patriot king will never countenance such impertinent fallacies, nor deign to lean on broken reeds. He knows that his right is founded in the laws of God and man, that none can shake it but himself, and that his own virtue is sufficient to maintain it against all opposition.

VIII. BISHOP BERKELEY.

GEORGE BERKELEY was born in the county of Kilkenny in 1684, and was educated partly in the grammar school of the county town, but chiefly in Trinity College, Dublin, where he greatly distinguished himself by his proficiency in mathematics. He early adopted his peculiar opinions on mental philosophy, for his "Principles of Human Knowledge" were published in 1710, and his "Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous" three years after. In 1724 he was appointed Dean of Derry, one of the richest preferments in Ireland; but with a noble disregard of money and rank, Berkeley's mind was full of an enthusiastic scheme for establishing a college in the Bermudas to train up missionaries to convert the Americans; and for the sake of accomplishing this he was willing to resign his deanery, and retire with a hundred pounds a-year to a distant island. He sailed to America and remained some time in Rhode Island, but Government never completed their part of the undertaking, and Berkeley, disappointed, returned home, and was in 1734 elevated to the Bishopric of Cloyne, which he held till his death at Oxford in 1753. Berkeley is one of the most distinguished names in our philosophical literature; his system, indeed (usually known as the *idealistic*, from its leading doctrine that the properties of bodies were only *ideas* in our minds), is now generally abandoned, yet its publication forms an important era in the history of mental science. His style, in force and elegance, will bear comparison with that of any of his contemporaries; and in the management of dialogues, a species of composition of which he was very fond, he has certainly few superiors in the language. He was still more conspicuous for a lofty and general excellence of character, which justified Pope in ascribing, according to the well-known line,—

"To Berkeley every virtue under Heaven."

I. SUPERIOR MORALITY OF CHRISTIAN COUNTRIES.—(FROM THE
"MINUTE PHILOSOPHER."¹ DIALOGUE V.)

(*Alciphron here argues for, and Crito against Atheism.*)

Alciphron.—Would you have us think ourselves a finer people than the ancient Greeks or Romans?

Crito.—If by finer you mean better, perhaps we are; and if we are not, it is not owing to the Christian religion, but to the want of it.

Alciphron.—You say "perhaps we are:" I do not pique myself upon my reading, but should be very ignorant to be capable of being imposed on in so plain a point. What! compare Cicero or Brutus to an English patriot, or Seneca to one of our parsons! Then that invincible constancy and vigour of mind, that disinterested and noble virtue, that adorable public spirit you so much admire, are things in them so well known, and so different from our manners, that I know not how to excuse your *perhaps*. *Euphranor*,² indeed, who passeth his life in this obscure corner, may possibly mistake the characters of our times, but you who know the world, how could you be guilty of such a mistake?

Crito.—O Alciphron, I would by no means detract from the noble virtue of ancient heroes; but I observe those great men were not the minute philosophers of their times; that the best principles upon which they acted are common to them with Christians, of whom it would be no difficult matter to assign many instances in every kind of worth and virtue, public or private, equal to the most celebrated of the ancients, though, perhaps, their story might not have been so well told, set off with such fine lights and colourings of style, or so vulgarly known and considered by every school-boy. But though it should be granted, that here and there a Greek or Roman genius, bred up under strict laws and severe discipline, animated to public virtue by statues, crowns, triumphal arches, and such rewards and monuments of great actions, might attain to a character and fame beyond other men, yet this will prove only, that they had more spirit, and lived under a civil polity more wisely ordered in certain points than ours; which advantages of nature and civil institution will be no argument for their religion or against ours. On the contrary, it seems an invincible proof of the power and excellency of the Christian religion, that without the help of those civil institutions and incentives to glory, it should be able to inspire a phlegmatic people with the noblest sentiments, and soften the rugged manners of northern boors into gentleness and humanity: and that these good qualities should become national, and rise and

¹ *Minute Philosopher* was a name given at that time to an Atheist or Freethinker; and Berkeley's seven dialogues under that name contain one of the best refutations in the language of the principles of atheism, a vice which in his day was fearfully prevalent and even fashionable.

² One of the speakers, who lived in a small country town.

fall in proportion to the purity of our religion, as it approaches to, or recedes from, the plan laid down in the gospel. To make a right judgment of the effects of the Christian religion, let us take a survey of the prevailing notions and manners of this very country where we live, and compare them with those of our heathen predecessors.

Alciphron.—I have heard much of the glorious light of the gospel, and should be glad to see some effects of it in my own dear country, which, by-the-by, is one of the most corrupt and profligate upon earth, notwithstanding the boasted purity of our religion. But it would look mean and diffident to affect a comparison with the barbarous heathen from whence we drew our original: if you would do honour to your religion, dare to make it with the most renowned heathens of antiquity.

Crito.—It is a common prejudice to despise the present, and overrate remote times and things. Something of this seems to enter into the judgments men make of the Greeks and Romans. For though it must be allowed those nations produced some noble spirits and great patterns of virtue, yet upon the whole it seems to me they were much inferior in point of real virtue and good morals, even to this corrupt and profligate nation, as you are now pleased to call it, in dishonour to our religion, however you may think fit to characterize it, when you would do honour to the minute philosophy. This, I think, will be plain to any one, who shall turn off his eyes from a few shining characters, to view the general manners and customs of those people. Their insolent treatment of captives, even of the highest rank and softer sex, their unnatural exposing of their own children, their bloody gladiatorian spectacles, compared with the common notions of Englishmen, are to me a plain proof, that our minds are much softened by Christianity. Could anything be more unjust, than the condemning a young lady to the most infamous punishment and death for the guilt of her father, or a whole family of slaves, perhaps some hundreds, for a crime committed by one? Or more abominable than their bacchanals and unbridled lusts of every kind? which, notwithstanding all that has been done by minute philosophers to debauch the nation, and their successful attempts on some parts of it, have not yet been matched among us, at least not in every circumstance of impudence and effrontery. While the Romans were poor, they were temperate; but, as they grew rich, they became luxurious to a degree that is hardly believed or conceived by us. It cannot be denied, the old Roman spirit was a great one. But it is as certain, there have been numberless examples of the most resolute and clear courage in Britons, and in general from a religious cause. Upon the whole, it seems an instance of the greatest blindness and ingratitude, that we do not see and own the exceeding great benefits of Christianity, which, to omit higher considerations, hath so visibly softened, polished, and embellished our manners.

2. REFLECTIONS ON THE GENERAL CORRUPTION OF MORALS IN BRITAIN.

—("ESSAY TOWARDS PREVENTING THE RUIN OF GREAT BRITAIN.")

I know it is an old folly to make peevish complaints of the times, and charge the common failings of human nature on a particular age. One may nevertheless venture to affirm, that the present hath brought forth new and portentous villanies, not to be paralleled in our own or any other history. We have been long preparing for some great catastrophe. Vice and villany have by degrees grown reputable among us; our infidels have passed for fine gentlemen, and our venal traitors for men of sense, who knew the world. We have made a jest of public spirit, and cancelled all respect for whatever our laws and religion repute sacred. The old English modesty is quite worn off, and instead of blushing for our crimes, we are ashamed only of piety and virtue. In short, other nations have been wicked, but we are the first who have been wicked on principle. The truth is, our symptoms are so bad, that notwithstanding all the care and vigilance of the legislature, it is to be feared the final period of our state approaches. Strong constitutions, whether politic or natural, do not feel light disorders. But when they are sensibly affected, the distemper is for the most part violent and of an ill prognostic. Free governments like our own were planted by the Goths in most parts of Europe; and though we all know what they are come to, yet we seem disposed rather to follow their example than to profit by it.

God grant the time be not near when men shall say, "This island was once inhabited by a religious, brave, sincere people, of plain, uncorrupt manners, respecting inbred worth rather than titles and appearances, assertors of liberty, lovers of their country, jealous of their own rights, and unwilling to infringe the rights of others; improvers of learning and useful arts, enemies to luxury, tender of other men's lives, and prodigal of their own; inferior in nothing to the old Greeks and Romans, and superior to each of those people in the perfections of the other. Such were our ancestors during their rise and greatness; but they degenerated, grew servile flatterers of men in power, adopted Epicurean notions, became venal, corrupt, injurious, which drew upon them the hatred of God and man, and occasioned their final ruin."

IX. BISHOP BUTLER.

JOSEPH BUTLER was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, in 1692. His father, who was a small shopkeeper, was a Presbyterian, and intended that his son should be educated for the ministry in that denomination. During the course of his preparatory studies, however, Butler altered

his opinions on church government, and conformed to the Established Church, and, on taking orders, was fortunate enough to find men capable of appreciating his great ability. He became preacher at the Rolls Chapel, where he delivered those famous sermons, which form the best summary in the language of the fundamental principles of moral science. Queen Caroline was a warm admirer of philosophical discussion, and Butler accordingly became a favourite with her Majesty, who rewarded his merit by raising him to the See of Bristol, from which he was afterwards translated to that of Durham. He did not long survive his new elevation, and died at Bath in 1752. His works are very few, consisting only of twenty-one sermons, and his "Analogy of Religion," but they are likely long to perpetuate his fame. His sermons are characterized by depth of thought and accuracy of judgment, and his "Analogy" has never been surpassed as an able refutation of the common objections urged against religion, whether natural or revealed. Of the graces of style he is quite careless, his only object being to express his meaning in convenient terms, and the close condensation of thought which pervades all his writings sometimes renders his meaning obscure, and requires at all times, on the part of the reader, unremitting attention. His moral system has in modern times found many able exponents,—none more so than Sir James Mackintosh.

1. OF THE GOVERNMENT OF GOD BY REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS,
AND PARTICULARLY OF THE LATTER.—("ANALOGY," PART I,
CHAPTER II.)

That which makes the question concerning a future life to be of so great importance to us, is our capacity of happiness and misery. And that which makes the consideration of it to be of so great importance to us, is the supposition of our happiness and misery hereafter, depending upon our actions here. Without this, indeed, curiosity could not but sometimes bring a subject, in which we may be so highly interested,* to our thoughts; especially upon the mortality of others, or the near prospect of our own. But reasonable men would not take any farther thought about hereafter, than what should happen thus occasionally to rise in their minds, if it were certain that our future interest in no way depended upon our present behaviour; whereas, on the contrary, if there be ground, either from analogy or anything else, to think it does, then there is reason also for the most active thought and solicitude to secure that interest,—to behave so as that we may escape that misery, and obtain that happiness in another life, which we not only suppose ourselves capable of, but which we apprehend also is put in our own power. And whether there be ground for this apprehension certainly would deserve to be most seriously considered, were there no other proof of a future life and interest than that presumptive one which the foregoing observations¹ amount to.

¹ *i.e.*, those in the previous chapters of the "Analogy."

Now, in the present state, all which we enjoy, and a great part of what we suffer, is *put in our own power*. For pleasure and pain are the consequences of our actions, and we are endued by the Author of our nature with capacities of foreseeing these consequences. We find by experience, He does not so much as preserve our lives, exclusively of our own care and attention to provide ourselves with, and to make use of that sustenance, by which He has appointed our lives shall be preserved; and without which He has appointed they shall not be preserved at all. And in general we foresee, that the external things which are the objects of our various passions can neither be obtained or enjoyed, without exerting ourselves in such and such manners; but by thus exerting ourselves, we obtain and enjoy those objects in which our natural good consists, or by these means God gives us the possession and enjoyment of them. I know not that we have any one kind or degree of enjoyment, but by the means of our own actions. And by prudence and care, we may for the most part pass our days in tolerable ease and quiet; or, on the contrary, we may, by rashness, ungoverned passion, wilfulness, or even by negligence, make ourselves as miserable as ever we please. And many do please to make themselves extremely miserable, that is, to do what they know beforehand will render them so. They follow those ways, the fruit of which they know by instruction, example, experience, will be disgrace, and poverty, and sickness, and untimely death. This every one observes to be the general course of things; though, it is to be allowed, we cannot find by experience that *all* our sufferings are owing to our own follies. It is certain matter of universal experience, and the general method of divine administration is, forewarning us, or giving us capacities to foresee, with more or less clearness, that if we act so and so, we shall have such enjoyments; if so and so, such sufferings; and giving us those enjoyments, and making us feel those sufferings, in consequence of our actions.

But it may be objected, "all this is to be ascribed to the general course of nature." True; this is the very thing which I am observing. It is to be ascribed to the general course of nature; that is, not surely to the words or ideas "course of nature," but to Him who appointed it and put things into it, or to a course of operation, from its uniformity or constancy called natural, and which necessarily implies an operating agent. For when men find themselves necessitated to confess an author of nature, or that God is the natural Governor of the world, they must not deny this again, because His government is uniform. They must not deny that He does things at all because He does them constantly; because the effects of His acting are permanent whether His acting be so or not, though there is no reason to think it is not. In short, every man, in everything he does, naturally acts upon the forethought and apprehension of avoiding evil or obtaining good; and if the natural course of things be the appointment of God, and our natural faculties of knowledge and experience are given us by Him, then the good and

bad consequences which follow our actions are His appointment, and our foresight of those consequences is a warning given us by Him how we are to act.

Now, from this general observation, obvious to every one, that God has given us to understand He has appointed satisfaction and delight to be the consequence of our acting in one manner, and pain and uneasiness of our acting in another, and of our not acting at all; and that we find the consequences, which we were beforehand informed of, uniformly to follow, we may learn that we are at present actually under His government, in the strictest and most proper sense,—in such a sense, as that He rewards and punishes us for our actions. An Author of nature being supposed, it is not so much a deduction of reason as a matter of experience, that we are thus under His government,—under His government, in the same sense as we are under the government of civil magistrates; because the annexing pleasure to some actions and pain to others in our power to do or forbear, and giving notice of this appointment beforehand to those whom it concerns, is the proper formal notion of government. Whether the pleasure or pain which thus follows upon our behaviour be owing to the Author of nature's acting upon us every moment which we feel it, or to His having at once contrived and executed His own part in the plan of the world, makes no alteration as to the matter before us. For if civil magistrates could make the sanctions of their laws take place without interposing at all after they had passed them, without a trial and the formalities of an execution; if they were able to make their laws execute themselves, or every offender to execute them upon himself,—we should be just in the same sense under their government then as we are now, but in a much higher degree and more perfect manner. Vain is the ridicule with which one foresees some persons will divert themselves upon finding lesser pains considered as instances of Divine punishment. There is no possibility of answering or evading the general thing here intended without denying all final causes; for final causes being admitted, the pleasures and pains now mentioned must be admitted too as instances of them. And if they are, if God annexes delight to some actions, and uneasiness to others, with an apparent design to induce us to act so and so, then He not only dispenses happiness and misery, but also rewards and punishes actions. If, for example, the pain which we feel upon doing what tends to the destruction of our bodies,—suppose upon too near approaches to fire, or upon wounding ourselves,—be appointed by the Author of nature to prevent our doing what thus tends to our destruction, this is altogether as much an instance of His punishing our actions, and consequently of our being under His government, as declaring by a voice from Heaven that if we acted so He would inflict such pain upon us, and inflicting it whether it be greater or less. Thus we find, that the true notion or conception of the Author of nature is that of a master or governor, prior to the consideration of His moral attributes. The fact of our case,

which we find by experience, is, that He actually exercises dominion or government over us at present, by rewarding and punishing us for our actions, in as strict and proper a sense of these words, and even in the same sense, as children, servants, subjects, are rewarded and punished by those who govern them. And thus the whole analogy of nature, the whole present course of things, most fully shows, that there is nothing incredible in the general doctrine of religion that God will reward and punish men for their actions hereafter; nothing incredible, I mean, arising out of the notion of rewarding and punishing; for the whole course of nature is a present instance of His exercising that government over us which implies in it rewarding and punishing.

2. OF BRIDLING THE TONGUE.—(SERMON IV.)

The due and proper use of any natural faculty or power is to be judged of by the end and design for which it was given us. The chief purpose for which the faculty of speech was given to man, is plainly that we might communicate our thoughts to each other, in order to carry on the affairs of the world, for business, and for our improvement in knowledge and learning. But the good Author of our nature designed us not only necessities, but likewise enjoyment and satisfaction, in that being He hath graciously given, and in that condition of life He hath placed us in. There are secondary uses of our faculties: they administer to delight as well as to necessity; and as they are equally adapted to both, there is no doubt but He intended them for our gratification as well as for the support and continuance of our being. The secondary use of speech is to please and be entertaining to each other in conversation. This is in every respect allowable and right. It unites men closer in alliances and friendships, gives us a fellow-feeling of the prosperity and unhappiness of each other, and is in several respects serviceable to virtue, and to promote good behaviour in the world. And provided there be not too much time spent in it, if it were considered only in the way of gratification and delight, men must have strange notions of God and of religion to think that He can be offended with it, or that it is anyway inconsistent with the strictest virtue. But the truth is, such sort of conversation, though it has no particular good tendency, yet it has a general good one: it is social and friendly, and tends to promote humanity, good-nature, and civility.

As the end and use, so likewise the abuse of speech relates to the one or other of these; either to business or to conversation. As to the former, deceit in the management of business and affairs does not properly belong to the subject now before us: though one may just mention that multitude, that endless number of words, with which business is perplexed; when a much fewer would, as it should seem, better serve the purpose; but this must be left to those who understand the matter. The government of the tongue, considered as a subject of itself, relates chiefly to conversation; to that

kind of discourse which usually fills up the time spent in friendly meetings and visits of civility. And the danger is, lest persons entertain themselves and others at the expense of their wisdom and their virtue, and to the injury or offence of their neighbour. If they will observe and keep clear of these, they may be as free and easy and unreserved as they can desire.

The *wise man* observes that "there is a time to speak, and a time to keep silence." One meets with people in the world who seem never to have made the last of these observations. And yet these great talkers do not at all speak from their having anything to say, as every sentence shows, but only from their inclination to be talking. Their conversation is merely an exercise of the tongue; no other human faculty has a share in it. It is strange these persons can help reflecting, that unless they have in truth a superior capacity, and are in an extraordinary manner furnished for conversation, if they are entertaining, it is at their own expense. Is it possible that it should never come into people's thoughts to suspect, whether or no it be to their advantage to show so very much of themselves? "Oh that you would altogether hold your peace, and it should be your wisdom!" Remember, likewise, there are persons who love fewer words, an inoffensive sort of people, and who deserve some regard, though of too still and composed tempers for you. Of this number was the son of Sirach; for he plainly speaks from experience when he says, "as hills of sands are to the steps of the aged, so is one of many words to a quiet man." But one would think it should be obvious to every one, that when they are in company with their superiors of any kind, in years, knowledge, and experience; when proper and useful subjects are discoursed of, which they cannot bear a part in; that these are times for silence; when they should learn to hear and be attentive, at least in their turn. It is indeed a very unhappy way these people are in: they in a manner cut themselves out from all advantage of conversation, except that of being entertained with their own talk; their business in coming into company not being at all to be informed, to hear, to learn; but to display themselves, or rather to exert their faculty and talk without any design at all. And if we consider conversation as an entertainment, as somewhat to unbend the mind, as a diversion from the cares, the business, and the sorrows of life, it is of the very nature of it, that the discourse be mutual. This, I say, is implied in the very notion of what we distinguish by conversation, or being in company. Attention to the continued discourse of one alone grows more painful often, than the cares and business we come to be diverted from. He, therefore, who imposes this upon us, is guilty of a double offence: arbitrarily enjoining silence upon all the rest, and likewise obliging them to this painful attention.

I am sensible these things are apt to be passed over, as too little to come into a serious discourse; but, in reality, men are obliged, even in point of morality and virtue, to observe all the decencies of behaviour. The greatest evils in life have had their rise from some-

what which was thought of too little importance to be attended to. And as to the matter that we are now upon, it is absolutely necessary to be considered. For if people will not maintain a due government over themselves, in regarding proper times and seasons for silence, but *will* be talking, they certainly, whether they design it or not at first, will go on to scandal and evil-speaking, and divulging secrets. If it were needful to say anything further to persuade men to learn this lesson of silence, one might put them in mind, how insignificant they render themselves by this excessive talkativeness, insomuch that if they do chance to say anything which deserves to be attended to and regarded, it is lost in the variety and abundance which they utter of another sort.

The occasions of silence, then, are obvious, and, one would think, should be easily distinguished by everybody: namely, when a man has nothing to say; or nothing but what is better unsaid; better, either in regard to particular persons he is present with, or from its being an interruption to conversation itself, or to conversation of a more agreeable kind, or better, lastly, with regard to himself. I will end this with two reflections of the Wise Man, one of which in the strongest manner exposes the ridiculous part of this licentiousness of the tongue; and the other, the great danger and viciousness of it. "When he that is a fool walketh by the wayside, his wisdom faileth him, and he saith to every one that he is a fool." The other is, "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin."

X. HENRY FIELDING.

FIELDING was born in 1707 at Sharpham Park in Somersetshire. He was educated at Eton, and being destined for the law, was sent over to study under the Dutch jurists at Leyden; but the embarrassments of his father, who, though a man of rank, was continually involved in debt, brought his studies to an abrupt termination. Returning to England, he plunged headlong into the usual dissipation of the age, endeavouring at the same time to procure a maintenance by literary pursuits. He published numerous dramatic works, poems, and political pamphlets, which are now forgotten, and which did not possess much merit; for Fielding was, according to Swift, a great master in the "Art of Sinking in Poetry." His reputation, however, was at once established by the publication in 1742 of his famous novel, "Joseph Andrews," and it was enhanced by the subsequent issue of "Tom Jones" and "Amelia." His profligate and dissolute life rendered it impossible that he should rise in his profession as a lawyer; but as his pen had been of some service to the government, he was appointed one of the justices of Middlesex, and he discharged the duties of the office with zeal and integrity. His constitution, ruined by dissipation, soon gave way under the drudgery of his new office, and he died in 1754 at Lisbon, whither he had gone, in order, if possible, to

repair his health in a milder climate. Fielding is generally allowed to be the first of our novelists; he possessed in a high degree every talent of a novel writer: humour, variety, knowledge of the world, intimate acquaintance with character in every station in society, with corresponding ability in delineating it, and a happy skill in the construction of his plots. Nothing prevents his works being as popular at the present day as they were originally but the frequent occurrence of scenes of the grossest licentiousness, a feature which they owe probably to Fielding's own dissipated character, and in which they unfortunately present only too faithful a picture of the morals of the times of George II., which were worse even than those of the Restoration.

1. THE DISASTERS WHICH BEFELL JONES ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR COVENTRY, WITH THE SAGE REMARKS OF PARTRIDGE.—("TOM JONES.")

No road can be plainer than that from the place where they now were to Coventry; and though neither Jones, nor Partridge, nor the guide had ever travelled it before, it would have been almost impossible to have missed their way, had it not been for the two reasons mentioned in the conclusion of the last chapter (*viz.* rain and darkness). These two circumstances, however, happening both unfortunately to intervene, our travellers deviated into a much less frequented track; and after riding full six miles, instead of arriving at the stately spires of Coventry, they found themselves still in a very dirty lane, where they saw no symptoms of approaching the suburbs of a large city. Jones now declared that they must certainly have lost their way; but this the guide insisted upon was impossible; a word which, in common conversation, is often used to signify not only improbable, but often what is really very likely, and sometimes what hath certainly happened: an hyperbolical violence like that which is so frequently offered to the words *infinite* and *eternal*; by the former of which it is usual to express a distance of half a yard, and by the latter a duration of five minutes. And thus it is as usual to assert the impossibility of losing what is already actually lost. This was, in fact, the case at present; for, notwithstanding all the confident assertions of the lad to the contrary, it is certain they were no more in the right road to Coventry, than the fraudulent, griping, cruel, canting miser is in the right road to heaven.

It is not, perhaps, easy for the reader, who hath never been in those circumstances, to imagine the horror with which darkness, rain, and wind fill persons who have lost their way in the night; and who, consequently, have not the pleasant prospect of warm fires, dry clothes, and other refreshments, to support their minds in struggling with the inclemency of the weather. A very imperfect idea of this horror will, however, serve sufficiently to account for the conceits which now filled the head of Partridge, and which we shall presently be obliged to open.

Jones grew more and more positive that they were out of their road; and the boy himself at last acknowledged he believed they were not in the right road to Coventry, though he affirmed, at the same time, it was impossible they should have missed the way. But Partridge was of a different opinion. He said, "when they first set out he imagined some mischief or other would happen. Did not you observe, sir," said he to Jones, "that old woman who stood at the door just as you was taking horse? I wish you had given her a small matter, with all my heart; for she said then you might repent it; and at that very instant it began to rain, and the wind hath continued rising ever since. Whatever some people may think, I am very certain it is in the power of witches to raise the wind whenever they please. I have seen it happen very often in my time; and, if ever I saw a witch in all my life, that old woman was certainly one. I thought so to myself at that very time; and if I had had any halfpence in my pocket, I would have given her some; for to be sure it is always good to be charitable to those sort of people, for fear what may happen; and many a person hath lost his cattle by saving a halfpenny."

Jones, though he was horridly vexed at the delay which this mistake was likely to occasion in his journey, could not help smiling at the superstition of his friend, whom an accident now greatly confirmed in his opinion. This was a tumble from his horse; by which, however, he received no other injury than what the dirt conferred on his clothes.

Partridge had no sooner recovered his legs than he appealed to his fall as conclusive evidence of all he had asserted; but Jones, finding he was unhurt, answered with a smile: "This witch of yours, Partridge, is a most ungrateful jade, and doth not, I find, distinguish her friends from others in her resentment. If the old lady had been angry with me for neglecting her, I don't see why she should tumble you from your horse, after all the respect you have expressed for her."

"It is ill jesting," cries Partridge, "with people who have power to do these things; for they are often very malicious. I remember a farrier who provoked one of them, and within three months from that very day one of his best cows was drowned. Nor was she satisfied with that; for a little time afterwards he lost a barrel of his best drink; for the old witch pulled out the spigot, and let it run all over the cellar, the very first evening he had tapped it to make merry with some of his neighbours. In short, nothing ever thrived with him afterwards; for she worried the poor man so that he took to drinking; and in a year or two his stock was seized, and he and his family are now come to the parish."

The guide, and perhaps his horse too, were both so attentive to this discourse, that, either through want of care, or by the malice of the witch, they were now both sprawling in the dirt.

Partridge entirely imputed this fall, as he had done his own, to the same cause; he told Mr Jones "it would certainly be his turn

next, and earnestly entreated him to return back, and find out the old woman and pacify her. "We shall very soon," added he, "reach the inn; for though we have seemed to go forward, I am very certain we are in the identical place in which we were an hour ago; and I dare swear, if it was daylight, we might now see the inn we set out from."

Instead of returning any answer to this sage advice, Jones was entirely attentive to what had happened to the boy, who received no other hurt than what had before fallen Partridge, and which his clothes very easily bore, as they had been for many years inured to the like. He soon regained his side-saddle, and by the hearty curses and blows which he bestowed on his horse, quickly satisfied Mr Jones that no harm was done.

2. ADVENTURE OF JONES WITH A HIGHWAYMAN.

They were got about two miles beyond Barnet, and it was now the dusk of the evening, when a genteel-looking man, but upon a very shabby horse, rode up to Jones, and asked him whether he was going to London? To which Jones answered in the affirmative. The gentleman replied, "I should be obliged to you, sir, if you will accept of my company, for it is very late, and I am a stranger to the road." Jones readily complied with the request; and on they travelled together, holding that sort of discourse which is usual on such occasions.

Of this, indeed, robbery was the principal topic, upon which subject the stranger expressed great apprehensions; but Jones declared he had very little to lose, and consequently as little to fear. Here Partridge could not forbear putting in his word: "Your honour," said he, "may think it a little, but I am sure, if I had a hundred-pound bank-note in my pocket, as you have, I should be very sorry to lose it; but, for my own part, I never was less afraid in my life, for we are four of us, and if we all stand by one another, the best man in England can't rob us. Suppose he should have a pistol, he can kill but one of us, and a man can die but once—that's my comfort, a man can die but once."

Besides the reliance on superior numbers, a kind of valour which hath raised a certain nation among the moderns to a high pitch of glory, there was another reason for the extraordinary courage which Partridge now discovered; for he had at present as much of that quality as was in the power of liquor to bestow.

Our company were now arrived within a mile of Highgate, when the stranger turned short upon Jones, and, pulling out a pistol, demanded that little bank-note which Partridge had mentioned.

Jones was at first somewhat shocked at this unexpected demand; however, he presently recollected himself, and told the highwayman all the money he had in his pocket was at his service; and so saying, he pulled out upwards of three guineas and offered to deliver it, but the other answered with an oath "that would not do."

Jones answered coolly, he was very sorry for it, and returned the money into his pocket.

The highwayman then threatened, if he did not deliver the bank-note that moment, he must shoot him, holding his pistol at the same time very near to his breast. Jones instantly caught hold of the fellow's hand, which trembled so that he could scarce hold the pistol in it, and turned the muzzle from him. A struggle then ensued, in which the former wrested the pistol from the hand of his antagonist, and both came from their horses on the ground together, the highwayman upon his back, and the victorious Jones upon him. The poor fellow now began to implore mercy of the conqueror; for, to say the truth, he was in strength by no means a match for Jones. "Indeed, sir," says he, "I could have no intention to shoot you, for you will find the pistol was not loaded. This is the first robbery I ever attempted, and I have been driven by distress to this." At this instant, at about a hundred and fifty yards' distance, lay another person on the ground, roaring for mercy in a much louder voice than the highwayman. This was no other than Partridge himself, who, endeavouring to make his escape from the engagement, had been thrown from his horse, and lay flat on his face, not daring to look up, and expecting every minute to be shot. In this posture he lay, till the guide, who was no otherwise concerned than for his horses, having secured the stumbling beast, came up to him, and told him his master had got the better of the highwayman.

Partridge leaped up at the news, and ran back to the place where Jones stood with his sword drawn in his hand to guard the poor fellow, which Partridge no sooner saw than he cried out, "Kill the villain, sir, run him through the body, kill him this instant!"

Luckily, however, for the poor wretch, he had fallen into more merciful hands; for Jones having examined the pistol, and found it to be really unloaded, began to believe all the man had told him before Partridge came up, namely, that he was a novice in the trade, and that he had been driven to it by the distress he mentioned, the greatest indeed imaginable, that of five hungry children, and a wife lying ill, in the utmost want and misery. The truth of all which the highwayman most vehemently asserted, and offered to convince Mr Jones of it, if he would take the trouble to go to his house, which was not above two miles off, saying, "that he desired no favour, but upon condition of proving all he had alleged."

Jones at first pretended that he would take the fellow at his word, and go with him, declaring that his fate should depend entirely on the truth of his story. Upon this the poor fellow immediately expressed so much alacrity, that Jones was perfectly satisfied with his veracity, and began now to entertain sentiments of compassion for him. He returned the fellow his empty pistol, advised him to think of honest means of relieving his distress, and gave him a couple of guineas for the immediate support of his wife and his family; adding, "he wished he had more for his sake, for the hundred pound that had been mentioned was not his own."

The highwayman was full of expressions of thankfulness and gratitude. He actually dropped tears, or pretended so to do. He vowed he would immediately return home, and would never afterwards commit such a transgression; whether he kept his word or no, perhaps may appear hereafter. Our travellers having remounted their horses, arrived in town without encountering any new mishap.

XI. LAURENCE STERNE.

LAURENCE STERNE was born at Clonmel in 1713, and was educated at Cambridge. Morality was then at its lowest ebb in England, and Sterne, though licentious and profligate, did not hesitate to enter the Church; allured probably by the hope of obtaining some preferment through the influence of his uncle, the grandson of an Archbishop of York, and the fortunate holder of many well-endowed benefices in those days of pluralities. He obtained two livings in Yorkshire, but of course the character of his writings prevented his rising in the Church, and his habits rendered him by no means a favourite with the neighbouring clergy. His time was spent in the discharge of his duties, in painting, fiddling, and shooting, and in the composition of his works, by which he acquired immense popularity. His constitution, always delicate, gradually broke down, and he died at London in 1768 while on a visit to town to superintend the publication of some of his writings. His works are "Tristram Shandy," "The Sentimental Journey," and "Sermons," all of them highly characteristic. In the first of these he has shown a rare ability in delineating character, and especially in depicting in the broadest light those whimsical peculiarities which constitute an individual's humour: old Shandy, Uncle Toby, Corporal Trim, Dr Slop, and Widow Wadman, leave on the reader's mind an impression of reality such as few novelists have produced; in his "Sentimental Journey" we meet with passages which prove his power to wield at will the feelings of his readers, and the "Sermons" are full of good-feeling and sound advice. Against these merits, however, there must be arrayed a long catalogue of defects: the total want of order, the endless digressions, the whimsical style, the blank pages, chapters of asterisks, and innumerable other eccentricities adopted for effect; but above all, the ever-recurring indecency which stains his pages, and looks even more indecent when coming from a clergyman, have sadly undermined the popularity of Sterne, and have abundantly avenged his sins against propriety and morality.

1. UNCLE TOBY AND HIS MINIATURE SIEGES.—("TRISTRAM SHANDY.")

If the reader has not got a clear conception of the rood and the half of ground which lay at the bottom of my uncle Toby's kitchen garden, and which was the scene of so many of his delicious hours, the fault is not in me, but in his imagination, for I am sure I gave him so minute a description, I was almost ashamed of it. My uncle

Toby came down, as the reader has been informed, with plans along with him, of almost every fortified town in Italy and Flanders ; so let the Duke of Marlborough, or the allies, have set down before what town they pleased, my uncle Toby was prepared for them.

His way, which was the simplest one in the world was this : as soon as ever a town was invested (but sooner when the design was known), to take the plan of it (let it be what town it would), and enlarge it upon a scale to the exact size of his bowling-green ; upon the surface of which, by means of a large roll of pack-thread, and a number of small piquets driven into the ground, at the several angles and redans, he transferred the lines from his paper ; then taking the profile of the place, with its works, to determine the depths and slopes of the ditches, he set the Corporal to work, and sweetly it went on. The nature of the soil, the nature of the work itself, and, above all, the good nature of my uncle Toby, sitting by from morning to night, and chatting kindly with the Corporal upon past-done deeds, left labour little else but the ceremony of the name.

When the place was finished in this manner, and put into a proper posture of defence, it was invested ; and my uncle Toby and the Corporal began to run their first parallel. I beg I may not be interrupted in my story by being told that the first parallel should be at least three hundred toises¹ distant from the main body of the place, and that I have not left a single inch for it ; for my uncle Toby took the liberty of encroaching upon his kitchen-garden, for the sake of enlarging his works on the bowling-green ; and for that reason, generally ran his first and second parallels betwixt two rows of his cabbages and cauliflowers ; the conveniences and inconveniences of which will be considered at large in the history of my uncle Toby's campaigns, of which this I'm now writing is but a sketch.

When the town with its works was finished, my uncle Toby and the Corporal began to run their first parallel, not at random, or anyhow, but from the same points and distances the allies had begun to run theirs ; and regulating their approaches and attacks by the accounts my uncle Toby received from the daily papers, they went on, during the whole siege, step by step, with the allies. When the Duke of Marlborough made a lodgment, my uncle Toby made a lodgment too ; and when the face of a bastion was battered down, or a defence ruined, the corporal took his mattock and did as much ; and so on, gaining ground, and making themselves masters of the works, one after another, till the town fell into their hands. To one who took pleasure in the happy state of others, there could not have been a greater sight in the world, than on a post-morning, in which a practicable breach had been made by the Duke of Marlborough in the main body of the place, to have stood behind the horn-beam hedge, and observed the spirit with which my uncle Toby, with Trim behind him, sallied forth, the one with the Gazette in his hand, the other with a spade on his shoulder, to execute the

¹ A French measure, six feet long.

contents. What an honest triumph in my uncle Toby's looks as he marched up to the ramparts ! what intense pleasure swimming in his eye as he stood over the Corporal, reading the paragraph ten times over to him, as he was at work, lest peradventure, he should make the breach an inch too wide, or leave it an inch too narrow ! But when the *chamade*¹ was beat, and the Corporal helped my uncle up it, and followed with the colours in his hand, to fix them upon the ramparts,—Heaven ! Earth ! Sea !—but what avail apostrophes ?—with all your elements, wet or dry, ye never compounded so intoxicating a draught.

In this track of happiness, for many years, without one interruption to it, except now and then when the wind continued to blow due west for a week or ten days together, which detained the Flanders mail, and kept them so long in torture,—but still it was the torture of the happy,—in this track, I say, did my uncle Toby and Trim move for many years, every year of which, and sometimes every month, from the invention of either the one or the other of them, adding some new conceit or quirk of improvement to their operations, which always opened fresh springs of delight in carrying them on. The first year's campaign was carried on, from beginning to end, in the plain and simple method I've related. In the second year, in which my uncle Toby took Liege and Ruremond, he thought he might afford the expense of four handsome drawbridges. At the latter end of the same year he added a couple of gates with port-cullises ; and during the winter of the same year, my uncle Toby, instead of a new suit of clothes, which he always had at Christmas, treated himself with a handsome sentry-box, to stand at the corner of the bowling-green, betwixt which point and the foot of the glacis there was left a little kind of an esplanade, for him and the Corporal to confer and hold councils of war upon. The sentry-box was in case of rain. All these were painted white three times over the ensuing spring, which enabled my uncle Toby to take the field with great splendour.

My father would often say to Yorick, that if any mortal in the whole universe had done such a thing except his brother Toby, it would have been looked upon by the world as one of the most refined satires upon the parade and prancing manner in which Louis XIV., from the beginning of the war, but particularly that very year, had taken the field. But 'tis not in my brother Toby's nature, kind soul ! my father would add, to insult any one.

2. THE DEAD ASS.—("SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.")

Having settled all my little matters, I got into my post-chaise with more ease than ever I got into a post-chaise in my life ; and *Le Fleur* having got one large jack-boot on the far side of a little *bidet*,² and another on this (for I count nothing of his legs), he

¹ The parley.

² i. e., post-horse.

cantered away before me as happy and as perpendicular as a prince. But what is happiness? what is grandeur, in this painted scene of life? A dead ass, before we had got a league, put a sudden stop to La Fleur's career: his *bidet* would not pass by it, a contention arose betwixt them, and the poor fellow was kicked out of his jack-boots the very first kick.

"And this," said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet;—"and this should have been thy portion," said he, "hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me." I thought by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature. The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with an ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time, then laid them down, looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it, held it some time in his hand, then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle, looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made, and then gave a sigh. The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready: as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home. It had pleased heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of the eldest of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all, and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go, in gratitude, to St Iago in Spain. When the mourner got thus far on his story, he stopped to pay nature his tribute, and wept bitterly. He said, Heaven had accepted the conditions, and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey; that it had ate the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Everybody who stood about heard the poor fellow with concern; La Fleur offered him money. The mourner said he did not want it; it was not the value of the ass, but the loss of him. The ass, he said, he was assured loved him; and upon this, he told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days: during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass; and that they had scarce either ate or drank till they met. "Thou hast one comfort, at least," said I, "in the loss of thy poor

beast; I'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him." "Alas!" said the mourner, "I thought so when he was alive; but now that he is dead I think otherwise; I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him; they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for." "Shame on the world!" said I to myself. "Did we but love each other as this poor soul loved his ass, 'twould be something."

3. THE SUPPER AT THE FRENCH COTTAGE.—("SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.")

A shoe coming loose from the fore foot of the thill-horse at the beginning of the ascent of Mount Taurira, the postillion dismounted, twisted the shoe off, and put it in his pocket. As the ascent was of five or six miles, and that horse our main dependence, I made a point of having the shoe fastened on again as well as we could; but the postillion had thrown away the nails; and the hammer in the chaise-box being of no great use without them, I submitted to go on. He had not mounted half a mile higher, when, coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor beast lost a second shoe, and from off, his other fore foot. I then got out of the chaise in good earnest; and seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the left hand, with a great deal to do, I prevailed upon the postillion to turn up to it. The look of the house, and of everything about it, as we drew nearer, soon reconciled me to the disaster. It was a little farmhouse, surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn, and close to the house, on one side, was a *potagerie* of an acre and a half, full of everything which could make plenty in a French *péasant's* house; and on the other side was a little wood, which furnished wherewithal to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the house, so I left the postillion to manage his point as he could, and for mine, I walked directly into the house.

The family consisted of an old gray-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law, and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them. They were all sitting down together to their lentil soup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flagon of wine at each end of it promised joy through the stages of the repast; 'twas a feast of love. The old man rose up to meet me, and, with a respectful cordiality, would have me sit down at the table; my heart was set down the moment I entered the room: so I sat down at once, like a son of the family; and, to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and, taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon: and, as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not seemed to doubt it. Was it this, or, tell me, Nature, what else it was that made this morsel so sweet, and to what magic

I owe it, that the draught I took of their flagon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour.

If the supper was to my taste, the grace which followed it was much more so. When supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance: the moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran altogether into a back apartment to tie up their hair, and the young men to the door to wash their faces and change their *sabots*; and in three minutes, every soul was ready upon a little esplanade before the house to begin. The old man and his wife came out last, and, placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sofa of turf by the door. The old man had, some fifty years ago, been no mean performer upon the *vielle*, and, at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife sang now and then a little to the tune, then intermitted and joined her old man again as their children and grandchildren danced before them. It was not till the middle of the second dance, when, from some pauses in the movement wherein they all seemed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or effect of simple jollity. In a word, I thought I beheld Religion mixing in the dance; but as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said this was their constant way; and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to Heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay.

"Or a learned prelate either," said I.

4. THE MONK.—("SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.")

A poor monk, of the order of St Francis, came into the room to beg something for his convent. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was determined not to give him a single *sous*; and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket, buttoned it up, set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him. There was something, I fear, forbidding in my look; I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scattered white hairs upon his temple, being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty—truth might lie between. He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild,

pale, penetrating: free from all commonplace ideas of fat, contented ignorance, looking downwards upon the earth—it looked forwards, but looked as if it looked at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a Bramin; and had I met it on the plains of Hindostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes: one might put it into the hands of any one to design; for it was neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so. It was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forwards in the figure; but it was the attitude of entreaty; and, as it now stands present in my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and, laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right), when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order; and did it with so simple a grace, and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure, I was bewitched not to have been struck with it.

A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous. "Tis very true," said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address; "'tis very true, and Heaven be their resource who have no other than the charity of the world; the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it."

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance, with his eyes downwards, upon the sleeve of his tunic. I felt the full force of the appeal. "I acknowledge it," said I; "a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet, are no great matters. But the true point of pity is, as they can be earned in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm. The captive who lies down, counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the "order of Mercy," instead of the order of St Francis, poor as I am" (continued I, pointing to my portmanteau), "full cheerfully should it have been opened to you for the ransom of the unfortunate." The monk made me a bow. "But," resumed I, "the unfortunate of our own country surely have the first right, and I have left thousands in distress upon the English shore." The monk gave a cordial wave with his hand, as much as to say, "No doubt there is misery enough in every corner of the world as well as within our convent." "But we distinguish," said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal,—"*we distinguish*, my good father, betwixt those who wish to eat only the bread of their own labour, and those who eat the bread of other people, and have no

other plan in life but to get through it in sloth and ignorance *for the love of God.*"

The poor Franciscan made no reply. A hectic of a moment passed across his cheek, but could not tarry. Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him; he showed none; but letting his staff fall within his arm, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired. My heart smote me the moment he shut the door. "Pshaw!" said I, with an air of carelessness three several times; but it would not do; every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination. I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan but to deny him, and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of the unkind language. I considered his grey hairs; his courteous figure seemed to re-enter, and gently ask me what injury he had done me, and why I could use him thus? I would have given twenty livres for an advocate. "I have behaved very ill," said I, within myself; "but I have only just set out on my travels, and shall learn better manners as I get along."

XII. TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT was born in Dumbartonshire in 1721, and educated at the University of Glasgow. He was intended for the medical profession; but while at college he had begun to court the Muses, and on completing his studies he repaired to London with a tragedy, the first fruits of his poetry, and by which he doubtless expected to obtain fame and wealth. Completely disappointed in his ambition, he fell back on his medical knowledge, and became surgeon's mate on board a man-of-war, where he saw some actual service, which proved of use to him in his future career as an author. On returning to London, he for some time practised as a physician; but not meeting with much success, he betook himself to authorship, both in prose and verse. He experienced the usual fate of literary men: his exertions were barely sufficient to procure him a comfortable maintenance, while they overtasked his mind and ruined his health. In 1770, he retired to repair his shattered constitution in the milder climate of Italy; but nature was exhausted, and he died at Leghorn in 1771. Of his poetry little is now remembered but his "Ode to Independence," one of the noblest in the language, and one which the world is not likely soon to "let die." His novels, on which his popularity chiefly rests, are "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," "Count Fathom," "Launcelot Greaves," and "Humphrey Clinker," of which the first and the last are the most generally admired. He also wrote a "History of Great Britain," part of which is usually appended, by way of continuation, to the History of Hume. It is written with some ability; but was too hurriedly composed to be of much historical value, and suffers much from juxtaposition with Hume. The novels of Smollett display great fertility of invention, much acquaintance with life in

all ranks, and a strong sense of the ludicrous; but in the structure of the plot and unity of the work they are inferior to Fielding's, and they outrage all sense of decency and propriety even more grossly than Fielding had done.

1. RODERICK RANDOM'S PROGRESS AT SCHOOL.

I was sent to a school at a village hard by, of which my grandfather had been dictator time out of mind; but as he neither paid for my board nor supplied me with clothes, books, and other necessities I required, my condition was very ragged and contemptible; and the schoolmaster, who, through fear of my grandfather, taught me *gratis*, gave himself no concern about the progress I made under his instruction. In spite of all these difficulties and disgraces, I became a good proficient in the Latin tongue; and as soon as I could write tolerably, pestered my grandfather with letters to such a degree, that he sent for my master and chid him severely for bestowing such pains on my education, telling him that if ever I should be brought to the gallows for forgery, which he had taught me to commit, my blood would lie on his head. The pedant, who dreaded nothing more than the displeasure of his patron, assured his honour that the boy's ability was more owing to his own genius and application than to any instruction or encouragement he received; that, although he could not divest him of the knowledge he had already imbibed, unless he would empower him to disable his fingers, he should endeavour, with God's help, to prevent his future improvement. And, indeed, he punctually performed what he had undertaken; for, on pretence that I had writ impertinent letters to my grandfather, he caused a board to be made with five holes in it, through which he thrust the fingers and thumb of my right hand, and fastened it with whip-cord to my wrist in such a manner as effectually debarred me the use of my pen. But this restraint I was freed from in a few days by an accident which happened in a quarrel between me and another boy, who, taking upon him to insult my poverty, I was so incensed at his ungenerous reproach, that with one stroke of my machine I cut him to the skull, to the great terror of myself and school-fellows, who left him bleeding on the ground, and ran to inform the master of what had happened. I was so severely punished for this trespass that, were I to live to the age of Methusalem, the impression it made on me would not be effaced, no more than the antipathy and horror I conceived for the merciless tyrant who inflicted it. The contempt which my appearance naturally produced in all who saw me, the continual wants to which I was exposed, and my own haughty disposition, impatient of affronts, involved me in a thousand troublesome adventures, by which I was at length inured to adversity, and emboldened to undertakings far above my years. I was often inhumanly scourged for crimes I did not commit, because, having the character of a vagabond in the village, every piece of mischief

whose author lay unknown was charged upon me. I have been found guilty of robbing orchards I never entered, of killing cats I never hurted, of stealing gingerbread I never touched, and of abusing old women I never saw. Nay, a stammering carpenter had eloquence enough to persuade my master that I fired a pistol loaded with small-shot into his window, though my landlady and the whole family bore witness that I was a-bed fast asleep at the time when this outrage was committed. I was once flogged for having narrowly escaped drowning by the sinking of a ferryboat in which I was a passenger; another time for having recovered of a bruise occasioned by a horse and cart running over me; a third time for being bit by a baker's dog. In short, whether I was guilty or unfortunate, the correction and sympathy of this arbitrary pedagogue were the same. Far from being subdued by this cruel usage, my indignation triumphed over that slavish awe which had hitherto enforced my obedience; and the more my years and knowledge increased, the more I perceived the injustice and barbarity of his behaviour. By the help of an uncommon genius, and the advice and direction of our usher, who had served my father in his travels, I made a surprising progress in the classics, writing, and arithmetic; so that, before I was twelve years old, I was allowed by everybody to be the best scholar in the school.

2. RODERICK'S ADVENTURE WITH A SHARPER IN LONDON.

As we wandered along, gaping about, a very decent sort of man passing by me stopped of a sudden, and took up something, which having examined, he turned, and presented it to me, with these words, "Sir, you have dropt half-a-crown." I was not a little surprised at this instance of honesty, and told him it did not belong to me; but he bade me recollect, and see if all my money was safe; upon which I pulled out my purse (for I had bought one since I came to town), and reckoning my money in my hand, which was now reduced to five guineas, seven shillings, and two pence, assured him I had lost nothing. "Well then," says he, "so much the better; this is a godsend; and as you two were present when I picked it up, you are entitled to equal shares with me." I was astonished at these words, and looked upon this person to be a prodigy of integrity, but absolutely refused to take any part of the sum. "Come, gentlemen," said he, "you are too modest—I see you are strangers; but you shall give me leave to treat you with a whet this cold, raw morning." I would have declined this invitation, but Strap¹ whispered to me that the gentleman would be affronted, and I complied. "Where shall we go?" said the stranger; "I am quite ignorant of this part of the town." I informed him that we were in the same situation: upon which he proposed to go into the first public-house we should find open; and, as we walked together, he

¹ A humble companion, the prototype, in part, of Dickens's "Smike."

began in this manner.—“I find by your tongues you are from Scotland, gentlemen; my grandmother by the father's side was of your country; and I am so prepossessed in its favour, that I never meet a Scotchman but my heart warms. The Scots are a very brave people. There is scarce a great family in the kingdom that cannot boast of some exploits performed by its ancestors many hundred years ago. There's your Douglasses, Gordons, Campbells, Hamiltons. We have no such ancient families here in England. Then you are all very well educated. I have known a pedlar talk in Greek and Hebrew as well as if they had been his mother-tongue. And for honesty, I once had a servant, his name was Gregory MacGregor, I would have trusted him with untold gold.”

This eulogium on my native country gained my affection so strongly, that I believe I could have gone to death to serve the author, and Strap's eyes swam in tears. At length, as we passed through a dark, narrow lane, we perceived a public-house, which we entered, and found a man sitting by the fire, smoking a pipe, with a pint of puri before him. Our new acquaintance asked us if ever we had drank egg-flip? to which question we answering in the negative, he assured us of a regale, and ordered a quart to be prepared, calling for pipes and tobacco at the same time. We found this composition very palatable, and drank heartily; the conversation (which was introduced by the gentleman) turning upon the snares that young inexperienced people are exposed to in this metropolis. He described a thousand cheats that are daily practised upon the ignorant and unwary, and warned us of them with so much good-nature and concern, that we blessed the opportunity which threw us in his way. After we had put the can about for some time, our new friend began to yawn, telling us he had been up all night with a sick person; and proposed we should have recourse to some diversion to keep him awake. “Suppose,” said he, “we should take a hand at whist for pastime. But let me see, that won't do, there's only three of us; and I cannot play at any other game. The truth is, I seldom or never play, but out of complaisance, or at such a time as this, when I am in danger of falling asleep.” Although I was not much inclined to gaming, I felt no aversion to pass an hour or two at cards with a friend; and, knowing that Strap understood as much of the matter as I, made no scruple of saying, “I wish we could find a fourth hand.” While we were in this perplexity, the person whom we found in the house at our entrance, overhearing our discourse, took the pipe from his mouth very gravely, and accosted us thus:—“Gentlemen, my pipe is out, you see” (shaking the ashes into the fire), “and rather than you should be balked, I don't care if I take a hand with you for a trifle; but remember I won't play for anything of consequence.” We accepted his proffer with pleasure.

The contest ended in less than an hour, to my inexpressible affliction, who lost every shilling of my own money, Strap absolutely refusing to supply me with a sixpence. The gentleman, at whose

request we had come in, perceiving, by my disconsolate looks, the situation of my heart, which well-nigh burst with grief and resentment when the other stranger got up and went away with my money, began in this manner:—"I am truly afflicted at your bad luck, and would willingly repair it, were it in my power. But what in the name of goodness could provoke you to tempt your fate so long? it is always a maxim with gamesters, to pursue success as far as it will go, and to stop whenever fortune shifts about. You are a young man, and your passions too impetuous: you must learn to govern them better: however, there is no experience like that which is bought; you will be the better for this the longest day you have to live. As for the fellow who has got your money, I don't half like him. Did you not observe me tip you the wink to leave off in time." I answered, "No." "No," continued he; "you was too eager to mind anything but the game. But, harkee," said he, in a whisper, "are you satisfied of that young man's honesty? his looks are a little suspicious; but I may be mistaken; he made a great many grimaces while he stood behind you; this is a very wicked town." I told him I was very well convinced of my comrade's integrity, and that the grimaces he mentioned were doubtless owing to his anxiety at my loss. "O ho! if that be the case, I ask his pardon,—landlord, see what is to pay." The reckoning amounted to eighteenpence, which having discharged, the gentleman shook us both by the hand, and, saying he would be very glad to see us again, departed.

XIII. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born at Pallas, in the county of Longford in Ireland, in 1728. His father was a country clergyman, with a large family and a slender income, and it was through the benevolence of a friend that Goldsmith enjoyed the benefit of a university education at Trinity College, Dublin. From Dublin he removed to Edinburgh to study medicine, and with the same view he afterwards repaired to Leyden, and his medical education was finally completed by a ramble over the Continent. In 1756 he came to England, and settled in London, where, after suffering great hardships from debt and poverty, and making several unsuccessful efforts to maintain himself as a teacher and as a medical practitioner, he at length devoted himself to a life of literature, which, from his extravagant and improvident habits, proved to him a life-long drudgery. In 1764 he published his famous poem the "Traveller," founded mainly on the reminiscences of his own youthful experience, and his reputation was from that moment established. His succeeding works increased his popularity, while they showed his wonderful versatility; his "Vicar of Wakefield;" his two comedies, "The Good-Natured Man," and "She Stoops to Conquer;" the "Deserted Village;" his Histories of Rome, Greece, and England, and of Animated Nature, were all received with

public approbation, and are all, though in different ways, highly meritorious. He died in 1774 while still in his prime, and was buried amid universal regret in Westminster Abbey. As an author, the popularity of Goldsmith has suffered no diminution from time: the charms of his ever-pleasing style, his quiet, good-natured humour, and the vein of kindly sympathy with the sufferings, weaknesses, and errors of mankind, which pervades all his works, gain irresistibly the reader's affections, and disarm the indignation which he naturally feels at the too obvious tendency of many of the author's writings, to encourage in the young those habits of thoughtlessness and improvidence which proved so calamitous to Goldsmith himself.

1. VANITY OF POPULAR FAME.—("ESSAYS," ESSAY VIII.)

An alehouse-keeper, near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the "French King," upon the commencement of the last war with France, pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time ago for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

Our publican in this imitates the great exactly, who deal out their figures, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at one, that is taken in, and another exhibited in its room, which seldom holds its station long, for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout; at least I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good men, who find satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been designed to represent himself. There were some also knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orsini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible that a man who knew less of the world would have condemned the adulation of those barefaced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal, and turning to Borgia, his son, said, with a smile, "You see, my son, the small difference between a gibbet and a statue." If the great could be taught any lesson, this might serve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory stands, which is built upon popular applause; for, as such praise what seems like merit, they as quickly condemn what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquet; her lovers must toil, feel every

inquietude, indulge every caprice, and, perhaps, at last be jilted into the bargain. True glory, on the other hand, resembles a woman of sense; her admirers must play no trick, they feel no great anxiety, for they are sure, in the end, of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When Swift used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting in his train. "Pox take these fools," he would say; "how much joy might all this bawling give my Lord Mayor!"

We have seen those virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity, as the truest objects of admiration and praise. Perhaps the character of the late Duke of Marlborough may one day be set up, even above that of his more talked of predecessor, since an assemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues are far superior to those vulgarly called the great ones. I must be pardoned for this short tribute to the memory of a man who, while living, would as much detest to receive anything that wore the appearance of flattery, as I should to offer it.

I know not how to turn so trite a subject out of the beaten road of commonplace, except by illustrating it, rather by the assistance of my memory than judgment; and instead of making reflections, by telling a story.

A Chinese, who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and observe the customs of a people whom he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen, in the art of refining upon every pleasure. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop, and, as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller for the works of the immortal Xixofou. The bookseller assured him he had never heard the book mentioned before. "What! have you never heard of that immortal poet?" returned the other, much surprised; "that light of the eyes, that favourite of kings, that rose of perfection! I suppose you know nothing of the immortal Fipsihihe, second cousin to the moon?" "Nothing at all, indeed, sir," returned the other. "Alas!" cries our traveller, "to what purpose, then, has one of these fasted to death, and the other offered himself up as a sacrifice to the Tartar enemy, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond the precincts of China?"

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation who opposes the designs of a prince who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best clothes for Sunday; the puny pedant who finds one undiscovered property in the polype, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole, and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail; the rhymers who make smooth verses, and paint to our admiration when he should only speak to our hearts,—all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the

crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet are shouted in their train. "Where was there ever so much merit seen? No times so important as our own. Ages yet unborn shall gaze with wonder and applause!" To such music the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see generals who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went; who were bepraised by newspapers and magazines, those echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fishery employed all Grub Street; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burthen of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations an herring-fishery.

2. ON THE INCREASED LOVE OF LIFE WITH AGE.—("ESSAYS,"
ESSAY XIV.)

Age, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity, and sensation assures me that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty. Some happiness, in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue, and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence, then, is this increased love of life which grows upon us with our years? Whence comes it that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live while she lessens our enjoyments, and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoil? Life would be insupportable to an old man who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood. The numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce

him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial, and life acquires an imaginary value in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not choose," says a French philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects insensibly becomes fond of seeing them, visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance. From hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession. They love the world, and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages, not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinwang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows:—"Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet, dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me then, O Chinwang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace. I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed,—in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison; we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and embitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet inexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases; yet, for all this, it is but little regarded. To us who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise; yet still we love it: destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with increasing frugality, and feel all poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living; was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be, in youth, so displeasing," cried he to himself, "what will it appear when age comes on? If it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable." This thought embittered every reflection; till, at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprised that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live; and served that society by his future assiduity, which he basely injured by his desertion.

3. MOSES AT THE FAIR.—("VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.")

As we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, my wife proposed that it was proper to sell our colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly, but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonists gained strength, till at length it was resolved to part with him. As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she; "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy or sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had, at last, the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth called thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of goslin green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

He was scarce gone, when Mr Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying, that he overheard his

young master mention our names with great commendation. Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing, that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr Thornhill of us all, that, after a few previous inquiries, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. "Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep." To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket and gave the messenger sevenpence-halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the by. We had still a regard for Mr Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness, and asking his advice; although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. "I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we shall apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves." "Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam," replied he, "is not the present question; though, as I have made no use of advice myself, I should, in conscience, give it to those that will." As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost night-fall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make your sides split with laughing. But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back." As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal-box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar. "Welcome! welcome, Moses! well my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?" "I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ah, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?" "I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."

"Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and two-pence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then." "I have brought back no money," cried Moses again; "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are, a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases." "A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!" "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money." "A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife, in a passion; "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce." "You need be under no uneasiness, cried I, about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper, varnished over." "What!" cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver!" "No," cried I; "no more silver than your saucepan." "And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery. The block-head has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better!" "There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all." "Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff; if I had them, I would throw them in the fire." "There, again, you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked him the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for the third of their value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

XIV. DAVID HUME.

DAVID HUME was born in Edinburgh in 1711. His father, a small landed proprietor in Berwickshire, intended his son for the law, and

he accordingly received a legal education in the university of his native town. Hume, however, manifested no predilection for the legal profession, and an attempt to establish him in a mercantile profession proved equally unsuccessful. His mind was bent on literature, and to gratify his literary inclinations he went to the Continent, and resided for some time in Paris. In 1738 he made his first appearance as an author by publishing his "Treatise on Human Nature," which, though an able work, was eminently unsuccessful, as, indeed, were most of his philosophical works. Meantime, however, he had found employment in the political world, and as his ambition was moderate, he speedily acquired an income amply sufficient to satisfy his desires. In 1754, abandoning the unprofitable field of philosophical speculation, he issued the first volume of his "History of England," which met at first with very partial success; but as the work went on, its merits were more and more generally recognised, and the author was at length allowed to be the greatest of British historians. His history, which was brought down only to the Revolution, was finished in 1762, and he died in his native town in 1776. As a philosopher, Hume has the merit of great acuteness, if this should not rather be called a demerit, since it was unhappily employed to support a system of scepticism in regard to truth in general, and particularly in regard to the truth of Revealed Religion. As a historian, Hume is still in many respects entitled to rank at the head of that department in our literature; in graceful ease of style, in calm philosophical tone, and in the ability with which the motives and conduct of the various actors are unfolded, his history has still no equal in our literature. At the same time it must be admitted that he was somewhat careless as to facts, especially those minor facts which are now deemed so important, and that he was not sufficiently industrious in consulting authorities. It must be remembered, moreover, that he writes avowedly in justification of much that has been blamed in the Stewarts, and this will, of course, considerably influence both his method of viewing facts, and still more the conclusions which he draws from them.

1. EXECUTION OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Mary passed into the hall, where was erected a scaffold covered with black; and she saw, with an undismayed countenance, the two executioners, and all the preparations of death. The room was crowded with spectators, and no one was so steeled against all sentiments of humanity as not to be moved, when he reflected on her royal dignity, considered the surprising train of her misfortunes, beheld her mild but inflexible constancy, recalled her amiable accomplishments, or surveyed her beauty, which, though faded by years, and yet more by her afflictions, still discovered themselves in this fatal moment. Here the warrant for her execution was read to her; and during this ceremony she was silent, but showed, in her behaviour, an indifference and unconcern, as if the business had nowise regarded her. Before the executioners performed their office, the Dean of Peterborough stepped forth; and, though the queen frequently told him that he needed not concern himself

about her, that she was settled in the ancient Catholic and Roman religion, and that she meant to lay down her life in defence of that faith, he still thought it his duty to persist in his lectures and exhortations, and to endeavour her conversion.

During this discourse the queen could not forbear sometimes betraying her impatience, by interrupting the preacher; and the dean, finding that he had profited nothing by his lecture, at last bid her change her opinion, repent of her former wickedness, and settle her faith upon this ground, that only in Christ Jesus could she hope to be saved. She answered, again and again, with great earnestness: "Trouble not yourself any more about the matter; for I was born in this religion, I have lived in this religion, and in this religion I am resolved to die." Even the two earls perceived that it was fruitless to harass her any further with theological disputes; and they ordered the dean to desist from his unseasonable exhortations, and to pray for her conversion. During the dean's prayer she employed herself in private devotion from the office of the Virgin; and after he had finished, she pronounced aloud some petitions in English for the afflicted Church, for an end of her own troubles, for her son, and for Queen Elizabeth; and prayed God that that princess might long prosper and be employed in His service. The Earl of Kent observing that in her devotions she made frequent use of the crucifix, could not forbear reproving her for her attachment to that Popish trumpery, as he termed it; and he exhorted her to have Christ in her heart and not in her hand. She replied with presence of mind, that it was difficult to hold such an object in her hand without feeling her heart touched with some compunction.

She now began with the aid of her two women to disrobe herself; and the executioner also lent his hand to assist them. She smiled, and said, that she was not accustomed to undress herself before so large a company, nor to be served by such valets. Her servants, seeing her in this condition, ready to lay her head upon the block, burst into tears and lamentations; she turned about to them, put her finger upon her lips, as a sign of imposing silence upon them; and, having given them her blessing, desired them to pray for her. One of her maids, whom she appointed for that purpose, covered her eyes with a handkerchief; she laid herself down, without any sign of fear or trepidation; and her head was severed from her body at two strokes by the executioner. He instantly held it up to the spectators, streaming with blood and agitated with the convulsions of death. The Dean of Peterborough alone exclaimed, "So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies." The Earl of Kent alone replied, "Amen." The attention of all the other spectators was fixed on the melancholy scene before them; and zeal and flattery alike gave place to present pity and admiration of the expiring princess.

Thus died, in the forty-fifth year of her age, and the nineteenth of her captivity in England, Mary Queen of Scots; a princess of

great accomplishments both of body and mind, natural as well as acquired ; but unfortunate in her life, and during one period very unhappy in her conduct. The beauties of her person, and graces of her air, combined to make her the most amiable of women ; and the charms of her address and conversation aided the impression which her lovely figure made on the hearts of all beholders. Ambitious and active in her temper, yet inclined to cheerfulness and society ; of a lofty spirit, constant and even vehement in her purpose, yet polite, and gentle, and affable in her demeanour ; she seemed to partake only so much of the male virtues as to render her estimable, without relinquishing those soft graces which compose the proper ornaments of her sex. In order to form a just idea of her character, we must set aside one part of her conduct, while she abandoned herself to the guidance of a profligate man ; and must consider these faults, whether we admit them to be imprudences or crimes, as the result of an inexplicable, though not uncommon, inconstancy in the human mind, of the frailty of our nature, of the violence of passion, and of the influence which situations, and sometimes momentary incidents, have on persons whose principles are not thoroughly confirmed by experience and reflection. Enraged by the ungrateful conduct of her husband, seduced by the treacherous counsels of one in whom she reposed confidence, transported by the violence of her own temper, which never lay under the guidance of discretion, she was betrayed into actions which may, with some difficulty, be accounted for, but which admit of no apology, not even of alleviation.¹ An enumeration of her qualities might carry the appearance of a panegyric ; an account of her conduct must, in some parts, wear the aspect of a severe satire and invective.

2. MANNERS DURING THE REIGN OF JAMES I.

The manners of the nation were agreeable to the monarchical government, which prevailed ; and contained not that strange mixture, which, at present, distinguishes England from all other countries. Such violent extremes were then unknown, of industry and debauchery, frugality and profusion, civility and rusticity, fanaticism and scepticism. Candour, sincerity, modesty, are the only qualities which the English of that age possessed in common with the present.

High pride of family then prevailed ; and it was by a dignity and stateliness of behaviour that the gentry and nobility distinguished themselves from the common people. Great riches, acquired by commerce, were more rare, and had not, as yet, been able to confound all ranks of men, and render money the chief foundation of distinction. Much ceremony took place in the common intercourse

¹ Investigations made since Hume's time have considerably altered public opinion on this point.

of life, and little familiarity was indulged by the great. The advantages which result from opulence are so solid and real, that those possessed of them need not dread the near approach of their inferiors. The distinctions of birth and title, being more empty and imaginary, soon vanish upon familiar access and acquaintance. The expenses of the great consisted in pomp and show, and a numerous retinue, rather than in convenience and true pleasure. The Earl of Nottingham, in his embassy to Spain, was attended with five hundred persons; the Earl of Hertford, in that to Brussels, carried three hundred gentlemen along with him. Lord Bacon has remarked, that the English nobility, in his time, maintained a larger retinue of servants than the nobility of any other nation, except, perhaps, the Poles.

Civil honours, which now hold the first place, were, at that time, subordinate to the military. The young gentry and nobility were fond of distinguishing themselves by arms. The fury of duels, too, prevailed more than at any time before or since. This was the turn that the romantic chivalry, for which the nation was formerly so renowned, had lately taken.

The country life prevails at present in England beyond any cultivated nation of Europe; but it was then much more generally embraced by all the gentry. The increase of arts, pleasures, and social commerce, was just beginning to produce an inclination for the softer and more civilized life of the city. James discouraged, as much as possible, this alteration of manners. "He was wont to be very earnest," as Lord Bacon tells us, "with the country gentlemen, to go from London to their country seats." And sometimes he would say thus to them: "Gentlemen, at London, you are like ships in a sea, which show like nothing; but in your country villages, you are like ships in a river, which look like great things."

He was not contented with reproof and exhortation. As Queen Elizabeth had perceived, with regret, the increase of London, and had restrained all new buildings by proclamation; James, who found that these edicts were not exactly obeyed, frequently renewed them; though a strict execution seems still to have been wanting. Reiterated proclamations he also issued, in imitation of his predecessor, containing severe menaces against the gentry who lived in town. This policy is contrary to that which has ever been practised by all princes who studied the increase of their authority. To allure the nobility to court; to engage them in expensive pleasures or employments, which dissipate their fortune; to increase their subjection to ministers by attendance; to weaken their authority in the provinces by absence; these have been the common arts of arbitrary government. But James had no money to support a splendid court, or bestow on a numerous retinue of gentry and nobility. He thought, too, that, by their living together, they became more sensible of their own strength, and were apt to indulge too curious researches into matters of government. To

remedy the present evil, he was desirous of dispersing them into their country seats; where, he hoped, they would bear a more submissive reverence to his authority, and receive less support from each other. But the contrary effect soon followed. The riches amassed during their residence at home rendered them independent. The influence acquired by hospitality made them formidable. They would not be led by the court; they would not be driven; and thus the system of the English government received a total and a sudden alteration in the course of less than forty years.

The first rise of commerce and the arts had contributed, in preceding reigns, to scatter those immense fortunes of the barons, which rendered them so formidable both to king and people.

The farther progress of these advantages began, during this reign, to ruin the small proprietors of land; and, by both events, the gentry, or that rank which composed the House of Commons, enlarged their power and authority. The early improvements in luxury were seized by the greater nobles, whose fortunes, placing them above frugality, or even calculation, were soon dissipated in expensive pleasures. These improvements reached at last all men of property; and those of slender fortunes, who, at that time, were often men of family, imitating those of a rank immediately above them, reduced themselves to poverty. Their lands coming to sale, swelled the estates of those who possessed riches sufficient for the fashionable expenses, but who were not exempted from some care and attention to their domestic economy. The gentry also of that age were engaged in no expense, except that of country hospitality. No taxes were levied, no wars waged, no attendance at court expected, no bribery or profusion required at elections. Could human nature ever reach happiness, the condition of the English gentry, under so benign and mild a prince, might merit that approbation.

3. CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth, and yet there is scarce any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animosities, produced an uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance, address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person who ever filled a throne: a conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people,

would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind, she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess. Her heroism was exempt from all temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active temper from turbulency and a vain ambition. She guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from lesser infirmities,—the rivalry of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also enjoyed their affection by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true secret for managing religious factions, she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversies had involved all the neighbouring nations; and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigour to make deep impressions on their state; her own greatness meanwhile remained untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors who flourished during her reign share the praise of her success; but instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy; and with all their ability they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress: the force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing, the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is to lay aside all these considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and entrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife or a mistress; but her qualities

as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

4. REFINEMENT FAVOURABLE TO HAPPINESS AND VIRTUE.—("ESSAYS.")

Human happiness, according to the most received notions, seems to consist in three ingredients, action, pleasure, and indolence; and though these ingredients ought to be mixed in different proportions, according to the particular disposition of the person, yet no one ingredient can be entirely wanting, without destroying, in some measure, the relish of the whole composition. Indolence or repose, indeed, seems not of itself to contribute much to our enjoyment; but, like sleep, is requisite as an indulgence to the weakness of human nature, which cannot support an uninterrupted course of business or pleasure. That quick march of the spirits, which takes a man from himself, and chiefly gives satisfaction, does in the end exhaust the mind, and requires some intervals of repose, which, though agreeable for a moment, yet, if prolonged, beget a languor and lethargy that destroys all enjoyment. Education, custom, and example, have a mighty influence in turning the mind to any of these pursuits; and it must be owned, that, where they promote a relish for action and pleasure, they are so far favourable to human happiness. In times when industry and the arts flourish, men are kept in perpetual occupation, and enjoy, as their reward, the occupation itself, as well as those pleasures which are the fruit of their labour. The mind acquires new vigour; enlarges its powers and faculties; and by an assiduity in honest industry, both satisfies its natural appetites, and prevents the growth of unnatural ones, which commonly spring up when nourished by ease and idleness. Banish those arts from society, you deprive men both of action and of pleasure; and leaving nothing but indolence in their place, you even destroy the relish of indolence, which never is agreeable but when it succeeds to labour, and recruits the spirits, exhausted by too much application and fatigue.

Another advantage of industry and of refinements in the mechanical arts is, that they commonly produce some refinements in the liberal; nor can one be carried to perfection without being accompanied, in some degree, with the other. The same age which produces great philosophers and politicians, renowned generals and poets, usually abounds with skilful weavers and ship-carpenters. We cannot reasonably expect that a piece of woollen cloth will be wrought to perfection in a nation which is ignorant of astronomy, or where ethics are neglected. The spirit of the age affects all the arts; and the minds of men being once roused from their lethargy, and put into a fermentation, turn themselves on all sides, and carry improvements into every art and science. Profound ignorance is totally banished, and men enjoy the privilege of rational creatures; to think as well as to act; to cultivate the pleasures of the mind as well as those of the body.

The more these refined arts advance, the more sociable men become; nor is it possible that, when enriched with science, and possessed of a fund of conversation, they should be contented to remain in solitude, or live with their fellow-citizens in that distant manner which is peculiar to ignorant and barbarous nations. They flock into cities; love to receive and communicate knowledge, to show their wit or their breeding, their taste in conversation or living, clothes, or furniture. Curiosity allures the wise, vanity the foolish, and pleasure both. Particular clubs and societies are everywhere formed; both sexes meet in an easy and sociable manner; and the tempers of men, as well as their behaviour, refine apace. So that, beside the improvements which they receive from knowledge and the liberal arts, it is impossible but they must feel an increase of humanity from the very habit of conversing together and contributing to each other's pleasure and entertainment. Thus industry, knowledge, and humanity are linked together by an indissoluble chain, and are found, from experience as well as reason, to be peculiar to the more polished and what are commonly denominated the more luxurious ages. Nor are they advantageous in private life alone; they diffuse their beneficial influence on the public, and render the government as great and flourishing as they make individuals happy and prosperous. The increase and consumption of all the commodities which serve to the ornament and pleasure of life, are advantageous to society, because, at the same time that they multiply those innocent gratifications to individuals, they are a kind of storehouse of labour, which, in the exigencies of the state, may be turned to the public service. In a nation where there is no demand for such superfluities, men sink into indolence, lose all enjoyment of life, and are useless to the public, which cannot maintain or support its fleets and armies from the industry of such slothful members.

This industry is much promoted by the knowledge inseparable from ages of art and refinement; as, on the other hand, this knowledge enables the public to make the best advantage of the industry of its subjects. Laws, order, police, discipline,—these can never be carried to any degree of perfection before human reason has refined itself by exercise, and by an application to the more vulgar arts, at least, of commerce and manufacture. Can we expect that a government will be well modelled by a people who know not how to make a spinning-wheel or to employ a loom to advantage? Not to mention that all ignorant ages are infested with superstition, which throws the government off its bias, and disturbs men in the pursuit of their interest and happiness.

Knowledge in the arts of government naturally begets mildness and moderation, by instructing men in the advantages of humane maxims above rigour and severity, which drive subjects into rebellion, and make the return to submission impracticable, by cutting off all hopes of pardon. When the tempers of men are softened, as well as their knowledge improved, this humanity appears still more

conspicuous, and is the chief characteristic which distinguishes a civilized age from times of barbarity and ignorance. Factions are then less inveterate, revolutions less tragical, authority less severe, and seditions less frequent. Even foreign wars abate of their cruelty; and after the field of battle, where honour and interest steel men against compassion as well as fear, the combatants divest themselves of the brute, and resume the man.

Nor need we fear that men, by losing their ferocity, will lose their martial spirit, or become less undaunted and vigorous in defence of their country or their liberty. The arts have no such effect in enervating either the mind or body. On the contrary, industry, their inseparable attendant, adds new force to both. And if anger, which is said to be the whetstone of courage, loses somewhat of its asperity by politeness and refinement; a sense of honour, which is a stronger, more constant, and more governable principle, acquires fresh vigour by that elevation of genius which arises from knowledge and a good education. Add to this, that courage can neither have any duration nor be of any use when not accompanied with discipline and martial skill, which are seldom found among a barbarous people.

XV. DR JOHNSON.

SAMUEL JOHNSON was born in Lichfield in 1709. After the usual preliminary education, he was sent to Oxford, from which, however, he was soon withdrawn, owing to the pecuniary embarrassments of his father. After various unsuccessful attempts to maintain himself by teaching, he came to London, and commenced author. His career was long and arduous; but Johnson, more than almost any man, was qualified to go through it. His bodily strength, capable of any labour; his vigour of mind, his varied knowledge, his dogged perseverance, and his honest, manly, self-reliance on his own exertions, carried him through his novitiate of drudgery with success. He acquired considerable fame by his "London, a Satire," published in 1738, a vigorous poem, which was highly praised by Pope; and his reputation was increased by the publication, eleven years later, of his other poem, "The Vanity of Human Wishes." In 1750, he commenced the "Rambler," a bi-weekly paper in imitation of the "Spectator," which, though never extensively popular, was always highly esteemed by those whose judgment was valuable. In 1755 appeared his Dictionary, the work of seven years' hard labour; and he subsequently published the "Idler," a paper of the same sort as the "Rambler," but in a lighter strain; "Rasselas," an Oriental tale; an account of his "Journey to the Hebrides," and the "Lives of the Poets." These works were in addition to almost innumerable essays, reviews, and miscellaneous papers contributed to the magazines and periodicals of the day. His honest labour secured him a plentiful subsistence, and a pension of £800 granted him by George III. in 1762, maintained him in independence and comfort till his death in 1784. Perhaps no

single author has exercised so important, and, on the whole, so beneficial an influence on our literature as Samuel Johnson. He completely altered the whole style of the age, substituting for the short, graceful, simple, though sometimes careless and feeble sentences which the wits of Queen Anne's reign had introduced, long, sonorous, intricate periods, which, in his own hands at least, lent additional dignity to any subject, however grave. His high moral character, his sincere religious convictions, and thorough hatred of all that was base and impure, chased from the fields of literature the hosts of atheistic and immoral scribblers who ridiculed a religion whose claims they had not examined, and a morality which they had not the virtue to practise; and the sound sense of the critical canons which he established dissipated for ever the feeble quibbling of the schools, and elevated criticism into the certainty of a science. His defects, his pedantry, his pomposity, his prejudices, his want of appreciation of the higher graces of poetry, sink into insignificance when contrasted with his services to literature. The influence of his style, still, in fact, remains; his strong sense, as recorded in the imperishable pages of Boswell, has still as powerful a charm as it had in the days of Burke and Reynolds; and no author in the history of our country is more deserving of the respect and reverence of all votaries of literature.

1. GENERAL PREVALENCE OF DISCONTENT.—("RASSELAS.")

Nekayah,¹ perceiving her brother's attention fixed, proceeded in her narrative. "In families, whether there is or is not poverty, there is commonly discord; if a kingdom be, as Imlac tells us, a great family, a family likewise is a little kingdom, torn with factions, and exposed to revolutions. An unpractised observer expects the love of parents and children to be constant and equal; but this kindness seldom continues beyond the years of infancy: in a short time the infants become rivals to their parents. Benefits are allayed by reproaches, and gratitude debased by envy. Parents and children seldom act in concert; each child endeavours to appropriate the esteem or fondness of the parents, and the parents, with yet less temptation, betray each other to their children; thus some place their confidence in the father, and some in the mother, and by degrees the house is filled with artifices and feuds.

"The opinions of children and parents, of the young and the old, are naturally opposite, by the contrary effects of hope and despondence, of expectation and experience, without crime or folly on either side. The colours of life in youth and age appear different, as the face of nature in spring and winter. And how can children credit the assertions of parents, which their own eyes show them to be false? Few parents act in such a manner as much to enforce their maxims by the credit of their lives. The old man trusts wholly to slow contrivance and gradual progressions; the youth expects to

¹ The speakers are Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, and the Princess Nekayah, his sister. Imlac, so often referred to, is their guide and instructor.

force his way by genius, vigour, and precipitance. The old man pays regard to riches, and the youth reverences virtue. The old man defies prudence, the youth commits himself to magnanimity and chance. The young man who intends no ill believes that none is intended, and, therefore, acts with openness and candour; but his father, having suffered the injuries of fraud, is impelled to suspect, and too often allured to practise it. Age looks with anger on the temerity of youth, and youth with contempt on the scrupulosity of age. Thus parents and children, for the greatest part, live on to love less and less; and if those whom nature has thus closely united are the torments of each other, where shall we look for tenderness and consolation?"

"Surely," said the Prince, "you must have been unfortunate in your choice of acquaintance; I am unwilling to believe that the most tender of all relations is thus impeded in its effects by natural necessity."

"Domestic discord," answered she, "is not inevitably and fatally necessary; but yet it is not easily avoided. We seldom see that a whole family is virtuous; the good and evil cannot well agree; and the evil can yet less agree with one another; even the virtuous fall sometimes to variance, when their virtues are of different kinds and tending to extremes. In general, those parents have most reverence that most deserve it; for he that lives well cannot be despised. Many other evils infest private life. Some are the slaves of servants whom they have trusted with their affairs. Some are kept in continual anxiety by the caprice of rich relations, whom they cannot please, and dare not offend. Some husbands are imperious, and some wives are perverse; and, as it is always more easy to do evil than good, though the wisdom or virtue of one can very rarely make many happy, the folly or vice of one may often make many miserable."

"If such be the general effect of marriage," said the Prince, "I shall for the future think it dangerous to connect my interest with that of another, lest I should be unhappy by my partner's fault."

"I have met," said the Princess, "with many who live single for that reason; but I never found that their prudence ought to raise envy. They dream away their time without friendship, without fondness, and are driven to rid themselves of the day for which they have no use, by childish amusements or vicious delights. They act as beings under the constant sense of some known inferiority, that fills their minds with rancour and their tongues with censure. They are peevish at home, and malevolent abroad; and, as the outlaws of human nature, make it their business and their pleasure to disturb that society which debars them from its privileges. To live without feeling or exciting sympathy, to be fortunate without adding to the felicity of others, or afflicted without tasting the balm of pity, is a state more gloomy than solitude; it is not retreat, but exclusion from mankind. Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures."

"What then is to be done?" said Rasselas; "the more we inquire, the less we can resolve. Surely he is most likely to please himself that has no other inclination to regard."

2. A DISQUISITION UPON GREATNESS.—(CONTINUATION OF THE PRECEDING CONVERSATION FROM "RASSELAS.")

The conversation had a short pause. The Prince having considered his sister's observations, told her that she had surveyed life with prejudice, and supposed misery where she did not find it. "Your narrative," said he, "throws yet a darker gloom upon the prospects of futurity: the predictions of Imlac were but faint sketches of the evils painted by Nekayah. I have been lately convinced that quiet is not the daughter of grandeur or of power: that her presence is not to be bought by wealth nor enforced by conquest. It is evident that as any man acts in a wider compass, he must be more exposed to opposition from enmity, or miscarriage from chance: whoever has many to please or to govern, must use the ministry of many agents, some of whom will be wicked, and some ignorant; by some he will be misled, and by others betrayed. If he gratifies one, he will offend another: those that are not favoured will think themselves injured; and since favours can be conferred but upon few, the greater number will be always discontented.

"The discontent," said the Princess, "which is thus unreasonable, I hope that I shall always have spirit to despise, and you, power to repress."

"Discontent," answered Rasselas, "will not always be without reason under the most just and vigilant administration of public affairs. None, however attentive, can always discover that merit, which indigence or faction may happen to obscure: and none, however powerful, can always reward it. Yet he that sees inferior desert advanced above him will naturally impute that preference to partiality or caprice; and, indeed, it can scarcely be hoped that any man, however magnanimous by nature or exalted by condition, will be able to persist for ever in the fixed and inexorable justice of distribution: he will sometimes indulge his own affections, and sometimes those of his favourites; he will permit some to please him who can never serve him; he will discover in those whom he loves qualities which in reality they do not possess; and to those from whom he receives pleasure, he will in his turn endeavour to give it. Thus will recommendations sometimes prevail which were purchased by money, or by the more destructive bribery of flattery and servility. He that has much to do will do something wrong, and of that wrong must suffer the consequences; and if it were possible that he should always act rightly, yet when such numbers are to judge of his conduct, the bad will censure and obstruct him by malevolence, and the good sometimes by mistake. The highest stations cannot therefore hope to be the abodes of happiness, which

I would willingly believe to have fled from thrones and palaces to seats of humble privacy and placid obscurity. For what can hinder the satisfaction or intercept the expectations of him whose abilities are adequate to his employments, who sees with his own eyes the whole circuit of his influence, who chooses by his own knowledge all whom he trusts, and whom none are tempted to deceive by hope or fear? Surely he has nothing to do but to love and to be loved, to be virtuous and to be happy."

"Whether perfect happiness would be procured by perfect goodness," said Nekayah, "this world will never afford an opportunity of deciding. But this, at least, may be maintained, that we do not always find visible happiness in proportion to visible virtue. All natural, and almost all political evils, are incident alike to the bad and good; they are confounded in the misery of a famine, and not much distinguished in the fury of a faction; they sink together in a tempest, and are driven together from their country by invaders. All their virtue can afford is, quietness of conscience, a steady prospect of a happier state; this may enable us to endure calamity with patience, but remember that patience must suppose pain."

3. RELIGIOUS USE OF RETIREMENT.—("RAMBLER," NO. VII.)

The great task of him who conducts his life by the precepts of religion, is to make the future predominate over the present, to impress upon his mind so strong a sense of the importance of obedience to the Divine will, of the value of the reward promised to virtue, and the terrors of the punishment denounced against crimes, as may overbear all the temptations which temporal hope or fear can bring in his way, and enable him to bid equal defiance to joy and sorrow, to turn away at one time from the allurements of ambition, and push forward at another against the threats of calamity. It is not without reason that the Apostle represents our passage through this stage of our existence by images drawn from the alarms and solicitude of a military life; for we are placed in such a state, that almost everything about us conspires against our chief interest. We are in danger from whatever can get possession of our thoughts; all that can excite in us either pain or pleasure, has a tendency to obstruct the way that leads to happiness, and either to turn us aside or retard our progress.

Our senses, our appetites, and our passions, are our lawful and faithful guides, in most things that relate solely to this life; and, therefore, by the hourly necessity of consulting them, we gradually sink into an implicit submission, and habitual confidence. Every act of compliance with their motions facilitates a second compliance, every new step towards depravity is made with less reluctance than the former, and thus the descent to life merely sensual is perpetually accelerated. The senses have not only that advantage over conscience which things necessary must always have over things chosen, but they have likewise a kind of prescription in

their favour. We feared pain much earlier than we apprehended guilt, and were delighted with the sensations of pleasure before we had capacities to be charmed with the beauty of rectitude. To this power, thus early established, and incessantly increasing, it must be remembered, that almost every man has, in some part of his life, added new strength by a voluntary or negligent subjection of himself; for who is there that has not instigated his appetites by indulgence, or suffered them, by an unresisting neutrality, to enlarge their dominion, and multiply their demands?

From the perpetual necessity of consulting the animal faculties in our provision for the present life arises the difficulty of withstanding their impulses, even in cases where they ought to be of no weight; for the motions of sense are instantaneous, its objects strike unsought, we are accustomed to follow its directions, and therefore often submit to the sentence without examining the authority of the judge. Thus it appears, upon a philosophical estimate, that, supposing the mind at any certain time in an equipoise between the pleasures of life and the hopes of futurity, present objects, falling more frequently into the scale, would in time preponderate; and that our regard for an invisible state would grow every moment weaker, till at last it would lose all its activity, and become absolutely without effect.

To prevent this dreadful event, the balance is put into our own hands, and we have power to transfer the weight to either side. The motives to a life of holiness are infinite, not less than the favour or anger of Omnipotence, not less than eternity of happiness or misery. But these can only influence our conduct as they gain our attention, which the business or diversions of the world are always calling off by contrary attractions. The great end, therefore, of piety, and the end for which all the rites of religion seem to be instituted, is the perpetual renovation of the motives to virtue, by a voluntary employment of our mind in the contemplation of its excellence, its importance, and its necessity, which, in proportion as they are more frequently and more willingly revolved, gain a more forcible and permanent influence, till in time they become the reigning ideas, the standing principles of action, and the test by which everything proposed to the judgment is rejected or approved. To facilitate this change of our affections, it is necessary that we weaken the temptations of the world, by retiring at certain seasons from it; for its influence, arising only from its presence, is much lessened when it becomes the object of solitary meditation. A constant residence amidst noise and pleasure inevitably obliterates the impressions of piety, and a frequent abstraction of ourselves into a state where this life, like the next, operates only upon the reason, will reinstate religion in its just authority, even without those irradiations from above, the hope of which I have no intention to withdraw from the sincere and the diligent.

This is that conquest of the world and of ourselves, which has been always considered as the perfection of human nature; and this

is only to be obtained by fervent prayer, steady resolutions, and frequent retirement from folly and vanity, from the cares of avarice, and the joys of intemperance, from the lulling sounds of deceitful flattery, and the tempting sight of prosperous wickedness.

4. THE REVERENCE PAID TO ANCIENT WRITERS; AND THE EXCELLENCES OF SHAKSPERE.—(FROM THE "PREFACE TO SHAKSPERE."¹)

That praises are without reason lavished on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by those who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox; or those who, being forced by disappointment upon consolatory expedients, are willing to hope from posterity what the present age refuses, and flatter themselves that the regard which is yet denied by envy will be at least bestowed by time. Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it not from reason, but from prejudice. Some seem to admire indiscriminately whatever has been long preserved, without considering that time has sometimes co-operated with chance; all perhaps are more willing to honour past than present excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the shades of age, as the eye surveys the sun through artificial opacity. The great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living, we estimate his powers by his worst performances, and when he is dead, we rate them by his best.

To works, however, of which the excellence is not absolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raised upon principles demonstrative and scientific, but appealing wholly to observation and experience; no other test can be applied than length of duration and continuance of esteem. What mankind have long possessed, they have often examined and compared, and if they persist to value the possession, it is because frequent comparisons have confirmed opinion in its favour. As among the works of nature no man can properly call a river deep, or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains and many rivers; so in the productions of genius, nothing can be styled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the same kind. Demonstration immediately displays its power, and has nothing to hope or fear from the flux of years; but works tentative and experimental must be estimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is discovered in a long succession of endeavours. Of the first building that was raised, it might be with certainty determined that it was round or square; but whether it was spacious or lofty must have been referred to time. The Pythagorean scale of num-

¹ Johnson's edition of Shakspeare appeared in 1765; and the Preface affords an excellent specimen of his later style, which was more easy and animated than that adopted in his early works.

bers was at once discovered to be perfect; but the poems of Homer we yet know not to transcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking, that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new-name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments.

The reverence due to writings that have long subsisted arises therefore not from any credulous confidence in the superior wisdom of past ages, or gloomy persuasion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the consequence of acknowledged and indubitable positions, that what has been longest known has been most considered, and what is most considered is best understood.

Shakspeare may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from personal allusions, local customs, or temporary opinions, have for many years been lost; and every topic of merriment or motive of sorrow which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obscure the scenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favour and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendships and his enmities has perished; his works support no opinion with arguments, nor supply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity nor gratify malignity, but are read without any other reason than the desire of pleasure, and are therefore praised only as pleasure is obtained; yet, thus unassisted by interest or passion, they have passed through variations of taste and changes of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission.

Shakspeare is above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature,—the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakspeare it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakspeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakspeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence; yet his real power is not shown in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quota-

tions, will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much Shakspeare excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakspeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation and common occurrences.

This, therefore, is the praise of Shakspeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies, by reading human sentiments in human language; by scenes by which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

5. COMPARISON OF DRYDEN AND POPE.¹—("LIVES OF THE POETS.")

Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismissal of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others, he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude. Pope was not content to satisfy, he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his best; he did not court the candour, but dared the judgment of his reader, and expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and re-

¹ This is a specimen of Johnson's last and best style: the reader will detect in it the model which, with some modifications, has been followed by Macaulay.

touched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven. For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them.

His declaration that his care for his works ceased at their publication was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the "Iliad," and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the "Essay on Criticism" received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigour. Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden, but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation; those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either, for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius—that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates—the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more

regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

6. THE INEQUALITY OF MANKIND.¹—(BOSWELL'S "LIFE OF JOHNSON.")

Rousseau's treatise on the inequality of mankind was, at this time, a fashionable topic. It gave rise to an observation by Mr Dempster, that the advantages of fortune and rank were nothing to a wise man, who sought to value only merit. Johnson replied, if man were a savage, living in the woods by himself, this might be true; but in civilized society we all depend upon each other, and our happiness is very much owing to the good opinion of mankind. Now, sir, in civilized society, external advantages make us more respected. A man with a good coat upon his back meets with a better reception than he who has a bad one. Sir, you may analyze this, and say what is there in it? But that will avail you nothing; for it is part of a general system. Pound St Paul's Church into atoms, and consider any single atom; it is, to be sure, good for nothing; but put all these atoms together, and you have St Paul's Church. So it is with human felicity, which is made up of many ingredients, each of which may be shown to be very insignificant. In civilized society personal merit will not serve you so much as money will. Sir, you may make the experiment. Go into the street, and give one man a lecture on morality, and another a shilling, and see which will respect you most. If you wish only to support nature, Sir William Petty² fixes your allowance at three pounds a-year; but as times are much altered, let us call it six pounds. This sum will fill your belly, shelter you from the weather, and even get you a strong, lasting coat, supposing it to be made of good bull's hide. Now, sir, all beyond this is artificial, and is desired in order to obtain a greater degree of respect from our fellow-creatures. And, sir, if six hundred pounds a year procure a man more consequence, and, of course, more happiness than six pounds a-year, the same proportion will hold as to six thousand, and so on, as far as opulence can be carried. Perhaps he who has a large fortune may not be so happy as he who has a small one; but that must proceed from other causes than from his having the large fortune; for, other things being equal, he who is rich in a civilized society must be happier than he that is poor; as riches, if properly used (and it is a man's own fault if they are not), must be productive of the highest advantages. Money, to be sure, of itself is of no use; for its only use is to part with it. Rousseau, and all those who deal in paradoxes, are led away by a childish desire of novelty. When I was a boy I used always to choose the wrong side of a debate, because most ingenious things—that is to say, most new

¹ This is given as a specimen of Johnson's powers in conversation, the element in which his abilities were most conspicuously shown.

² A famous political economist, ancestor of the Lansdowne family.

things—could be said upon it. Sir, there is nothing for which you may not muster up more plausible arguments than those which are urged against wealth and other external advantages. Why, now, there is stealing,—why should it be thought a crime? When we consider by what unjust methods property has been often acquired, and that what was unjustly got it must be unjust to keep, where is the harm in one man's taking the property of another from him? Besides, sir, when we consider the bad use that many people make of their property, and how much better use the thief may make of it, it may be defended as a very allowable practice. Yet, sir, the experience of mankind has discovered stealing to be so very bad a thing, that they make no scruple to hang a man for it. When I was running about this town a very poor fellow, I was a great arguer for the advantages of poverty; but I was at the same time very sorry to be poor. Sir, all the arguments which are brought to represent poverty as no evil, show it to be evidently a great evil. You never find people labouring to convince you that you may live very happily on a plentiful fortune. So you hear people talking how miserable a king must be, and yet they all wish to be in his place. Mr Dempster having endeavoured to maintain that intrinsic merit *ought* to make the only distinction among mankind, Johnson said, "Why, sir, mankind have found that this cannot be. How shall we determine the proportion of intrinsic merit? Were that to be the only distinction amongst mankind, we should soon quarrel about the degrees of it. Were all distinctions abolished, the strongest would not long acquiesce, but would endeavour to obtain superiority by their bodily strength. But, sir, as subordination is very necessary for society, and contentions for superiority very dangerous, mankind—that is to say, all civilized nations—have settled it upon a plain, invariable principle. A man is born to hereditary rank, or his being appointed to certain offices gives him a certain rank. Subordination tends greatly to human happiness. Were we all upon an equality, we should have no other enjoyment than mere animal pleasure."

XVI. DR ROBERTSON.

DR ROBERTSON was born at Borthwick, near Edinburgh, in 1721. His father was the clergyman of the parish, and the son, after being educated at the University of Edinburgh for the clerical profession, became the pastor of a small rural district in East Lothian. In 1758 he removed to Edinburgh, and the next year he published his "History of Scotland," which was at once received with unusual favour by the public, and procured for its author substantial and well-merited rewards. He was appointed one of his Majesty's chaplains in Scotland, and Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and the office of Historiographer Royal for Scotland was revived in his favour. Still continuing his historical studies, he, in 1769, issued his "History of

the Emperor Charles V.," which was received with the same favour which had attended his first work. In 1777 appeared his "History of America," and in 1791 a short "Historical Disquisition concerning the Knowledge which the Ancients had of India." He died at Edinburgh in 1793. As a historian, Robertson ranks with Hume and Gibbon. His style, though inferior in ease to that of Hume, is dignified, elegant, and perspicuous; his narrative is lively and interesting. He was careful and industrious in drawing his facts from various sources, and he relates them with candour. His philosophical views are just, and happily expressed; and no historian excels him in the power of delineating character, or tracing, in a clear and masterly summary, the origin, growth, and operation of great principles in the midst of political confusion. Lapse of time, and the discovery of new sources of information, may render it necessary to modify some of his statements, but there is no likelihood of his historical works being superseded for many years to come.

1. VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS TO AMERICA.—("HISTORY OF AMERICA.")

On Friday the 3d day of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion; but in a voyage of such expectation and importance, every circumstance was the object of attention. The rudder of the *Pinta*¹ broke loose the day after she left the harbour, and that accident alarmed the crew, no less superstitious than unskilful, as a certain omen of the unfortunate destiny of the expedition. Even in the short run to the Canaries, the ships were found to be so crazy and ill-appointed as to be very improper for a navigation which was expected to be both long and dangerous. Columbus refitted them, however, to the best of his power, and having supplied himself with fresh provisions, he took his departure from Gomera, one of the most westerly of the Canary Islands, on the 6th day of September.

Here the voyage of discovery may properly be said to begin; for Columbus, holding his course due west, left immediately the usual track of navigation, and stretched into unfrequented and unknown seas. The first day, as it was very calm, he made but little way; but on the second he lost sight of the Canaries; and many of the sailors, dejected already and dismayed, when they contemplated the boldness of the undertaking, began to beat their breasts, and to shed tears, as if they were never more to behold land. Columbus comforted them with assurances of success, and the prospect of vast wealth in those opulent regions whither he was conducting them. This early discovery of the spirit of his followers taught Columbus that he must prepare to struggle, not only with unavoidable diffi-

¹ The second in point of size of the three vessels which composed the fleet of Columbus,—the largest being the *Santa Maria*, and the smallest the *Nina*.

culties which might be expected from the nature of his undertaking, but with such as were likely to arise from the ignorance and timidity of the people under his command; and he perceived that the art of governing the minds of men would be no less requisite for accomplishing the discoveries which he had in view, than naval skill and undaunted courage. Happily for himself, and for the country by which he was employed, he joined to the ardent temper and inventive genius of a projector, virtues of another species, which are rarely united with them. He possessed a thorough knowledge of mankind, an insinuating address, a patient perseverance in executing any plan, the perfect government of his own passions, and the talent of acquiring an ascendant over those of other men. All these qualities, which formed him for command, were accompanied with that superior knowledge of his profession, which begets confidence in times of difficulty and danger.

To unskilful Spanish sailors, accustomed only to coasting voyages in the Mediterranean, the maritime science of Columbus, the fruit of thirty years' experience, improved by an acquaintance with all the inventions of the Portuguese, appeared immense. As soon as they put to sea, he regulated everything by his sole authority; he superintended the execution of every order; and allowing himself only a few hours for sleep, he was at all other times upon deck. As his course lay through seas which had not formerly been visited, the sounding-line, or instruments for observation, were continually in his hands. After the example of the Portuguese discoverers, he attended to the motion of tides and currents, watched the flight of birds, the appearance of fishes, of sea-weeds, and of everything that floated on the waves, and entered every occurrence, with a minute exactness, in the journal which he kept. As the length of the voyage could not fail of alarming sailors habituated only to short excursions, Columbus endeavoured to conceal from them the real progress which they made. With this view, though they run eighteen leagues on the second day after they left Gomera, he gave out that they had advanced only fifteen, and he uniformly employed the same artifice of reckoning short during the voyage. By the 14th of September the fleet was above two hundred leagues to the west of the Canary Isles, at a greater distance from land than any Spaniard had been before that time. There they were struck with an appearance no less astonishing than new. They observed that the magnetic needle in their compasses did not point exactly to the polar star, but varied towards the west, and as they proceeded, this variation increased. This appearance, which is now familiar, though it still remains one of the mysteries of nature, into the cause of which the sagacity of man hath not been able to penetrate, filled the companions of Columbus with terror. They were now in a boundless and unknown ocean, far from the usual course of navigation; nature itself seemed to be altered, and the only guide which they had left was about to fail them. Columbus, with no less quickness than ingenuity, invented a reason for this appearance, which, though it did

not satisfy himself, seemed so plausible to them, that it dispelled their fears or silenced their murmurs.

He still continued to steer due west, nearly in the same latitude with the Canary Islands. In this course they came within the sphere of the trade wind, which blows invariably from east to west between the tropics and a few degrees beyond them. He advanced before this steady gale with such uniform rapidity, that it was seldom necessary to shift a sail. When about four hundred leagues to the west of the Canaries, he found the sea so covered with weeds, that it resembled a meadow of vast extent, and in some places they were so thick as to retard the motion of the vessels. This strange appearance occasioned new alarm and disquiet. The sailors imagined that they were now arrived at the utmost boundary of the navigable ocean; that those floating weeds would obstruct their farther progress, and concealed dangerous rocks, or some large tract of land which had sunk, they knew not how, in that place. Columbus endeavoured to persuade them, that what had alarmed ought rather to have encouraged them, and was to be considered as a sign of approaching land. At the same time a brisk gale arose, and carried them forward. Several birds were seen hovering about the ship, and directed their flight towards the west. The desponding crew resumed some degree of spirit, and began to entertain fresh hopes.

Upon the first day of October, they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries; but, lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious length of the navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues; and, fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot nor those of the other ships had skill sufficient to correct this error, and discover the deceit. They had now been above three weeks at sea; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible; all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds and other circumstances, had proved fallacious; the appearance of land, with which their own credulity or the artifice of their commander had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever. These reflections occurred often to men, who had no other object or occupation than to reason and discourse concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression, at first, upon the ignorant and timid, and, extending by degrees to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship. From secret whispers or murmurings they proceeded to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjectures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their duty by venturing so far in an

unknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow any longer a desperate adventurer to certain destruction. They contended that it was necessary to think of returning to Spain, while their crazy vessels were still in a condition to keep the sea; but expressed their fears that the attempt would prove vain, as the wind which had hitherto been so favourable to their course, must render it impossible to sail in the opposite direction. All agreed that Columbus should be compelled by force to adopt a measure on which their common safety depended. Some of the more audacious proposed, as the most expeditious and certain method for getting rid at once of his remonstrances, to throw him into the sea, being persuaded that, upon their return to Spain, the death of an unsuccessful projector would excite little concern, and be inquired into with no curiosity.

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed with great uneasiness the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success. Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavoured to work upon their ambition or avarice, by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions, he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign, if by their dastardly behaviour they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God, and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation. Even with seditious sailors, the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost; the officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the

private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and to return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men, in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe the passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him, and obey his command for three days longer, and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable. Nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising, that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding-line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Nina* took up the branch of a tree with red berries, perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm, and, during night, the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch, lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes; all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had been so long the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the fore-castle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Gutierrez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Gutierrez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight the joyful sound of *land! land!* was heard from the *Pinta*, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But, having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of un-

certainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled.

From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man, whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitude and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot in the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and, prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such an happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the Crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

2. CHARACTER OF REGENT MORAY.—("HISTORY OF SCOTLAND," BOOK V.)

There is no person of that age about whom historians have been more divided than about the Regent Moray, or whose character has been drawn in such opposite colours. Personal intrepidity, military skill, sagacity, and vigour in the administration of civil affairs, are virtues which even his enemies allow him to have possessed in an eminent degree. His moral qualities are more dubious, and ought neither to be praised nor censured without great reserve and many distinctions. In a fierce age he was capable of using victory with humanity, and of treating the vanquished with moderation. A

patron of learning, which, among martial nobles, was either unknown or despised. Zealous for religion, to a degree which distinguished him, even at a time when professions of that kind were not uncommon. His confidence in his friends was extreme, and inferior only to his liberality towards them, which knew no bounds. A disinterested passion for the liberty of his country prompted him to oppose the pernicious system which the Princes of Lorraine had obliged the queen-mother to pursue. On Mary's return into Scotland, he served her with a zeal and affection, to which he sacrificed the friendship of those who were most attached to his person. But, on the other hand, his ambition was immoderate; and events happened that opened to him vast projects, which allured his enterprising genius, and led him to actions inconsistent with the duty of a subject. His treatment of the queen, to whose bounty he was so much indebted, was unbrotherly and ungrateful. The dependence on Elizabeth under which he brought Scotland, was disgraceful to the nation. He deceived and betrayed Norfolk, with a baseness unworthy of a man of honour. His elevation to such unexpected dignity inspired him with new passions, with haughtiness and reserve; and instead of his natural manner, which was blunt and open, he affected the arts of dissimulation and refinement. Fond, towards the end of his life, of flattery, and impatient of advice, his creatures, by soothing his vanity, led him astray, while his ancient friends stood at a distance, and predicted his approaching fall. But amidst the turbulence and confusion of that factious period, he dispensed justice with so much impartiality, he repressed the licentious borderers with so much courage, and established such uncommon order and tranquillity in the country, that his administration was extremely popular, and he was long and affectionately remembered among the commons by the name of the *Good Regent*.¹

XVII. EDWARD GIBBON.

GIBBON was born at Putney, in Surrey, in 1737. He was educated partly at home, and partly at Magdalene College, Oxford, where his stay was very brief, and produced no important result, except that during his residence he became a member of the Roman Catholic Church. This perversion gave much offence to his father, who, to reclaim him, sent him to live at Lausanne, under the charge of a Calvinist clergyman, who succeeded in inducing his pupil to return, at least nominally, to the Protestant Church. At Lausanne he devoted himself to a vigorous course of study, which he pursued with equal zeal on his return to England, and which resulted in the accumulation of an extraordinary amount of extensive and accurate erudition. At

¹ This sketch, in which Robertson steers midway between praise and censure, has pleased neither the admirers nor the enemies of the Regent: subsequent investigations, it must be confessed, have not tended to heighten Moray's fame.

length his studies were fixed upon one subject, the "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;" a work the first idea of which was suggested to him while musing among the ruins of the Roman capital. The first volume of his work appeared in 1776, and it was finished in 1787. Gibbon died in 1794. Every qualification of an historian Gibbon possessed in a pre-eminent degree: in point of learning, and thorough knowledge of everything connected with his subject, no historian can be compared to him for a single moment. The vastness of his undertaking, extending over twelve hundred years, embracing the history of almost all the nations on the globe, including the discussion of an endless variety of topics, social, political, and theological, and involving the perusal of thousands of volumes, often of worthless materials, only brought out in more striking relief his inexhaustible knowledge, and the inimitable skill with which he extracts the truth from his careless, credulous, and contradictory authorities. His style is perhaps a little pompous, but is on the whole well suited to the dignity of the subject, and the character of the historian. The chief objection to Gibbon's History is his treatment of Christianity in it: his subject led him to enter at considerable length into the early controversies of the Church, a matter on which ecclesiastical historians had exhibited an excessive amount of credulity, and Gibbon, naturally sceptical, accustomed to weigh evidence with care, and, above all, animated by a dislike and contempt for the clergy, has treated this part of his History in a tone of sneering irony very offensive to all lovers of religion. His attack has, however, been of real service to the cause of religion, by directing attention to the weak points in our ecclesiastical history, and it is now generally admitted that there is not much objectionable in Gibbon beyond the offensive tone in which he refers to religious matters.

1. DEATH OF MAHOMET.

Mahomet's mortal disease was a fever of fourteen days, which deprived him by intervals of the use of his reason. As soon as he was conscious of his danger, he edified his brethren by the humility of his virtue or penitence. "If there be any man," said the apostle, from the pulpit, "whom I have unjustly scourged, I submit my own back to the lash of retaliation. Have I aspersed the reputation of a Mussulman? let him proclaim my faults in the face of the congregation. Has any one been despoiled of his goods? the little that I possess shall compensate the principal and the interest of the debt." "Yes," replied a voice from the crowd; "I am entitled to three drachms of silver." Mahomet heard the complaint, satisfied the demand, and thanked his creditor for accusing him in this world rather than at the day of judgment. He beheld with temperate firmness the approach of death; enfranchised his slaves (seventeen men, as they are named, and eleven women); minutely directed the order of his funeral, and moderated the lamentations of his weeping friends, on whom he bestowed the benediction of peace. Till the third day before his death, he regularly performed the function of

public prayer ; the choice of Abubeker to supply his place, appeared to mark that ancient and faithful friend as his successor in the sacerdotal and regal office : but he prudently declined the risk and envy of a more explicit nomination. At a moment when his faculties were visibly impaired, he called for pen and ink to write, or more properly to dictate, a divine book, the sum and accomplishment of all his revelations : a dispute arose in the chamber, whether he should be allowed to supersede the authority of the Koran ; and the prophet was forced to reprove the indecent vehemence of his disciples. If the slightest credit may be afforded to the traditions of his wives and companions, he maintained in the bosom of his family, and to the last moments of his life, the dignity of an apostle, and the faith of an enthusiast ; described the visits of Gabriel, who bade an everlasting farewell to the earth, and expressed his lively confidence, not only of the mercy, but of the favour of the Supreme Being. In a familiar discourse he had mentioned his special prerogative, that the angel of death was not allowed to take his soul till he had respectfully asked the permission of the prophet. The request was granted, and Mahomet immediately fell into the agony of his dissolution ; his head was reclined on the lap of Ayesha, the best-beloved of all his wives : he fainted with the violence of pain ; recovering his spirits, he raised his eyes towards the roof of the house, and with a steady look, though a faltering voice, uttered the last broken, though articulate words : " O God, pardon my sins ! . . . Yes, I come . . . among my fellow-citizens on high : " and thus peaceably expired on a carpet spread upon the floor. An expedition for the conquest of Syria was stopped by this mournful event ; the army halted at the gates of Medina ; the chiefs were assembled round their dying master. The city, more especially the house of the prophet, was a scene of clamorous sorrow, or of silent despair ; fanaticism alone could suggest a ray of hope and consolation. " How can he be dead, our witness, our intercessor, our mediator with God ? He is not dead ; like Moses and Jesus he is wrapt in a holy trance, and speedily will he return to his faithful people." The evidence of sense was disregarded, and Omar, unsheathing his scimitar, threatened to cut off the heads of the infidels who should dare to affirm that the prophet was no more. The tumult was appeased by the weight and moderation of Abubeker. " Is it Mahomet," said he to Omar and the multitude, " or the God of Mahomet, whom you worship ? The God of Mahomet liveth for ever, but the apostle was a mortal like ourselves, and, according to his own prediction, he has experienced the common fate of mortality." He was piously interred by the hands of his nearest kinsman, on the same spot on which he expired : Medina has been sanctified by the death and burial of Mahomet ; and the innumerable pilgrims of Mecca often turn aside from the way to bow in voluntary devotion before the simple tomb of the prophet.

2. THE CRUSADERS.

Of the chiefs and soldiers who marched to the holy sepulchre, I will dare to affirm that *all* were prompted by the spirit of enthusiasm, the belief of merit, the hope of reward, and the assurance of divine aid. But I am equally persuaded that in *many* it was not the sole, that in *some* it was not the leading, principle of action. The use and abuse of religion are feeble to stem, they are strong and irresistible to impel, the stream of national manners. Against the private wars of the barbarians, their bloody tournaments, licentious loves, and judicial duels, the popes and synods might ineffectually thunder. It is a more easy task to provoke the metaphysical disputes of the Greeks, to drive into the cloister the victims of anarchy or despotism, to sanctify the patience of slaves and cowards, or to assume the merit of the humanity and benevolence of modern Christians. War and exercise were the reigning passions of the Franks or Latins; they were enjoined, as a penance, to gratify those passions, to visit distant lands, and to draw their swords against the nations of the East. Their victory, or even their attempt, would immortalize the names of the intrepid heroes of the cross; and the purest piety could not be insensible to the most splendid prospect of military glory. In the petty quarrels of Europe, they shed the blood of their friends and countrymen, for the acquisition perhaps of a castle or a village. They could march with alacrity against the distant and hostile nations who were devoted to their arms, their fancy already grasped the golden sceptre of Asia; and the conquest of Apulia and Sicily by the Normans might exalt to royalty the hopes of the most private adventurer. Christendom, in her rudest state, must have yielded to the climate and cultivation of the Mahometan countries; and their natural and artificial wealth had been magnified by the tales of pilgrims and the gifts of an imperfect commerce. The vulgar, both the great and small, were taught to believe every wonder,—of lands flowing with milk and honey, of mines and treasures, of gold and diamonds, of palaces of marble and jasper, and of odoriferous groves of cinnamon and frankincense. In this earthly paradise, each warrior depended on his sword to carve a plenteous and honourable establishment, which he measured only by the extent of his wishes. Their vassals and soldiers trusted their fortunes to God and their master; the spoils of a Turkish emir might enrich the meanest follower of the camp. The love of freedom was a powerful incitement to the multitudes who were oppressed by feudal or ecclesiastical tyranny. Under this holy sign the peasants and burghers, who were attached to the servitude of the glebe, might escape from a haughty lord, and transplant themselves and their families to a land of liberty. The monk might release himself from the discipline of his convent; the debtor might suspend the accumulation of usury, and the pursuit of his creditors;

and outlaws and malefactors of every class might continue to brave the laws and elude the punishment of their crimes.

These motives were potent and numerous : when we have singly computed their weight on the mind of each individual, we must add the infinite series, the multiplying powers of example and fashion. The first proselytes became the warmest and most effectual missionaries of the cross ; among their friends and countrymen they preached the duty, the merit, and the recompense of their holy vow ; and the most reluctant hearers were insensibly drawn within the whirlpool of persuasion and authority. The martial youths were fired by the reproach or suspicion of cowardice ; the opportunity of visiting with an army the sepulchre of Christ was embraced by the old and infirm, by women and children, who consulted rather their zeal than their strength : and those who in the evening had derided the folly of their companions, were the most eager the ensuing day to tread in their footsteps. The ignorance which magnified the hopes diminished the perils of the enterprise. Since the Turkish conquest, the paths of pilgrimage were obliterated ; the chiefs themselves had an imperfect notion of the length of the way, and the state of their enemies : and such was the stupidity of the people, that at the sight of the first city or castle beyond the limits of their knowledge, they were ready to ask whether that was not the Jerusalem, the term and object of their labours. Yet the more prudent of the crusaders, who were not sure that they should be fed from heaven with a shower of quails or manna, provided themselves with those precious metals, which, in every country, are the representatives of every commodity. To defray, according to their rank, the expenses of the road, princes alienated their provinces, nobles their lands and castles, peasants their cattle and the instruments of husbandry. The value of property was depreciated by the eager competition of multitudes, while the price of arms and horses was raised to an exorbitant height by the wants and impatience of the buyers. Those who remained at home, with sense and money, were enriched by the epidemical disease ; the sovereigns acquired at a cheap rate the domains of their vassals, and the ecclesiastical purchasers completed the payment by the assurance of their prayers. The cross, which was commonly sewed on their garment in cloth or silk, was inscribed by some zealots on their skin—a hot iron or indelible liquor was applied to perpetuate the mark ; and a crafty monk, who showed the miraculous impression on his breast, was repaid with the popular veneration and the richest benefices of Palestine.

3. DISCOVERY OF THE HOLY LANCE AT ANTIOCH.

For salvation and victory, the crusaders at Antioch were indebted to the same fanaticism which had led them to the brink of ruin. In such a cause, and in such an army, visions, prophecies, and miracles were frequent and familiar. In the distress of Antioch,

they were repeated with unusual energy and success : St Ambrose had assured a pious ecclesiastic that two years of trial must precede the season of deliverance and grace ; the deserters were stopped by the presence and reproaches of Christ himself ; the dead had promised to arise and combat with their brethren ; the Virgin had obtained the pardon of their sins ; and their confidence was revived by a visible sign,—the seasonable and splendid discovery of the *holy lance*. The policy of their chiefs has on this occasion been admired, and might surely be excused ; but a pious fraud is seldom produced by the cool conspiracy of many persons ; and a voluntary impostor might depend on the support of the wise, and the credulity of the people. Of the diocese of Marseilles there was a priest of low cunning and loose manners, and his name was Peter Bartholomy. He presented himself at the door of the council-chamber to disclose an apparition of St Andrew, which had been thrice reiterated in his sleep, with a dreadful menace if he presumed to suppress the commands of Heaven. “ At Antioch,” said the apostle, “ in the church of my brother St Peter, near the high altar, is concealed the steel head of the lance that pierced the side of our Redeemer. In three days that instrument of eternal and now of temporal salvation will be manifested to his disciples. Search and ye shall find ; bear it aloft in battle ; and that mystic weapon shall penetrate the souls of the miscreants.” The Pope’s legate, the Bishop of Puy, affected to listen with coldness and distrust ; but the revelation was eagerly accepted by Count Raymond, whom his faithful subject, in the name of the apostle, had chosen for the guardian of the holy lance. The experiment was resolved ; and on the third day, after a due preparation of prayer and fasting, the priests of Marseilles introduced twelve trusty spectators, among whom were the count and his chaplain ; and the church-doors were barred against the impetuous multitude. The ground was opened in the appointed place ; but the workmen, who relieved each other, dug to the depth of twelve feet without discovering the object of their search. In the evening, when Count Raymond had withdrawn to his post, and the weary assistants began to murmur, Bartholomy, in his shirt, and without his shoes, boldly descended into the pit ; the darkness of the hour and of the place enabled him to secrete and deposit the head of a Saracen lance, and the first sound, the first gleam of the steel, was saluted with a devout rapture. The holy lance was drawn from its recess, wrapped in a veil of silk and gold, and exposed to the veneration of the crusaders ; their anxious suspense burst forth in a general shout of joy and hope, and the desponding troops were again inflamed with the enthusiasm of valour. Whatever had been the arts, and whatever might be the sentiments of the chiefs, they skilfully improved this fortunate revelation by every aid that discipline and devotion could afford. The soldiers were dismissed to their quarters, with an injunction to fortify their minds and bodies for the approaching conflict, freely to bestow their last pittance on themselves and their horses, and to

expect with the dawn of day the signal of victory. On the festival of St Peter and St Paul, the gates of Antioch were thrown open; a martial psalm, "Let the Lord arise, and let his enemies be scattered!" was chanted by a procession of priests and monks; the battle-array was marshalled in twelve divisions, in honour of the twelve apostles; and the holy lance, in the absence of Raymond, was intrusted to the hands of his chaplain. The influence of this relic or trophy was felt by the servants, and perhaps by the enemies, of Christ; and its potent energy was heightened by an accident, a stratagem, or a rumour of a miraculous complexion. Three knights, in white armour and resplendent arms, either issued, or seemed to issue, from the hills: the voice of Adhemar, the Pope's legate, proclaimed them as the martyrs St George, St Theodore, and St Maurice; the tumult of battle allowed no time for doubt or scrutiny; and the welcome apparition dazzled the eyes or the imagination of a fanatic army.

4. GENERAL CONDITION OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE IN THE AGE OF THE ANTONINES.

Whatever evils either reason or declamation have imputed to extensive empire, the power of Rome was attended with some beneficial consequences to mankind; and the same freedom of intercourse which extended the vices, diffused likewise the improvements of social life. In the more remote ages of antiquity, the world was unequally divided. The East was in the immemorial possession of arts and luxury; whilst the West was inhabited by rude and warlike barbarians, who either disdained agriculture, or to whom it was totally unknown. Under the protection of an established government, the productions of happier climates, and the industry of more civilized nations, were gradually introduced into the western countries of Europe; and the natives were encouraged, by an open and profitable commerce, to multiply the former, as well as to improve the latter. Agriculture is the foundation of manufactures, since the productions of nature are the materials of art. Under the Roman empire, the labour of an industrious and ingenious people was variously, but incessantly, employed in the service of the rich. In their dress, their table, their houses, and their furniture, the favourites of fortune united every refinement of convenience, of elegance, and of splendour, whatever could soothe their pride, or gratify their sensuality. Such refinements, under the odious name of luxury, have been severely arraigned by the moralists of every age; and it might perhaps be more conducive to the virtue, as well as happiness, of mankind, if all possessed the necessities, and none the superfluities, of life. But in the present imperfect condition of society, luxury, though it may proceed from vice or folly, seems to be the only means that can correct the unequal distribution of property. The diligent mechanic, and the skilful artist, who have obtained no share in the division of the earth,

receive a voluntary tax from the possessors of land; and the latter are prompted, by a sense of interest, to improve those estates, with whose produce they may purchase additional pleasures. This operation, the particular effects of which are felt in every society, acted with much more diffusive energy in the Roman world. The provinces would soon have been exhausted of their wealth, if the manufactures and commerce of luxury had not insensibly restored to the industrious subjects the sums which were exacted from them by the arms and authority of Rome. As long as the circulation was confined within the bounds of the empire, it impressed the political machine with a new degree of activity, and its consequences, sometimes beneficial, could never become pernicious.

But it is no easy task to confine luxury within the limits of an empire. The most remote countries of the ancient world were ransacked to supply the pomp and delicacy of Rome. The forest of Scythia afforded some valuable furs. Amber was brought over land from the shores of the Baltic to the Danube; and the barbarians were astonished at the price which they received in exchange for so useless a commodity. There was a considerable demand for Babylonian carpets, and other manufactures of the East; but the most important and unpopular branch of foreign trade was carried on with Arabia and India. Every year, about the time of the summer solstice, a fleet of an hundred and twenty vessels sailed from Myos-hormos, a port of Egypt, on the Red Sea. By the periodical assistance of the monsoons, they traversed the ocean in about forty days. The coast of Malabar, or the island of Ceylon, was the usual term of their navigation, and it was in those markets that the merchants from the more remote countries of Asia expected their arrival. The return of the fleet of Egypt was fixed to the months of December or January; and as soon as their rich cargo had been transported on the backs of camels from the Red Sea to the Nile, and had descended that river as far as Alexandria, it was poured, without delay, into the capital of the empire. The objects of Oriental traffic were splendid and trifling: silk, a pound of which was esteemed not inferior in value to a pound of gold; precious stones, among which the pearl claimed the first rank after the diamond; and a variety of aromatics, that were consumed in religious worship and the pomp of funerals. The labour and risk of the voyage was rewarded with almost incredible profit; but the profit was made upon Roman subjects, and a few individuals were enriched at the expense of the public. As the natives of Arabia and India were contented with the productions and manufactures of their own country, silver, on the side of the Romans, was the principal, if not the only, instrument of commerce. It was a complaint worthy of the gravity of the senate, that, in the purchase of female ornaments, the wealth of the state was irrecoverably given away to foreign and hostile nations. The annual loss is computed, by a writer of an inquisitive but censorious temper, at upwards of eight hundred thousand pounds sterling. Such was the style of discontent, brood-

ing over the dark prospect of approaching poverty. And yet, if we compare the proportion between gold and silver, as it stood in the time of Pliny, and as it was fixed in the reign of Constantine, we shall discover within that period a very considerable increase. There is not the least reason to suppose that gold was become more scarce; it is therefore evident that silver was grown more common; that whatever might be the amount of the Indian and Arabian exports, they were far from exhausting the wealth of the Roman world; and that the produce of the mines abundantly supplied the demands of commerce.

Notwithstanding the propensity of mankind to exalt the past, and to depreciate the present, the tranquil and prosperous state of the empire was warmly felt, and honestly confessed, by the provincials as well as Romans. They acknowledged that the true principles of social life, laws, agriculture, and science, which had been first invented by the wisdom of Athens, were now firmly established by the power of Rome, under whose auspicious influence the fiercest barbarians were united by an equal government and common language. They affirm, that with the improvement of arts, the human species was visibly multiplied. They celebrate the increasing splendour of the cities, the beautiful face of the country, cultivated and adorned like an immense garden, and the long festival of peace, which was enjoyed by so many nations, forgetful of their ancient animosities, and delivered from the apprehension of future danger. Whatever suspicions may be suggested by the air of rhetoric and declamation which seems to prevail in these passages, the substance of them is perfectly agreeable to historic truth.

It was scarcely possible that the eyes of contemporaries should discover in the public felicity the latent causes of decay and corruption. This long peace, and the uniform government of the Romans, introduced a slow and secret poison into the vitals of the empire. The minds of men were gradually reduced to the same level; the fire of genius was extinguished, and even the military spirit evaporated. The natives of Europe were brave and robust. Spain, Gaul, Britain, and Illyricum supplied the legions with excellent soldiers, and constituted the real strength of the monarchy. Their personal valour remained; but they no longer possessed that public courage which is nourished by the love of independence, the sense of national honour, the presence of danger, and the habit of command. They received laws and governors from the will of their sovereign, and trusted for their defence to a mercenary army. The posterity of their boldest leaders was contented with the rank of citizens and subjects. The most aspiring spirits resorted to the court or standard of the emperors; and the deserted provinces, deprived of political strength or union, insensibly sunk into the languid indifference of private life.

The love of letters, almost inseparable from peace and refinement, was fashionable among the subjects of Hadrian and the Antonines,

who were themselves men of learning and curiosity. It was diffused over the whole extent of their empire. The most northern tribes of Britons had acquired a taste for rhetoric. Homer, as well as Virgil, were transcribed and studied on the banks of the Rhine and Danube; and the most liberal rewards sought out the faintest glimmerings of literary merit. The sciences of physic and astronomy were cultivated with some degree of reputation; but if we except the inimitable Lucian, an age of indolence passed away without producing a single writer of genius who deserved the attention of posterity. The authority of Plato and Aristotle, of Zeno and Epicurus, still reigned in the schools; and their systems, transmitted with blind deference from one generation of disciples to another, precluded every generous attempt to correct the errors or enlarge the bounds of the human mind. The beauties of the poets and orators, instead of kindling a fire like their own, inspired only cold and servile imitations; or if any ventured to deviate from those models, they deviated, at the same time, from good sense and propriety. On the revival of letters, the youthful vigour of the imagination, after a long repose, national emulation, a new religion, new languages, and a new world, called forth the genius of Europe. But the provincials of Rome, trained by a uniform artificial foreign education, were engaged in a very unequal competition with those bold ancients, who, by expressing their genuine feelings in their native tongue, had already occupied every place of honour. The name of poet was almost forgotten; that of orator was usurped by the sophists. A cloud of critics, of compilers, of commentators, darkened the face of learning, and the decline of genius was soon followed by the corruption of taste.

The sublime Longinus, who, in somewhat a later period, and in the court of a Syrian queen,¹ preserved the spirit of ancient Athens, observes and laments this degeneracy of his contemporaries, which debased their sentiments, enervated their courage, and depressed their talents. "In the same manner," says he, "as some children always remain pigmies, whose infant limbs have been too closely confined,—thus our tender minds, fettered by the prejudices and habits of a just servitude, are unable to expand themselves, or to attain that well-proportioned greatness which we admire in the ancients, who, living under a popular government, wrote with the same freedom as they acted." This diminutive stature of mankind, if we pursue the metaphor, was daily sinking below the old standard, and the Roman world was indeed peopled by a race of pigmies, when the fierce giants of the north broke in and mended the puny breed. They restored a manly spirit of freedom; and after the revolution of ten centuries, freedom became the happy parent of taste and science.

¹ Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra.

XVIII. HORACE WALPOLE.

HORACE WALPOLE was born in 1718. He was the youngest son of the famous Sir Robert Walpole who governed the country during the greater part of the reigns of the first two Georges; and after being educated at Eton and Cambridge, and making the usual Continental tour, which he did in company with Gray the poet, he was introduced, through his father's influence, into Parliament. Here he did not much distinguish himself, not, however, from lack of ability, as was shown by his admirable speech in defence of his father's administration, at the memorable era of that statesman's fall. Sir Robert was suspected of not entertaining much affection for his youngest son; he, however, provided for him by bestowing on him some sinecure offices, which afforded him an income sufficiently large for all his wants. Walpole spent the greater part of his life at a villa near Twickenham, called Strawberry Hill, which he adorned externally in a fanciful Gothic style, and internally with books, pictures, medals, and other curiosities, in which a literary and antiquarian taste rejoices. Having outlived all the older branches of his family, he, in 1791, succeeded to the title of Earl of Orford, very much, it is said, to his own disgust, and died at an advanced age in 1797. His works are numerous, and all are interesting, though, except his "Historic Doubts of the Life and Reign of Richard III.," they cannot lay claim to much learning or ability. His "Castle of Otranto" is a well-known romance; his "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," and "Anecdotes of Painting in England," are useful and amusing compilations. But his fame rests on his "Letters," which have been often reprinted, and which, from their light and graceful style, their pleasant admixture of gossip, news, scandal, and literary, antiquarian, and æsthetic chit-chat, and the curious information to which his own rank and family connections, and his father's position, gave him access, abundantly establish his claim to the rank of the "Prince of Letter-writers."

1. EXECUTION OF LORDS BALMERINO AND KILMARNOCK.—("LETTER TO SIR HORACE MANN.")

Just before Kilmarnock and Balmerino came out of the Tower, Lord Balmerino drank a bumper to King James's health. As the clock struck ten, they came forth on foot, Lord Kilmarnock all in black, his hair unpowdered in a bag, supported by Forster,¹ the great Presbyterian, and by Mr Home,² a young clergyman, his friend. Lord Balmerino followed, alone, in a blue coat turned up with red, his rebellious regimentals, a flannel waistcoat, and his

¹ Minister of a chapel in the Barbican, in London; he was highly popular, and has been praised by Pope (out of spite, as Johnson says) in his satires in the following lines:—

"Let modest Forster, if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well."

"Why did Pope say this?" asked Beauchlerck of Johnson. "Sir," replied Johnson, "he hoped it would vex somebody."

² The author of "Douglass."

shroud beneath; their hearses following. They were conducted to a house near the scaffold; the room forwards had benches for spectators; in the second Lord Kilmarnock was put, and in the third backwards Lord Balmerino; all three chambers hung with black. Here they parted! Balmerino embraced the other, and said, "My lord, I wish I could suffer for both!" He had scarce left him, before he desired again to see him, and then asked him, "My Lord Kilmarnock, do you know anything of the resolution taken in our army, the day before the battle of Culloden, to put the English prisoners to death?" He replied, "My lord, I was not present; but since I came hither, I have had all the reason in the world to believe that there was such order taken; and I hear the Duke has the pocket-book with the order." Balmerino answered, "It was a lie raised to excuse their barbarity to us." Take notice, that the Duke's charging this on Lord Kilmarnock (certainly on misinformation) decided this unhappy man's fate! The most now pretended is, that it would have come to Lord Kilmarnock's turn to have given the word for the slaughter, as lieutenant-general, with the patent for which he was immediately drawn into the rebellion, after having been staggered by his wife, her mother, his own poverty, and the defeat of Cope.

He remained an hour and a half in the house, and shed tears. At last he came to the scaffold, certainly much terrified, but with a resolution that prevented his behaving in the least meanly or unlike a gentleman. He took no notice of the crowd, only to desire that the baize might be lifted up from the rails, that the mob might see the spectacle. He stood and prayed sometime with Forster, who wept over him, exhorted and encouraged him. He delivered a long speech to the sheriff, and with a noble manliness stuck to the recantation he had made at his trial; declaring he wished that all who embarked in the same cause might meet the same fate. He then took off his bag, coat, and waistcoat with great composure, and after some trouble put on a napkin cap, and then several times tried the block; the executioner, who was in white with a white apron, out of tenderness concealing the axe behind himself. At last the Earl knelt down, with a visible unwillingness to depart, and after five minutes dropped his handkerchief, the signal, and his head was cut off at once, only hanging by a bit of skin, and was received in a scarlet cloth by four of the undertaker's men kneeling, who wrapped it up and put it into the coffin with the body; orders having been given not to expose the head, as used to be the custom.

The scaffold was immediately new-strewed with sawdust, the block new-covered, the executioner new-dressed, and a new axe brought. Then came old Balmerino treading with the air of a general. As soon as he mounted the scaffold, he read the inscription on his coffin, as he did again afterwards; he then surveyed the spectators, who were in amazing numbers, even upon masts of ships in the river; and pulling out his spectacles, read a treasonable speech, which he delivered to the sheriff, and said, the young Pre-

tender was so sweet a prince, that flesh and blood could not resist following him; and lying down to try the block, he said, "If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all down here in the same cause." He said, if he had not taken the sacrament the day before, he would have knocked down Williamson, the lieutenant of the Tower, for his ill-usage of him. He took the axe and felt it, and asked the headsman how many blows he had given Lord Kilmarnock, and gave him three guineas. Two clergymen, who attended him, coming up, he said, "No, gentlemen, I believe you have already done me all the service you can." Then he went to the corner of the scaffold, and called very loud for the warder, to give him his perriwig, which he took off, and put on a night-cap of Scotch plaid, and then pulled off his coat and waistcoat, and lay down; but being told he was on the wrong side, vaulted round, and immediately gave the sign, by tossing up his arm, as if he were giving the signal for battle. He received three blows, but the first certainly took away all sensation. He was not a quarter of an hour on the scaffold; Lord Kilmarnock above half a one. Balmerino certainly died with the intrepidity of a hero, but with the insensibility of one too. As he walked from his prison to execution, seeing every window and top of house filled with spectators, he cried out, "Look, look, how they are all piled up like rotten oranges!"

2. THE EARTHQUAKE IN LONDON IN 1750.—(PARTS OF TWO LETTERS
TO SIR HORACE MANN.)

"Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name."

DRYDEN'S *"All for Love."*

My text is not literally true; but as far as earthquakes go towards lowering the price of wonderful commodities, to be sure we are overstocked. We have had a second much more violent than the first; and you must not be surprised if by next post you hear of a burning mountain sprung up in Smithfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last (exactly a month from the first shock), the earth had a shivering fit between one and two; but so slight that if no more had followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again, on a sudden I felt my bolster lift up my head. I thought somebody was getting from under my bed; but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted near half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I rang my bell; my servant came in, frightened out of his senses. In an instant we heard all the windows in the neighbourhood flung up. I got up, and found people running into the streets; but saw no mischief done. There has been some: two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much china-ware. The bells rung in several houses. Admiral Knowles, who has lived long in Jamaica, and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them. The wise say, that if we have not rain soon, we

shall certainly have more. Several people are going out of town ; for it has nowhere reached above ten miles from London. They say they are not frightened, but that it is such fine weather, "one can't help going into the country." The only visible effect it has had was on the *ridotto*,¹ at which, being the following night, there were but four hundred people. A parson, who came into White's² the morning of earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder-mills, went away exceedingly scandalized, and said, "I protest, they are such an impious set of people, that I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against judgment!"

I told you the women talked of going out of town : several families are literally gone, and many more going to-day and to-morrow ; for what adds to the absurdity, is, that the second shock having happened exactly a month after the former, it prevails that there will be a third on Thursday next, another month, which is to swallow up London. I am almost ready to burn my letter, now I have begun it, lest you should think I am laughing at you ; but it is so true, that Arthur of White's told me last night that he should put off the last *ridotto*, which was to be on Thursday, because he hears nobody would come to it. I have advised several who are going to keep their next earthquake in the country, to take the bark for it, as it is so periodic.* Dick Leveson and Mr Rigby, who had supped and stayed late at Bedford House the other night, knocked at several doors, and in a watchman's voice cried, "past four o'clock and a dreadful earthquake." The frantic terror prevails so much, that within these three days seven hundred and thirty coaches have been counted passing Hyde Park corner, with whole parties removing into the country. Here is a good advertisement which I cut out of the papers to-day :—

"On Monday next will be published (price 6d.), a true and exact list of all the nobility and gentry who have left, or shall leave, this place through fear of another earthquake."

Several women have made earthquake gowns ; that is, warm gowns to sit out of doors all to-night.⁴ These are of the more courageous. One woman, still more heroic, is come to town on purpose ; she says, all her friends are in London, and she will not survive them. But what will you think of Lady Catherine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel, and Lord and Lady Galway, who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play at brag till five in the morning, and then come back, I suppose, to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish.

¹ A fashionable amusement.

² A famous coffee-house.

³ Walpole probably remembered one of the last papers in the "*Tatler*," in which Addison tells of an impudent mountebank who, after an earthquake, went through the country selling pills, which, as he told the country people, "was very good against an earthquake." "*Tatler*," No. 240.

⁴ This part of the letter was written on the day when the third earthquake was expected to happen.

XIX. EDMUND BURKE.

EDMUND BURKE was born in Dublin in 1730, and, after an education at Trinity College, came to London and entered himself as a student of law in the Temple. His inclinations however led him to a literary life, and in 1757 he published his "Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful," which was well received, and brought its author into intimacy with some of the most distinguished men of the day. For some time he continued to subsist on the labour of his pen, but at length he found in Lord Rockingham a munificent patron, who introduced him to politics and parliamentary life. Here Burke's abilities found full scope; his high principle, his extensive knowledge, his rich imagination, and his copious eloquence, at once secured for him the highest place as a parliamentary orator. His speeches on the American war, and on the impeachment of Warren Hastings, are not surpassed in eloquence by those of any orator ancient or modern. He employed his pen with equal vigour in defence of his political party; but it was not till the breaking out of the French Revolution that his full power was put forth. Horrified at the atrocities which accompanied the first outbreak, and apprehensive, not altogether without reason, of attempts to imitate them in this country, he published his famous "Reflections on the French Revolution," in which he denounced in a torrent of indignant eloquence the proceedings of the National Assembly. This work, and succeeding ones in a similar strain, led to a rupture between him and his old friend Fox, but Burke was at all times ready to sacrifice friendship to principle. He died at Beaconsfield in Buckinghamshire in 1797. No one now disputes Burke's title to be regarded the first of British orators; his works, daily rising in popularity, are likely long to remain the textbooks from which succeeding generations of statesmen will learn the science of political wisdom.

I. ENGLISH REVERENCE FOR ANTIQUITY.—("REFLECTIONS ON THE
REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.")

From Magna Charta to the Declaration of Right, it has been the uniform policy of our constitution to claim and assert our liberties, as an *entailed inheritance* delivered to us from our forefathers, and to be transmitted to our posterity; as an estate specially belonging to the people of this kingdom, without any reference whatever to any other more general or prior right. By this means our constitution preserves an unity in so great a diversity of its parts. We have an inheritable crown; an inheritable peerage; and a House of Commons and a people inheriting privileges, franchises, and liberties, from a long line of ancestors.

This policy appears to me to be the result of profound reflection, or rather the happy effect of following nature, which is wisdom without reflection, and above it. A spirit of innovation is gene-

rally the result of a selfish temper and confined views. People will not look forward to posterity who never look back to their ancestors. Besides, the people of England well know that the idea of inheritance furnishes a sure principle of conservation, and a sure principle of transmission, without at all excluding a principle of improvement. It leaves acquisition free; but it secures what it acquires. Whatever advantages are obtained by a state proceeding on these maxims are locked fast as in a sort of family settlement, grasped as in a kind of mortmain for ever. By a constitutional policy, working after the pattern of nature, we receive, we hold, we transmit our government and our privileges in the same manner in which we enjoy and transmit our property and our lives. The institutions of policy, the goods of fortune, the gifts of Providence, are handed down to us and from us in the same course and order. Our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world, and with the mode of existence decreed to a permanent body composed of transitory parts; wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole at one time is never old, or middle-aged, or young, but, in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. Thus by preserving the method of nature in the conduct of the state, in what we improve we are never wholly new; in what we retain, we are never wholly obsolete. By adhering in this manner and on those principles to our forefathers, we are guided not by the superstition of antiquarians, but by the spirit of philosophic analogy. In this choice of inheritance we have given to our frame of polity the image of a relation in blood; binding up the constitution of our country with our dearest domestic ties; adopting our fundamental laws into the bosom of our family affections; keeping inseparable, and cherishing with the warmth of all their combined and mutually reflected charities, our state, our hearths, our sepulchres, and our altars.

Through the same plan of a conformity to nature in our artificial institutions, and by calling in the aid of her unerring and powerful instincts to fortify the fallible and feeble contrivances of our reason, we have derived several other, and those no small benefits, from considering our liberties in the light of an inheritance. Always acting as if in the presence of canonized forefathers, the spirit of freedom, leading in itself to misrule and excess, is tempered with an awful gravity. This idea of a liberal descent inspires us with a sense of habitual native dignity, which prevents that upstart insolence, almost inevitably adhering to and disgracing those who are the first acquirers of any distinction. By this means our liberty becomes a noble freedom. It carries an imposing and majestic aspect. It has a pedigree, and illustrating ancestors. It has its bearings and its ensigns-armorial. It has its gallery of portraits; its monumental inscriptions; its records, evidences, and titles. We

procure reverence to our civil institutions on the principle upon which nature teaches us to revere individual men, on account of their age, and on account of those from whom they are descended. All your sophisters cannot produce anything better adapted to preserve a rational and manly freedom than the course that we have pursued, who have chosen our nature rather than our speculations, our breasts rather than our inventions, for the great conservatories and magazines of our rights and privileges.

2. CHARACTER OF ROUSSEAU.—("LETTER TO A MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.")

We have had Rousseau, the great professor and founder of the philosophy of vanity, in England. As I had good opportunity of knowing his proceedings almost from day to day, he left no doubt on my mind that he entertained no principle either to influence his heart or to guide his understanding but vanity. With this vice he was possessed to a degree little short of madness. It is from the same deranged eccentric vanity that this, the insane Socrates of the National Assembly, was impelled to publish a mad confession of his mad faults, and to attempt a new sort of glory, from bringing to light the obscure and vulgar vices which we know may sometimes be blended with eminent talents. He has not observed on the nature of vanity who does not know that it is omnivorous; that it has no choice of its food; that it is fond to talk even of its own faults and vices, as what will excite surprise and draw attention, and what will pass at worst for openness and candour.

It was this abuse and perversion, which vanity makes even of hypocrisy, which has driven Rousseau to record a life, not so much as chequered, or spotted here and there with virtues, or even distinguished by a single good action. It is such a life he chooses to offer to the attention of mankind. It is such a life that, with a wild defiance, he flings in the face of his Creator, whom he acknowledges only to brave. The French Assembly, knowing how much more powerful example is found than precept, has chosen this man (by his own account without a single virtue) for a model. To him they erect their first statue. From him they commence their series of honours and distinctions.

It is that new invented virtue which your masters canonize that led their moral hero constantly to exhaust the stores of his powerful rhetoric in the expression of universal benevolence, whilst his heart was incapable of harbouring one spark of common parental affection. Benevolence to the whole species, and want of feeling for every individual with whom the professors come in contact, form the character of the new philosophy. Setting up for an unsocial independence, this, their hero of vanity, refuses the just price of common labour, as well as the tribute which opulence owes to genius, and which, when paid, honours the giver and the receiver; and then he pleads his beggary as an excuse for his crimes. He

melts with tenderness for those only who touch him by the remotest relation; and then, without one natural pang, sends his children to the hospital of foundlings. The bear loves, licks, and forms her young; but bears are not philosophers. Vanity, however, finds its account in reversing the train of our natural feelings. Thousands admire the sentimental writer; the affectionate father is hardly known in his parish.

3. IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

My lords, you have now heard the principles on which Mr Hastings governs the part of Asia subjected to the British empire. You have heard his opinion of the mean and depraved state of those who are subject to it. You have heard his lecture upon arbitrary power, which he states to be the constitution of Asia. You hear the application he makes of it; and you hear the practices which he employs to justify it, and who the persons were on whose authority he relies, and whose example he professes to follow. In the first place, your lordships will be astonished at the audacity with which he speaks of his own administration, as if he was reading a speculative lecture on the evils attendant upon some vicious system of foreign government, in which he had no sort of concern whatsoever. And then, when in this speculative way he has established, or thinks he has, the vices of the government, he conceives he has found a sufficient apology for his own crimes. And if he violates the most solemn engagements, if he oppresses, extorts, and robs, if he imprisons, confiscates, banishes, at his sole will and pleasure, when we accuse him for his ill treatment of the people committed to him as a sacred trust, his defence is,—“to be robbed, violated, oppressed, is their privilege—let the constitution of their country answer for it. I did not make it for them. Slaves I found them, and as slaves I have treated them. I was a despotic prince, despotic governments are jealous, and the subjects prone to rebellion. This very proneness of the subject to shake off his allegiance exposes him to continual danger from his sovereign's jealousy, and this is consequent on the political state of Hindostanic governments.” He lays it down as a rule, that despotism is the genuine constitution of India; that a disposition to rebellion in the subject, or dependent prince, is the necessary effect of this despotism, and that jealousy and its consequences naturally arise on the part of the sovereign; that the government is everything, and the subject nothing; that the great landed men are in a mean and depraved state, and subject to many evils.

But nothing is more false than that despotism is the constitution of any country in Asia, that we are acquainted with. It is certainly not true of any Mahomedan constitution. But if it were, do your lordships really think, that the nation would bear, that any human creature would bear, to hear an English governor defend himself on such principles? or, if he can defend himself on such principles, is

it possible to deny the conclusion, that no man in India has a security for anything but by being totally independent of the British government? Here he has declared his opinion, that he is a despotic prince, that he is to use arbitrary power, and of course all his acts are covered with that shield. "*I know*," says he, "*the constitution of Asia only from its practice*." Will your lordships submit to hear the corrupt practices of mankind made the principles of government? No; it will be your pride and glory to teach men intrusted with power, that, in their use of it, they are to conform to principles, and not to draw their principles from the corrupt practice of any man whatever. Was there ever heard, or could it be conceived, that a governor would dare to heap up all the evil practices, all the cruelties, oppressions, extortions, corruptions, briberies, of all the ferocious usurpers, desperate robbers, thieves, cheats, and jugglers, that ever had office from one end of Asia to another, and consolidating all this mass of the crimes and absurdities of barbarous domination into one code, establish it as the "whole duty" of an English governor? I believe that till this time so audacious a thing was never attempted by man.

He have arbitrary power! My lords, the East Indian Company have not arbitrary power to give him; the king has no arbitrary power to give him; your lordships have not; nor the Commons; nor the whole legislature. We have no arbitrary power to give; because arbitrary power is a thing which neither any man can hold nor any man can give. No man can lawfully govern himself according to his own will, much less can one person be governed by the will of another. We are all born in subjection, all born equally, high and low, governors and governed, in subjection to one great, immutable, pre-existent law, prior to all our devices, and prior to all our contrivances, paramount to all our ideas and all our sensations, antecedent to our very existence, by which we are knit and connected in the eternal frame of the universe, out of which we cannot stir.

4. ON CONCILIATION WITH THE AMERICAN COLONIES.

My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are the ties which, though light as air, are strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government, they will cling and grapple to you, and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation, the cement is gone, the cohesion is loosened, and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the

chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia; but until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price of which you have the monopoly: this the true act of navigation which binds you to the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the commerce of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your coquets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies, every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for you here in England? Do you imagine, then, that it is the Land-tax Act which raises your revenue? That it is the annual vote in the Committee of Supply which gives you your army?—or that it is the Mutiny Bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No; surely not. It is the love of the people; it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber. All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians who have no place among us; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material, and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be the directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles which, in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are in truth everything, and all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our places as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America with the old warning of the Church, *sursum*

corda.¹ We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire, and have made the most extensive and the only honourable conquests, not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness, of the human race. Let us get an American revenue as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is, English privileges alone will make it all that it can be. In full confidence of this unalterable truth, I now lay the first stone of the temple of peace.²

XX. ADAM SMITH.

ADAM SMITH was born in 1723, at Kirkcaldy, in Fifeshire, and after the usual education which the grammar school of the town could supply, he went to the University of Glasgow, and subsequently to Oxford, where he completed the usual term of study. Not feeling any inclination for the Church, for which he had been destined, he established himself as a Lecturer on Rhetoric in Edinburgh, till, in 1759, he was appointed Professor of Logic in Glasgow University, and the next year was transferred to the Chair of Moral Philosophy. In 1751 he issued his great work on Moral Philosophy, "The Theory of Moral Sentiments," which at once attained a high degree of popularity. He subsequently quitted his Professorship, and attended the young Duke of Buccleuch in his travels on the Continent, and on his return retired to Kirkcaldy, and engaged in a long course of study chiefly on political subjects, which issued in the publication of his "Wealth of Nations" in 1776. He was shortly afterwards appointed one of the Commissioners of his Majesty's Customs in Scotland, which secured him for the remainder of his life an income more than sufficient for his moderate desires. He died in 1790. Though the theory of morals which Smith taught has long been abandoned as untenable, it is admitted that he defended it with great ingenuity; and his "Theory of Moral Sentiments," in plain, forcible eloquence, is inferior to no work on morals in the language. Of his "Wealth of Nations" it is unnecessary to speak. It is universally acknowledged to have laid the foundation of the modern science of political economy.

1. EXTENT OF SYMPATHY.—("MORAL SENTIMENTS.")

Sympathy does not arise so much from the view of a passion in another, as from that of the situation which excites it. We some-

¹ i. e., "lift up your hearts." The words are taken from the Communion Service of the Church of England, where they occur immediately after the Absolution.

² By this figurative expression Burke meant that he was going to move in the House of Commons that conciliatory measures should be adopted towards the American Colonies. In accordance with the classical figure which he had adopted, he added the customary classical prayer, "*felix faustumque sit*"—may it prove fortunate, and of good omen.

times feel for another a passion of which he himself seems to be altogether incapable; because when we put ourselves in his case, that passion arises in our breast from the imagination, though it does not in his from the reality. We blush for the impudence and rudeness of another, though he himself appears to have no sense of the impropriety of his own behaviour; because we cannot help feeling with what confusion we ourselves should be overwhelmed, had we behaved in so absurd a manner. Of all the calamities to which the condition of mortality exposes mankind, the loss of reason appears, to those who have the least spark of humanity, by far the most dreadful, and they behold that last stage of human wretchedness with deeper commiseration than any other. But the poor wretch who is in it laughs and sings, perhaps, and is altogether insensible to his own misery. The anguish which humanity feels, therefore, at the sight of such an object, cannot be the reflection of any sentiment of the sufferer. The compassion of the spectator must arise altogether from the consideration of what he himself would feel if he was reduced to the same unhappy situation, and, what perhaps is impossible, was at the same time able to regard it with his present reason and judgment.

What are the pangs of a mother when she hears the moanings of her infant, that, during the agony of disease, cannot express what it feels? In her idea of what it suffers, she joins to its real helplessness her own consciousness of that helplessness, and her own terrors for the unknown consequences of its disorder; and out of all these, forms for her own sorrow the most complete image of misery and distress. The infant, however, feels only the uneasiness of the present instant, which can never be great. With regard to the future it is perfectly secure, and in its thoughtlessness and want of foresight, possesses an antidote against fear and anxiety, the great tormentors of the human breast, from which reason and philosophy will in vain attempt to defend it when it grows up to a man.

We sympathize even with the dead, and, overlooking what is of real importance in their situation, that awful futurity which awaits them, we are chiefly affected by those circumstances which strike our senses, but can have no influence upon their happiness. It is miserable, we think, to be deprived of the light of the sun; to be shut out from life and conversation; to be laid in the cold grave, a prey to corruption and the reptiles of the earth; to be no more thought of in this world, but to be obliterated in a little time from the affections, and almost from the memory, of their dearest friends and relations. Surely, we imagine, we can never feel too much for those who have suffered so dreadful a calamity. The tribute of our fellow-feeling seems doubly due to them now, when they are in danger of being forgot by everybody; and by the vain honours which we pay to their memory, we endeavour, for our own misery, artificially to keep alive our melancholy remembrance of their misfortune. That our sympathy can afford them no consolation, seems to be an addition to their calamity; and to think that all we

can do is unavailing, and that what alleviates all other distresses, the regret, the love, and the lamentations of their friends, can yield no comfort to them, serves only to exasperate our sense of their misery. The happiness of the dead, however, most assuredly is affected by none of these circumstances; nor is it the thought of these things which can ever disturb the profound security of their repose. The idea of that dreary and endless melancholy which the fancy naturally ascribes to their condition, arises altogether from our joining to the change which has been produced upon them, our own consciousness of that change; from our putting ourselves in their situation, and from our lodging, if I may be allowed to say so, our own living souls in their inanimated bodies, and thence conceiving what would be our emotions in this case. It is from this very illusion of the imagination that the foresight of our own dissolution is so terrible to us, and that the idea of those circumstances, which undoubtedly can give us no pain when we are dead, makes us miserable when we are alive. And from thence arises one of the most important principles in human nature, the dread of death—the great poison to the happiness, but the great restraint upon the injustice of mankind, which, while it afflicts and mortifies the individual, guards and protects the society.

2. THAT WE HAVE A STRONGER PROPENSITY TO SYMPATHIZE WITH JOY THAN WITH GRIEF.

It is agreeable to sympathize with joy; and, wherever envy does not oppose it, our heart abandons itself with satisfaction to the highest transports of that delightful sentiment. But it is painful to go along with grief, and we always enter into it with reluctance. When we attend to the representation of a tragedy, we struggle against that sympathetic sorrow which the entertainment inspires as long as we can, and we give way to it at last only when we can no longer avoid it: we even then endeavour to cover our concern from the company. If we shed any tears, we carefully conceal them, and are afraid lest the spectators, not entering into this excessive tenderness, should regard it as effeminacy and weakness. The wretch whose misfortunes call upon our compassion feels with what reluctance we are likely to enter into his sorrow, and therefore proposes his grief to us with fear and hesitation: he even smothers the half of it, and is ashamed, upon account of this hard-heartedness of mankind, to give vent to the fulness of his affliction. It is otherwise with the man who riots in joy and success. Wherever envy does not interest us against him, he expects our completest sympathy. He does not fear, therefore, to announce himself with shouts of exultation, in full confidence that we are heartily disposed to go along with him.

Why should we be more ashamed to weep than to laugh before company? We may often have as real occasion to do the one as to do the other; but we always feel that the spectators are more likely

to go along with us in the agreeable than in the painful emotion. It is always miserable to complain, even when we are oppressed by the most dreadful calamities. But the triumph of victory is not always ungraceful. Prudence, indeed, would often advise us to bear our prosperity with more moderation; because prudence would teach us to avoid that envy which this very triumph is, more than anything, apt to excite. How hearty are the acclamations of the mob, who never bear any envy to their superiors, at a triumph or a public entry? And how sedate and moderate is commonly their grief at an execution? Our sorrow at a funeral generally amounts to no more than an affected gravity; but our mirth at a christening or a marriage is always from the heart, and without any affectation. Upon these, and all such joyous occasions, our satisfaction, though not so durable, is often as lively as that of the persons principally concerned. Whenever we cordially congratulate our friends, which, however, to the disgrace of human nature, we do but seldom, their joy literally becomes our joy: we are, for the moment, as happy as they are: our heart swells and overflows with real pleasure: joy and complacency sparkle from our eyes, and animate every feature of our countenance, and every gesture of our body.

But, on the contrary, when we condole with our friends in their afflictions, how little do we feel in comparison of what they feel. We sit down by them, we look at them, and while they relate to us the circumstances of their misfortune, we listen to them with gravity and attention. But while their narration is every moment interrupted by those natural bursts of passion which often seem almost to choke them in the midst of it, how far are the languid emotions of our hearts from keeping time to the transport of theirs? We may be sensible, at the same time, that their passion is natural, and no greater than what we ourselves might feel upon the like occasion. We may even inwardly reproach ourselves with our own want of sensibility, and perhaps, on that account, work ourselves up into an artificial sympathy, which, however, when it is raised, is always the slightest and most transitory imaginable; and generally, as soon as we have left the room, vanishes, and is gone for ever. Nature, it seems, when she loaded us with her own sorrows, thought that they were enough, and therefore did not command us to take any further share in those of others, than what was necessary to prompt us to relieve them.

3. INEQUALITIES IN WAGES.—("WEALTH OF NATIONS.")

The wages of labour vary with the ease or hardship, the cleanliness or dirtiness, the honourableness or dishonourableness of the employment. Thus in most places, take the year round, a journeyman tailor earns less than a journeyman weaver. His work is much easier. A journeyman weaver earns less than a journeyman smith. His work is not always easier, but it is much cleaner. A journeyman blacksmith, though an artificer, seldom earns so much in

twelve hours as a collier, who is only a labourer, does in eight. His work is not quite so dirty, is less dangerous, and is carried on in daylight, and above ground. Honour makes a great part of the reward of all honourable professions. In point of pecuniary gain, all things considered, they are generally under-recompensed. Disgrace has the contrary effect. The trade of a butcher is a brutal and an odious business; but it is in most places more profitable than the greater part of common trades. The most detestable of all employments, that of public executioner, is, in proportion to the quantity of work done, better paid than any common trade whatsoever.

The wages of labour vary with the easiness and cheapness, or the difficulty and expense of learning the business. When any expensive machine is erected, the extraordinary work to be performed by it, before it is worn out, it must be expected, will replace the capital laid out upon it, with at least the ordinary profits. A man educated at the expense of much labour and time to any of those employments which require extraordinary dexterity and skill, may be compared to one of those expensive machines. The work which he learns to perform, it must be expected, over and above the usual wages of common labour, will replace to him the whole expense of his education, with at least the ordinary profits of an equally valuable capital. It must do this too in a reasonable time, regard being had to the very uncertain duration of human life, in the same manner as to the more certain duration of the machine. The difference between the wages of skilled labour and those of common labour is founded upon this principle.

The wages of labour vary according to the small or great trust which must be reposed in the workmen. The wages of goldsmiths and jewellers are everywhere superior to those of many other workmen, not only of equal, but of much superior ingenuity, on account of the precious materials with which they are intrusted. We trust our health to the physician; our fortune, and sometimes our life and reputation, to the lawyer and attorney. Such confidence could not safely be reposed in people of a very mean or low condition. Their reward must be such, therefore, as may give them that rank in society which so important a trust requires. The long time and the great expense which must be laid out in their education, when combined with this circumstance, necessarily enhance still further the price of their labour.

The wages of labour in different employments vary according to the probability or improbability of success in them. The probability that any particular person shall ever be qualified for the employment to which he is educated, is very different in different occupations. In the greater part of mechanic trades, success is almost certain, but very uncertain in the liberal professions. Put your son apprentice to a shoemaker, there is little doubt of his learning to make a pair of shoes; but send him to study the law, it is at least twenty to one if ever he makes such proficiency as will enable him to live

by the business. In a perfectly fair lottery, those who draw the prizes ought to gain all that is lost by those who draw the blanks. In a profession where twenty fail for one that succeeds, that one ought to gain all that should have been gained by the unsuccessful twenty. The counsellor at law, who, perhaps, at near forty years of age begins to make something by his profession, ought to receive the retribution, not only of his own so tedious and expensive education, but of that of more than twenty others who are never likely to make anything by it. How extravagant soever the fees of counsellors at law may sometimes appear, their real retribution is never equal to this. Compute in any particular place what is likely to be annually gained, and what is likely to be annually spent, by all the different workmen in any common trade, such as that of shoemakers or weavers, and you will find that the former sums will generally exceed the latter. But make the same computation with regard to all the counsellors and students of law in all the different inns of court, and you will find that their annual gains bear but a very small proportion to their annual expense, even though you rate the former as high, and the latter as low, as can well be done. The lottery of the law, therefore, is very far from being a perfectly fair lottery; and that, as well as many other liberal and honourable professions, are, in point of pecuniary gain, evidently under-recompensed.

3. ADVANTAGES OF THE DIVISION OF LABOUR.—("WEALTH OF NATIONS," BOOK I., CHAP. I.)

It is the great multiplication of the productions of all the different arts, in consequence of the division of labour, which occasions in a well-governed society that universal opulence which extends itself to the lowest ranks of the people. Every workman has a great quantity of his own work to dispose of beyond what he himself has occasion for; and every other workman being exactly in the same situation, he is enabled to exchange a great quantity of his own goods for a great quantity, or, what comes to the same thing, for the price of a great quantity of theirs. He supplies them abundantly with what they have occasion for, and they accommodate him as amply with what he has occasion for, and a general plenty diffuses itself through all the different ranks of society.

Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-labourer in a civilized and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woollen coat, for example, which covers the day-labourer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the woolcomber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to com-

plete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others who often live in a very distant part of the country ! How much commerce and navigation in particular, how many ship-builders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world ! What a variety of labour, too, is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of these workmen ! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labour is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brick-maker, the brick-layer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the mill-wright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them. Were we to examine in the same manner all the different parts of his dress and household furniture, the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed which he lies on, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen-grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him perhaps by a long sea and a long land carriage, all the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen or pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals, the different hands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention, without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing these different conveniences ;—if we examine, I say, all these things, and consider what a variety of labour is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible that without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilized country could not be provided, even according to what we very falsely imagine, the easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated. Compared, indeed, with the more extravagant luxury of the great, his accommodation must no doubt appear extremely simple and easy ; and yet it may be true, perhaps, that the accommodation of an European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of many an African king, the absolute master of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages.

XXI. HUGH BLAIR.

HUGH BLAIR was born at Edinburgh in 1718, and educated for the Church. For some time he officiated in a rural district in Fife; but his reputation for eloquence having reached the Scottish metropolis, he was appointed one of the ministers of the High Church there. Shortly after his arrival in Edinburgh, he began to read a course of lectures on Rhetoric and the Belles Lettres, which met with such approbation that a Chair of Rhetoric was instituted in the university, of which Blair was naturally the first occupant. He also published a "Dissertation on Ossian's Poems," which added considerably to his reputation as an able critic. His "Sermons," of which the first volume appeared in 1777, were received with enthusiastic admiration over the whole of Britain, and, besides realizing to their author a large sum as copyright, procured for him a pension of L.200 from the King. At a later period, he also published the "Lectures on Rhetoric," which he had been for twenty-four years in the habit of reading in Edinburgh University. He died in 1800. The "Sermons" of Blair, though by no means to be ranked in the highest class of such compositions, are able and eloquent, though they are apt to lose by comparison with the more lively and impetuous pulpit eloquence so much in vogue at the present day. His "Lectures" display occasionally a good deal of vanity, and are not at all brilliant or captivating in their style; but they are entitled to high praise as a useful and accurate summary of the principles of composition and literary criticism.

1. RISE AND PROGRESS OF LANGUAGE.

Language in general signifies the expression of our ideas by certain articulate sounds, which are used as the signs of those ideas. By articulate sounds are meant those modulations of simple voice, or of sound emitted from the thorax, which are formed by means of the mouth and its several organs,—the teeth, the tongue, the lips, and the palate. How far there is any natural connection between the ideas of the mind and the sounds emitted will appear from what I have afterwards to offer. But as the natural connection can, upon any system, affect only a small part of the fabric of language, the connection between words and ideas may, in general, be considered as arbitrary and conventional, owing to the agreement of men among themselves: the clear proof of which is, that different nations have different languages, or a different set of articulate sounds, which they have chosen for communicating their ideas.

This artificial method of communicating thought we now behold carried to the highest perfection. Language has become a vehicle by which the most delicate and refined emotions of one mind can be transmitted, or, if we may so speak, transfused into another. Not only are names given to all objects around us, by which means

an easy and speedy intercourse is carried on for providing the necessaries of life, but all the relations and differences among these objects are minutely marked, the invisible sentiments of the mind are described, the most abstract notions and conceptions are rendered intelligible, and all the ideas which science can discover or imagination create, are known by their proper names. Nay, language has been carried so far as to be made an instrument of the most refined luxury. Not resting in mere perspicuity, we require ornament also; not satisfied with having the conceptions of others made known to us, we make a further demand to have them so decked and adorned as to entertain our fancy; and this demand it is found very possible to gratify. In this state we now find language. In this state it has been found among many nations for some thousand years. The object has become familiar; and, like the expanse of the firmament and other great objects which we are accustomed to behold, we behold it without wonder.

But carry your thoughts back to the first dawn of language among men. Reflect upon the feeble beginnings from which it must have arisen, and upon the many and great obstacles which it must have encountered in its progress, and you will find reason for the highest astonishment on viewing the height which it has now attained. We admire several of the inventions of art; we plume ourselves on some discoveries which have been made in latter ages, serving to advance knowledge, and to render life comfortable; we speak of them as the boast of human reason. But certainly no invention is entitled to any such degree of admiration as that of language; which, too, must have been the product of the first and rudest ages, if, indeed, it can be considered as a human invention at all. Think of the circumstances of mankind when languages began to be formed. They were a wandering, scattered race; no society among them except families; and the family society, too, very imperfect, as their method of living, by hunting or pasturage, must have separated them frequently from one another. In this situation, when so much divided, and their intercourse so rare, how could any one set of sounds or words be generally agreed on as the signs of their ideas? Supposing that a few, whom chance or necessity threw together, agreed by some means upon certain signs, yet by what authority could these be propagated among other tribes or families so as to spread and grow up into a language? One would think that, in order to any language fixing and extending itself, men must have been previously gathered together in considerable numbers; society must have been already far advanced; and yet, on the other hand, there seems to have been an absolute necessity for speech previous to the formation of society. For by what bond could any multitude of men be kept together, or be made to join in the prosecution of any common interest, until once, by the intervention of speech, they could communicate their wants and intentions to one another? So that, either how society could form itself previous to language, or how words could rise into a language pre-

viously to society formed, seem to be points attended with equal difficulty. And when we consider further, that curious analogy which prevails in the construction of almost all languages, and that deep and subtle logic on which they are founded, difficulties increase so much upon us on all hands, that there seems to be no small reason for referring the first origin of all language to divine teaching or inspiration.

But, supposing language to have a divine original, we cannot, however, suppose that a perfect system of it was all at once given to man. It is much more natural to think that God taught our first parents only such language as suited their present occasions; leaving them, as He did in other things, to enlarge and improve it as their future necessities should require. Consequently, those first rudiments of speech must have been poor and narrow; and we are at full liberty to inquire in what manner, and by what steps, language advanced to the state in which we now find it.

If we should suppose a period before any words were invented or known, it is clear that men could have no other method of communicating to others what they felt, than by the cries of passion, accompanied with such motions and gestures as were further expressive of passion. For these are the only signs which nature teaches all men, and which are understood by all. One who saw another going into some place where he himself had been frightened or exposed to danger, and who sought to warn his neighbour of the danger, could contrive no other way of doing so than by uttering those cries, and making those gestures, which are the sign of fear; just as two men at this day would endeavour to make themselves be understood by each other who should be thrown together on a desolate island, ignorant of each other's language. Those exclamations, therefore, which by grammarians are called interjections, uttered in a strong and passionate manner, were, beyond doubt, the first elements or beginnings of speech. When more enlarged communication became necessary, and names began to be assigned to objects, in what manner can we suppose men to have proceeded in the assignation of names or invention of words? Undoubtedly, by imitating as much as they could the nature of the object which they named, by the sound of the name which they gave to it. As a painter, who would represent grass, must employ a green colour; so, in the beginnings of language, one giving a name to anything harsh or boisterous would, of course, employ a harsh or boisterous sound.

He could not do otherwise, if he meant to excite in the hearer the idea of that thing which he sought to name. To suppose words invented or names given to things, in a manner purely arbitrary, without any ground or reason, is to suppose an effect without a cause.

There must have always been some motive which led to the assignation of one name rather than another; and we can conceive no motive which would more generally operate upon men in their

first efforts towards language than a desire to paint, by speech, the objects which they named, in a manner more or less complete, according as the vocal organs had it in their power to effect this imitation.

Whenever objects were to be named in which sound, noise, or motion were concerned, the imitation by words was abundantly obvious. Nothing was more natural than to imitate, by the sound of the voice, the quality of the sound or noise which any external object made, and to form its name accordingly. Thus, in all languages, we find a multitude of words that are evidently constructed on this principle. A certain bird is termed the cuckoo, from the sound which it emits. When one sort of wind is said to whistle, and another to roar; when a serpent is said to hiss, a fly to buzz, and falling timber to crash; when a stream is said to flow, and hail to rattle, the analogy between the word and the thing signified is plainly discernible.

2. GENTLENESS.—(BLAIR'S "SERMONS," SERMON VI.)

I begin with distinguishing true gentleness from passive tameness of spirit, and from unlimited compliance with the manners of others. That passive tameness which submits, without struggle, to every encroachment of the violent and assuming, forms no part of Christian duty, but, on the contrary, is destructive of general happiness and order. That unlimited complaisance which, on every occasion, falls in with the opinions and manners of others, is so far from being a virtue, that it is itself a vice, and the parent of many vices. It overthrows all steadiness of principle, and produces that sinful conformity with the world which taints the whole character. In the present corrupted state of human manners, always to assent and to comply is the very worst maxim we can adopt. It is impossible to support the purity and dignity of Christian morals without opposing the world on various occasions, even though we should stand alone. That gentleness, therefore, which belongs to virtue is to be carefully distinguished from the mean spirit of cowards and the fawning assent of sycophants. It renounces no just right from fear. It gives up no important truth from flattery. It is indeed not only consistent with a firm mind, but it necessarily requires a manly spirit and a fixed principle in order to give it any real value. Upon this solid ground only the polish of gentleness can, with advantage, be superinduced.

It stands opposed, not to the most determined regard for virtue and truth, but to harshness and severity, to pride and arrogance, to violence and oppression. It is, properly, that part of the great virtue of charity which makes us unwilling to give pain to any of our brethren. Compassion prompts us to relieve their wants; forbearance prevents us from retaliating their injuries. Meekness restrains our angry passions; candour, our severe judgments. Gentleness corrects whatever is offensive in our manners; and, by a constant

train of humane attentions, studies to alleviate the burden of common misery. Its office, therefore, is extensive. It is not, like some other virtues, called forth only on peculiar emergencies; but it is continually in action when we are engaged in intercourse with men. It ought to form our address, to regulate our speech, and to diffuse itself over our whole behaviour.

I must warn you, however, not to confound this gentle *wisdom which is from above* with that artificial courtesy, that studied smoothness of manners, which is learned in the school of the world. Such accomplishments the most frivolous and empty may possess. Too often they are employed by the artful as a snare; too often affected by the hard and unfeeling as a cover to the baseness of their minds. We cannot, at the same time, avoid observing the homage which, even in such instances, the world is constrained to pay to virtue. In order to render society agreeable, it is found necessary to assume somewhat that may, at least, carry its appearance. Virtue is the universal charm. Even its shadow is courted when the substance is wanting. The imitation of its form has been reduced into an art; and, in the commerce of life, the first study of all who would either gain the esteem or win the hearts of others, is to learn the speech and adopt the manners of candour, gentleness, and humanity. But that gentleness which is the characteristic of a good man, has, like every other virtue, its seat in the heart; and, let me add, nothing except what flows from the heart can render even external manners truly pleasing. For no assumed behaviour can at all times hide the real character. In that unaffected civility which springs from a gentle mind, there is a charm infinitely more powerful than in all the studied manners of the most finished courtier.

True gentleness is founded on a sense of what we owe to Him who made us, and to the common nature of which we all share. It arises from reflection on our own failings and wants, and from just views of the condition and the duty of man. It is native feeling, heightened and improved by principle. It is the heart which easily relents, which feels for everything that is human, and is backward and slow to inflict the least wound. It is affable in its address, and mild in its demeanour; ever ready to oblige, and willing to be obliged by others; breathing habitual kindness towards friends, courtesy to strangers, long-suffering to enemies. It exercises authority with moderation, administers reproof with tenderness, confers favour with ease and modesty. It is unassuming in opinion, and temperate in zeal. It contends not eagerly about trifles; slow to contradict, and still slower to blame, but prompt to allay dissension and to restore peace. It neither intermeddles unnecessarily with the affairs, nor pries inquisitively into the secrets of others. It delights, above all things, to alleviate distress, and, if it cannot dry up the falling tear, to soothe, at least, the grieving heart. Where it has not the power of being useful, it is never burdensome. It seeks to please rather than to shine and dazzle, and

conceals with care that superiority, either of talents or of rank, which is oppressive to those who are beneath it. In a word, it is that spirit, and that tenor of manners, which the gospel of Christ enjoins when it commands us to bear one another's burdens; to rejoice with those who rejoice, and to weep with those who weep; to please every one his neighbour for his good; to be kind and tender-hearted; to be pitiful and courteous; to support the weak, and to be patient towards all men.

XXII. DR ADAM FERGUSON.

DR ADAM FERGUSON was born at Logierait, in Perthshire, in 1724, and was educated at the nearest university, that of St Andrews. He entered the Church, and became for some time chaplain in a highland regiment; but having become connected with the Bute family, he through their influence obtained the more congenial appointment of Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. He was subsequently engaged in a political mission to America during the revolutionary war; and after again resuming the duties of his Chair for a time, he resigned his appointment, and retired to St Andrews, where he died in 1816, at the extreme age of ninety-three. He published, at different periods, "An Essay on the History of Civil Society," "Institutes of Moral Philosophy," and "History of the Roman Republic." He was in early life the companion of Robertson, Blair, and Smith; and his abilities rendered him worthy of such illustrious society. His works are characterized by their acute philosophical reflections, and his "History of Civil Society" may be ranked as a companion volume to the more famous "Wealth of Nations" of his friend Adam Smith. Ferguson's style is vigorous, and often eloquent; it is, however, occasionally somewhat sententious, and in consequence rather obscure.

1. OF THE INFLUENCES OF CLIMATE AND SITUATION ON SOCIETY.— ("ESSAY ON THE HISTORY OF CIVIL SOCIETY," PART III., SECT. II.)

Man, in his animal capacity, is qualified to subsist in every climate. He reigns with the lion and the tiger under the equatorial heats of the sun, or he associates with the bear and the reindeer beyond the polar circle. His versatile disposition fits him to assume the habits of either condition, or his talent for arts enables him to supply its defects. The intermediate climates, however, appear most to favour his nature; and in whatever manner we account for the fact, it cannot be doubted, that this animal has always attained to the principal honours of his species within the temperate zone. The arts, which he has on this scene repeatedly invented, the extent of his reason, the fertility of his fancy, and the force of his genius in literature, commerce, policy, and war, sufficiently declare either a

distinguished advantage of situation, or a natural superiority of mind.

The most remarkable races of men, it is true, have been rude before they were polished. They have in some cases returned to rudeness again: and it is not from the actual possession of arts, science, or policy that we are to pronounce of their genius. There is a vigour, a reach of capacity, and a sensibility of mind, which may characterize as well the savage as the citizen, the slave as well as the master; and the same powers of the mind may be turned to a variety of purposes. A modern Greek, perhaps, is mischievous, slavish, and cunning, from the same animated temperament that made his ancestor ardent, ingenious, and bold in the camp, or in the council of his nation. A modern Italian is distinguished by sensibility, quickness, and art, while he employs on trifles the capacity of an ancient Roman, and exhibits now, in the scene of amusement, and in the search of a frivolous applause, that fire and those passions with which Gracchus burned in the forum, and shook the assemblies of a severer people.

The commercial and lucrative arts have been, in some climates, the principal object of mankind, and have been retained through every disaster; in others, even under all the fluctuations of fortune, they have still been neglected; while in the temperate climates of Europe and Asia, they have had their ages of admiration as well as contempt. In one state of society, arts are slighted, from that very ardour of mind, and principle of activity, by which, in another, they are practised with the greatest success. While men are engrossed by their passions, heated and roused by the struggles and dangers of their country; while the trumpet sounds, or the alarm of social engagement is rung, and the heart beats high, it were a mark of dulness, or of an abject spirit, to find leisure for the study of ease, or the pursuit of improvements, which have mere convenience or ease for their object. The frequent vicissitudes and reverses of fortune, which nations have experienced on that very ground where the arts have prospered, are probably the effects of a busy, inventive, and versatile spirit, by which men have carried every national pursuit to extremes. They have raised the fabric of despotic empire to its greatest height, where they had best understood the foundations of freedom. They perished in the flames which they themselves had kindled; and they only, perhaps, were capable of displaying, by turns, the greatest improvements, or the lowest corruptions, to which the human mind can be brought.

On this scene mankind have twice, within the compass of history, ascended from rude beginnings to very high degrees of refinement. In every age, whether destined by its temporary disposition to build or to destroy, they have left the vestiges of an active and vehement spirit. The pavement and the ruins of Rome are buried in dust, shaken from the feet of barbarians, who trod with contempt on the refinements of luxury, and spurned those arts, the use of which it was reserved for the posterity of the same people to discover and to

admire. The tents of the wild Arab are even now pitched among the ruins of magnificent cities ; and the waste fields which border on Palestine and Syria, are perhaps become again the nursery of infant nations. The chieftain of an Arab tribe, like the founder of Rome, may have already fixed the roots of a plant that is to flourish in some future period, or laid the foundations of a fabric that will attain to its grandeur in some distant age.

Great part of Africa has been always unknown ; but the silence of fame, on the subject of its revolutions, is an argument, where no other proof can be found, of weakness in the genius of its people. The torrid zone, everywhere round the globe, however known to the geographer, has furnished few materials for history ; and though in many places supplied with the arts of life in no contemptible degree, has nowhere matured the more important projects of political wisdom, nor inspired the virtues which are connected with freedom, and which are required in the conduct of civil affairs. It was indeed in the torrid zone that mere arts of mechanism and manufacture were found, among the inhabitants of the new world, to have made the greatest advance ; it is in India, and in the regions of this hemisphere, which are visited by the vertical sun, that the arts of manufacture, and the practice of commerce, are of the greatest antiquity, and have survived, with the smallest diminution, the ruins of time, and the revolutions of empire. The sun, it seems, which ripens the pine-apple and the tamarind, inspires a degree of mildness that can even assuage the rigours of despotical government : and such is the effect of a gentle and pacific disposition in the natives of the East, that no conquest, no irruption of barbarians, terminates, as they did among the stubborn natives of Europe, by a total destruction of what the love of ease and of pleasure had produced.

Man, in the perfection of his natural faculties, is quick and delicate in his sensibility ; extensive and various in his imaginations and reflections ; attentive, penetrating, and subtle in what relates to his fellow-creatures ; firm and ardent in his purposes ; devoted to friendship or to enmity ; jealous of his independence and his honour, which he will not relinquish for safety or for profit ; under all his corruptions or improvements, he retains his natural sensibility, if not his force ; and his commerce is a blessing or a curse, according to the direction his mind has received. But under the extremes of heat or of cold, the active range of the human soul appears to be limited ; and men are of inferior importance, either as friends or as enemies. In the one extreme, they are dull and slow, moderate in their desires, regular and pacific in their manner of life ; in the other, they are feverish in their passions, weak in their judgments, and addicted by temperament to animal pleasure. In both the heart is mercenary, and makes important concessions for childish bribes : in both the spirit is prepared for servitude ; in the one, it is subdued by fear of the future ; in the other, it is not roused even by its sense of the present.

2. COMPARISON OF THE GREEKS AND ROMANS WITH MODERN NATIONS.—("CIVIL SOCIETY," PART IV., SECT. IV.)

The Greeks and Romans are indebted, for a great part of their estimation, not to the matter of their history, but to the manner in which it has been delivered, and to the capacity of their historians and other writers. Their story has been told by men who knew how to draw our attention on the proceedings of the understanding and of the heart, more than on the detail of facts, and who could exhibit characters to be admired and loved in the midst of actions which we should now universally hate or condemn. Like Homer, the model of Grecian literature, they could make us forget the horrors of a vindictive, cruel, and remorseless treatment of an enemy, in behalf of the strenuous conduct, the courage, and vehement affections, with which the hero maintained the cause of his friend and of his country.

Our manners are so different, and the system upon which we regulate our apprehensions in many things so opposite, that no less could make us endure the practice of ancient nations. Were that practice recorded by the mere journalist, who retains only the detail of events, without throwing any light on the character of the actors; who, like the Tartar historian, tells us only what blood was spilt in the field, and how many inhabitants were massacred in the city; we should never have distinguished the Greeks from their barbarous neighbours, nor have thought that the character of civility pertained even to the Romans, till very late in their history, and in the decline of their empire. To form a judgment of the character from which they acted in the field, and in their competitions with neighbouring nations, we must observe them at home. They were bold and fearless in their civil dissensions, ready to proceed to extremities, and to carry their debates to the decision of force. Individuals stood distinguished by their personal spirit and vigour, not by the valuation of their estates, or the rank of their birth. They had a personal elevation founded on the sense of equality, not of precedence. The general of one campaign was during the next a private soldier, and served in the ranks. They were solicitous to acquire bodily strength; because, in the use of their weapons, battles were a trial of the soldier's strength as well as of the leader's conduct. The remains of their statuary show a manly grace, an air of simplicity and ease, which, being frequent in nature, were familiar to the artist. The mind perhaps borrowed a confidence and force from the vigour and address of the body; their eloquence and style bore a resemblance to the carriage of the person. The understanding was chiefly cultivated in the practice of affairs. The most respectable persons were obliged to mix with the crowd, and derived their degree of ascendancy only from their conduct, their eloquence, and personal vigour. They had no forms of expression to mark a ceremonious and guarded respect. Invective proceeded

to railing, and the grossest terms were often employed by the most admired and accomplished orators. Quarreling had no rules but the immediate dictates of passion, which ended in words of reproach, in violence, and blows. They fortunately went always unarmed; and to wear a sword in times of peace, was among them the mark of a barbarian. When they took arms in the divisions of faction, the prevailing party supported itself by expelling their opponents, by proscriptions, and bloodshed. The usurper endeavoured to maintain his station by the most violent and prompt executions. He was opposed in his turn by conspiracies and assassinations, in which the most respectable citizens were ready to use the dagger. Such was the character of their spirit, in its occasional ferments at home; and it burst commonly with a suitable violence and force against their foreign rivals and enemies. The amiable plea of humanity was little regarded by them in the operations of war. Cities were razed or enslaved; the captive sold, mutilated, or condemned to die.

When viewed on this side, the ancient nations have but a sorry plea for esteem with the inhabitants of modern Europe, who profess to carry the civilities of peace into the practice of war, and who value the praise of indiscriminate lenity at a higher rate than even that of military prowess, or the love of their country. And yet they have, in other respects, merited and obtained our praise. Their ardent attachment to their country; their contempt of suffering and of death in its cause; their manly apprehensions of personal independence, which rendered every individual, even under tottering establishments and imperfect laws, the guardian of freedom to his fellow-citizens; their activity of mind; in short, their penetration, the ability of their conduct and force of their spirit, have gained them the first rank among nations. If their animosities were great, their affections were proportionate; they perhaps loved where we only pity, and were stern and inexorable where we are not merciful, but only irresolute. After all, the merit of a man is determined by his candour and generosity to his associates, by his zeal for national objects, and by his vigour in maintaining political rights; not by moderation alone, which proceeds frequently from indifference to national and public interests, and which serves to relax the nerves on which the force of a private as well as a public character depends.

HENRY MACKENZIE.

The writings of HENRY MACKENZIE belong to the third period of our literature, both in point of time and style, though he himself survived till long after the extinction of the taste which prevailed when his works were issued. He was born in Edinburgh in 1745, and re-

ceived his education in the High School and University of his native town. He was destined for the law, and to qualify himself for some departments of his profession, he resided for some time in London, and there probably he acquired his literary tastes. On returning to Edinburgh, he resumed the duties of his profession, without however abandoning the pursuit of literature: in 1771 he published his first novel, "The Man of Feeling," and he subsequently wrote "The Man of the World," and another novel. In the years 1779 and 1780, he engaged in the publication of a periodical similar to the "Spectator," entitled "The Mirror," which was received with marked approbation; and in 1785-6, it was followed by "The Lounger," a work in the same style, which enjoyed even higher popularity than its predecessor. Having defended the government of Pitt, he was in 1804 rewarded with a lucrative office, which he continued to enjoy during life. He died in 1831. The popularity of Mackenzie in his own country was no doubt owing in some measure to his being the first Scotch writer who exhibited any of the lighter graces of style, still it must be in the main attributed to his sterling merits. His works display something of the pleasant humour of Steele, in union with a command over the feelings worthy of Sterne, whom Mackenzie, indeed, seems to have adopted as his model. His "Tale of La Roche," which originally appeared in "The Mirror," has been always admired as not inferior in beauty and pathos to anything which the language contains.

STORY OF "LA ROCHE"—("MIRROR," NOS. XLII.-IV.)

More than forty years ago an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in this retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement highly favourable to the development of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time. One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal: that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine, the village surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress as by that which it caused to his daughter. Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his housekeeper to the sick man's apartment.

'Twas the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one

notwithstanding. The philosopher was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joists, not plastered, and hung with cobwebs. On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. The philosopher and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it. "Mademoiselle," said the old woman at last, in a soft tone. She turned, and showed one of the finest faces in the world. It was touched, not spoiled with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. It was sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones: "Monsieur lies miserably ill here," said the housekeeper; "if he could possibly be moved anywhere." "If he could be moved to our house," said her master. He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret-room unoccupied next to the housekeeper's. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples though he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapt in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a Protestant clergyman of Switzerland, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed, and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned. He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity; I mean, that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in. The philosopher, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others. His housekeeper joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery; for she, too, was a heretic, in the phrase of the village. The philosopher walked out with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings. "My master," said the old woman, "alas! he is not a Christian; but he is the best of unbelievers." "Not a Christian," exclaimed Mademoiselle La Roche, "yet he saved my father! Heaven bless him for it; I would he were a Christian!" "There is a pride in human knowledge, my child," said her father, "which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation; hence opposers

of Christianity are found among men of virtuous lives as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former, because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation." "But," said his daughter, "alas! my father, he shall be a Christian before he dies." She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord. He took her hand with an air of kindness. She drew it away from him in silence; threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room. "I have been thanking God," said the good La Roche, "for my recovery." "That is right," replied his landlord. "I would not wish," continued the old man, hesitatingly, "to think otherwise; did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good." "You say right, my dear sir," replied the philosopher; "but you are not yet re-established enough to talk much—you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme that struck me to-day, when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland; I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country. I will help to take care of you by the road; for, as I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure." La Roche's eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father, for they really loved their landlord, not perhaps the less for his infidelity, at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him; their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those valleys of the Canton of Berne, where nature seems to repose as it were in quiet, and has inclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible. A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken waterfall was seen through the wood that covered its sides; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches. The philosopher enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but to his companions it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost. The old man's sorrow was silent, his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven, and having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded.

They had not been long arrived when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward but sincere in their professions of regard. They made some attempts at condolence; it was too delicate for their handling; but La Roche took

it in good part. "It has pleased God," said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself. Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words. It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country-folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest. "That is the signal," said he, "for our evening exercise: this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family and such of the good people as are with us; if you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant, or here are a few old books that may afford you some entertainment within." "By no means," answered the philosopher; "I will attend Ma'moiselle at her devotions." "She is our organist," said La Roche; "our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism; and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing." "'Tis an additional inducement," replied the other; and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche; before it was a curtain which his daughter drew aside, and placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. The philosopher was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music; this fastened on his mind more strongly from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and His care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord. The organ was touched with a hand less firm; it paused; it ceased; and the sobbing of Ma'moiselle La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners caught the ardour of the good old man; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot for a moment to think why he should not. 'Twas with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at Geneva; the promise he had made to La Roche and his daughter on his former visit was recalled to his mind by the view of that range of mountains on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. While

he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, he received a letter from the old man. It contained a gentle complaint of his want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and, as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Mademoiselle La Roche with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable dispositions and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands and see them happy before he died.

After some little speculation on the matter, our philosopher determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy. On the last day of his journey different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked on approaching the spot to find it proceed from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture. On his making inquiry who was the person they had been burying, one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, "Then you knew not Mademoiselle, sir!—you never beheld a lovelier." "La Roche!" exclaimed he, in reply. "Alas! it was she indeed!" The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked. He came up closer to him; "I perceive, sir, you were acquainted with Mademoiselle La Roche." "Acquainted with her! when—how—where did she die? Where is her father?" "She died, sir, of heart-break, I believe; the young gentleman to whom she was soon to have been married was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favours. Her worthy father bears her death as he has often told us a Christian should; he is even so composed as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on

such occasions: follow me, sir, and you shall hear him." He followed him without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half-closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow thinly covered with gray hairs. The music ceased; La Roche sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. The philosopher was not less affected than they. La Roche arose. "Father of mercies," said he, "forgive these tears; assist Thy servant to lift up his soul to Thee; to lift to Thee the souls of Thy people! My friends! it is good so to do: at all seasons it is good; but in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well saith the sacred book, 'Trust in the Lord; at all times trust in the Lord.' When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God. 'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use; for, in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness. I will not bid you be insensible, my friends! I cannot, I cannot, if I would"—(his tears flowed afresh)—"I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my feelings; but therefore may I the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you; to direct you to Him, not with empty words, but with these tears; not from speculation, but from experience, that while you see me suffer you may know also my consolation.

"You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years! Such a child, too! It becomes not me to speak of her virtues; yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself. Not many days ago, you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy. Ye who are parents will judge of my felicity then; ye will judge of my affliction now. But I look towards Him who struck me; I see the hand of a Father amidst the chastenings of my God. Oh, could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart when it is pressed down with many sorrows; to pour it out with confidence to Him in whose hands are life and death, on whose power awaits all that the first enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the last can inflict! For we are not as those who die without hope; we know that our Redeemer liveth; that we shall live with Him; with our friends, His servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as it is perfect.

Go, then, mourn not for me; I have not lost my child. But a little while and we shall meet again, never to be separated. But ye are also my children; would ye that I should not grieve without comfort? So live as she lived, that when your death cometh it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his."

Such was the exhortation of La Roche. His audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and of hope. The philosopher followed him into his house. The inspiration of the pulpit was past. At sight of him, the scenes they had last met in rushed again on his mind. La Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected. They went together in silence into the parlour, where the evening service was wont to be performed. The curtains of the organ were open; La Roche started back at the sight. "Oh, my friend!" said he, and his tears burst forth again. The philosopher had now recollected himself. He stepped forward and drew the curtains close. The old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend's hand, "You see my weakness," said he; "'tis the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost." "I heard you," said the other, "in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is yours." "It is, my friend," said he, "and I trust I shall ever hold it fast. If there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction."

The philosopher's heart was smitten; and I have heard him, long after, confess that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him, even to weakness; when, amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche, and wished that he had never doubted.

XXIV. DR GEORGE CAMPBELL.

DR CAMPBELL, the ablest divine to whom Scotland gave birth during the third of our literary periods, was born in 1719. His ability procured him the appointment of Professor of Divinity in Marischal College, Aberdeen, to which was afterwards added the office of Principal of the same college. Scepticism was then making its boldest efforts, and Hume had endeavoured to deprive divines of one of the chief arguments for the faith, by showing that miracles were, by their own nature, placed beyond all possibility of proof, and that no evidence for the truth of Christianity could, in consequence, be founded on them. In reply to Hume, Campbell published his "Essay on Miracles," which is usually allowed to have been the soundest work that appeared on the Christian side of the question; and its ability was indeed admitted by Hume himself. He wrote also the

"Philosophy of Rhetoric," a work which, on everything relating to the style and composition of any oratorical performance, is not surpassed by anything in our language. All subsequent treatises on the subject have been so much indebted to Campbell, that their works may more properly be considered as abridgments or modifications of his than as original productions. He was also the author of an able translation of the "Four Gospels," and of "Lectures on Ecclesiastical History," which were published posthumously. His services to religion were rewarded with a pension in 1795; but he did not long enjoy it, as he died the next year.

1. NECESSITY OF APPEALING TO THE PASSIONS IN ORDER TO EFFECT PERSUASION.—("PHILOSOPHY OF RHETORIC," BOOK I., CHAP. VII., LECT. IV.)

When persuasion is the end, passion also must be engaged. If it is fancy which bestows brilliancy on our ideas, if it is memory which gives them stability, passion doth more,—it animates them. Hence they derive spirit and energy. To say that it is possible to persuade without speaking to the passions, is but at best a kind of specious nonsense. The coolest reasoner always, in persuading, addresseth himself to the passions some way or other. This he cannot avoid doing, if he speak to the purpose. To make me believe, it is enough to show me that things are so; to make me act, it is necessary to show that the action will answer some end. That can never be an end to me which gratifies no passion or affection in my nature. You assure me "it is for my honour." Now you solicit my pride, without which I had never been able to understand the word. You say "it is for my interest." Now you bespeak my self-love. "It is for the public good." Now you rouse my patriotism. "It will relieve the miserable." Now you touch my pity. So far, therefore, it is from being an unfair method of persuasion to move the passions, that there is no persuasion without moving them.

But if so much depend on passion, where is the scope for argument? Before I answer this question, let it be observed that, in order to persuade, there are two things which must be carefully studied by the orator. The first is, to excite some desire or passion in the hearers; the second is, to satisfy their judgment that there is a connection between the action to which he would persuade them, and the gratification of the desire or passion which he excites. This is the analysis of persuasion. The former is effected by communicating lively and glowing ideas of the object; the latter, unless so evident of itself as to supersede the necessity, by presenting the best and most forcible arguments which the nature of the subject admits. In the one lies the pathetic; in the other the argumentative. These, incorporated together, constitute that vehemence of contention to which the greatest exploits of eloquence ought doubtless to be ascribed. Here, then, is the principal scope for argument; but not the only scope, as will appear in the sequel.

When the first end alone is attained, the pathetic without the rational, the passions are indeed roused from a disagreeable languor by the help of the imagination, and the mind is thrown into a state which, though accompanied with some painful emotions, rarely fails, upon the whole, to affect it with pleasure. But if the hearers are judicious, no practical effect is produced. They cannot, by such declamation, be influenced to a particular action, because not convinced that that action will conduce to the gratifying of the passion raised. Your eloquence hath fired my ambition, and makes me burn with public zeal. The consequence is, there is nothing which at present I would not attempt for the sake of fame and the interest of my country. You advise me to such a conduct; but you have not shown me how that can contribute to gratify either passion. Satisfy me in this, and I am instantly at your command. Indeed, when the hearers are rude and ignorant, nothing more is necessary in the speaker than to inflame their passions. They will not require that the connection between the conduct he urges and the end proposed be evinced to them; his word will satisfy; and therefore bold affirmations are made to supply the place of reasons. Hence it is that the rabble are ever the prey of quacks and impudent pretenders of every denomination.

On the contrary, when the other end alone is attained, the rational without the pathetic, the speaker is as far from his purpose as before. You have proved beyond contradiction, that acting thus is the sure way to procure such an object. I perceive that your reasoning is conclusive; but I am not affected by it. Why? I have no passion for the object. I am indifferent whether I procure it or not. You have demonstrated that such a step will mortify my enemy. I believe it; but I have no resentment, and will not trouble myself to give pain to another. Your arguments evince that it would gratify my vanity; but I prefer my ease. Thus passion is the mover to action, reason the guide. Good is the object of the will, truth is the object of the understanding.

It may be thought that when the motive is the equity, the generosity, or the intrinsic merit of the action recommended, argument may be employed to evince the reasonableness of the end, as well as the fitness of the means. But this way of speaking suits better the popular dialect than the philosophical. The term "reasonableness," when used in this manner, means nothing but the goodness, the amiableness, or moral excellency. If, therefore, the hearer hath no love of justice, no benevolence, no regard to right, although he were endowed with the perspicacity of a cherub, your harangue could never have any influence on his mind. The reason is, when you speak of the fitness of the means, you address yourself only to the head; when you speak of the goodness of the end, you address yourself to the heart, of which we supposed him destitute.

2. AFFECTED METHODS OF SPELLING.—("RHETORIC," BOOK II,
CHAP. III.)

Some late writers have chosen to make alterations on proper names, and some other words of foreign extraction, on pretence of bringing them nearer, both in pronunciation and in spelling, to the original names, as they appear in the language from which those words were taken. In order to answer this important purpose, several terms which have maintained their place in our tongue for many centuries, and which are known to everybody, must be expelled, that room may be made for a set of uncouth and barbarous sounds, with which our ears are unacquainted, and to some of which it is impossible for us so to adapt our organs, accustomed only to English, as rightly to articulate them.

It hath been the invariable custom of all nations, as far as I know: it was particularly the customs of the Grecians and Romans, when they introduced a foreign name into their language, to make such alterations on it as would facilitate the pronunciation to their own people, and render it more analogous to the other words of their tongue. There is an evident convenience in this practice; but where the harm of it is I am not able to discover. No more can I divine what good reason can be alleged for proscribing the name *Zoroaster*, till of late universally adopted by English authors who had occasion to mention that Eastern sage, and the same, except in termination, that is used in Greek and Latin classics. Is *Zerdusht*, which those people would substitute in its place, a more musical word? Or is it of any consequence to us that it is nearer the Persian original? Will this sound give us a deeper insight than the other into the character, the philosophy, and the history of the man? On the same principles we are commanded by these refiners to banish *Confucius* for the sake of *Con-fut-see*; and never again, on pain of the charge of gross ignorance, to mention *Mahomet*, *Mahometan*, *Mahometism*, since *Mohammed*, *Mohammedan*, *Mohammedism*, are ready to supply their room. *Mussulman* must give place to *Moslem*, *hejira* to *hejra*, and *Alcoran* to *Koran*. The *dervish*, too, is turned a *dirvesh*, and the *bashaw* is transformed into a *pacha*.

But why do our modern reformers stop here? Ought not this reformation, if good for anything, to be rendered more extensively useful? How much more edifying would Holy Writ prove to readers of every capacity if, instead of those vulgar corruptions Jacob and Judah, and Moses and Elijah, we had the satisfaction to find in our Bibles, as some assure us that the words ought to be pronounced, Yaguhakob and Yehudah, and Moschah and Eliyah? A reform of this kind was indeed, for the benefit of the learned, attempted abroad more than two centuries ago, by a kindred genius of those modern English critics, one Pagninus a Dominican friar. In a translation which this man made of the Scriptures, into a sort

of monkish gibberish that he called Latin, he hath, in order to satisfy the world of the vast importance and utility of his work, instead of *Eve*, written *Chauva*, and for *Isaiah*, *Jeremiah*, *Ezekiel*, given us *Jesahiah*, *Irmeiah*, *Jechezechel*. But I know not how it hath happened that in this he hath had no imitators among men of letters. Probably, upon the trial, people have discovered that they were just as much edified by the old names as by the new.

Again, why this reformation should be confined almost entirely to proper names, for my part, I can discover no good reason. Appellatives are doubtless entitled to a share. Critics of this stamp ought, for example, boldly to resolve, in spite of inveterate abuses and plebeian prejudices, never, whilst they breathe, either to write or to pronounce the words *pope*, *popery*, and *popedom*, but instead of them *pape*, *papery*, and *papedom*; since, whether we derive these words immediately from the French, the Latin, or the Greek, still it appears that the *o* is but a base usurper of a place which rightfully belongs to the *a*. The reason assigned for saying *Koran*, and not *Alcoran*, is truly curious. *Al*, say they, is the Arabic article, and signifies *the*; consequently if we should say *the Alcoran*, we should fall into a gross perissology.¹ It is just as if we said *the the book*. A plain illiterate man would think it sufficient to reply: what though *al* signifies *the* in Arabic? it hath no signification in English, and is only here the first syllable of a name which use hath appropriated, no matter how, to a particular book. But if ye who are such deep scholars, and wonderful improvers of your mother-tongue, are determined to exclude this harmless syllable from *Alcoran*, act at least consistently, and dismiss it also from *alchemy*, *alcove*, *alembic*, *algebra*, *almanac*, and all the other words in the language that are derived in the same way, and from the same source. Indeed, it is not easy to say where ye will stop; for if ye attend to it, ye will find many words of Latin or French origin, which stand equally in need of reformation.

It is necessary to add, that if the public give way to a humour of this kind, there will be no end of innovating. When some critics first thought of reforming the word *bashaw*, one would have it *bassa*, another *pacha*, and a third *pasha*; and how many more shapes it may yet be transformed into it is impossible to say. In regard to foreign names of persons, offices, eras, and rites, it would be obliging in writers of this stamp, to annex to their works a glossary, for the sake of the unlearned, who cannot divine whether their new-fangled terms belong to things formerly unknown, or are no more than the old names of things familiar to them, newly vamped and dressed. Surely, if anything deserves to be branded with the name of pedantry, it is an ostentation of erudition, to the reproach of learning, by affecting singularity in trifles.²

¹ i. e., unnecessary multiplication of words.

² The abuse so ably exposed by Campbell, has not abated since his day. Every traveller who has been six weeks abroad seems to think himself at liberty to set at

XXV. JAMES BEATTIE.

BEATTIE was born at Laurencekirk, in the county of Kincardine, in 1735. Though poor, he contrived to get admission into Marischal College, Aberdeen, where he went through the usual four years' curriculum. After officiating as schoolmaster in a small town in his native county, he was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy in the college where he had himself been educated. A lover of truth, he was like many others at the time scandalized with the principles of Hume, whom he attacked with extreme violence in his "Essay on Truth." His work was, however, well received by the public, and as it was followed speedily by his "Minstrel," he became highly famous, and received many flattering remarks of popularity. On his visit to London, George III. admitted him to a personal interview, and bestowed on him a pension of £200. The misfortunes of his family embittered his last days, and after some years spent in deep distress, he died in 1799. Beattie's fame rests upon his "Minstrel," one of the most pleasing poems in the language; his "Essay on Truth" has been long consigned to oblivion, but his "Essays" contain many highly beautiful passages. He can make no pretensions to depth; but his style is clear, and his manner is more interesting and lively than is usual in works of a philosophical nature.

ON THE LOVE OF NATURE.—("ESSAYS.")

Homer's beautiful description of the heavens and earth, as they appear in a calm evening by the light of the moon and stars, concludes with this circumstance, "and the heart of the shepherd is glad." Madame Dacier, from the turn she gives to the passage in her version, seems to think, and Pope, in order perhaps to make out his couplet, insinuates that the gladness of the shepherd is owing to his sense of the utility of those luminaries.¹ And this may in part be the case, but this is not in Homer; nor is it a necessary consideration. It is true that, in contemplating the material universe, they who discern the causes and effects of things must be more rapturously entertained than those who perceive nothing but shape and size, colour and motion. Yet, in the mere outside of nature's works, if I may so express myself, there is a splendour and a magnificence to which even untutored minds cannot attend without great delight.

nought the orthography of the language. In ordinary school-books, fortunately, only one effort has as yet been made at imitating this German innovation: in that work the well-known *Magellan* is transmuted into *Magalhaens*; *Constance* appears as *Constanz*, *Nimeguen* as *Nimegen*, and so in a hundred other cases. As innovations are seldom confined to one department, the same work, in disregard of grammar, speaks of *Baffin Bay* instead of *Baffin's Bay*, and will itself probably appear in a new edition as *Anderson Geography*.

¹ The couplet, part of a passage which has been the subject of much controversy, is,

"The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light."

Not that all peasants or all philosophers are equally susceptible of these charming impressions. It is strange to observe the callousness of some men, before whom all the glories of heaven and earth pass in daily succession, without touching their hearts, elevating their fancy, or bearing any durable remembrance. Even of those who pretend to sensibility, how many are there to whom the lustre of the rising or setting sun, the sparkling concave of the midnight sky, the mountain forest tossing and roaring to the storm, or warbling with all the melodies of a summer evening; the sweet interchange of hill and dale, shade and sunshine, grove, lawn, and water, which an extensive landscape offers to the view; the scenery of the ocean, so lovely, so majestic, and so tremendous, and the many pleasing varieties of the animal and vegetable kingdom, could never afford so much real satisfaction as the steam and noise of a ball-room, the insipid fiddling and squeaking of an opera, or the vexations and wranglings of a card-table. But some minds there are of a different make, who, even in the early part of life, receive from the contemplation of nature a species of delight which they would hardly exchange for any other; and who, as avarice and ambition are not the infirmities of that period, would, with equal sincerity and rapture, exclaim—

“ I care not, Fortune, what you me deny ;
 You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace ;
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
 Through which Aurora shows her brightening face ;
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
 The woods and lawns by living streams at eve :
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
 And I their toys to the great children leave ;
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.”¹

Such minds have always in them the seeds of true taste, and frequently of imitative genius. At least, though their enthusiastic or visionary turn of mind, as the man of the world would call it, should not always incline them to practise poetry or painting, we need not scruple to affirm that, without some portion of this enthusiasm, no person ever became a true poet or painter. For he who would imitate the works of nature must first accurately observe them, and accurate observation is to be expected from those only who take great pleasure in it.

To a mind thus disposed, no part of creation is indifferent. In the crowded city and howling wilderness, in the cultivated province and solitary isle, in the flowery lawn and craggy mountain, in the murmur of the rivulet, and in the uproar of the ocean, in the radiance of summer and gloom of winter, in the thunder of heaven and in the whisper of the breeze, he still finds something to rouse or to soothe his imagination, to draw forth his affections, or to employ his

¹ Castle of Indolence. Canto II., stanza 3.

understanding. And from every mental energy that is not attended with pain, and even from some of those that are, as moderate terror and pity, a sound mind derives satisfaction; exercise being equally necessary to the body and the soul, and to both equally productive of health and pleasure. This happy sensibility to the beauties of nature should be cherished in young persons. It engages them to contemplate the Creator in His wonderful works; it purifies and harmonizes the soul, and prepares it for moral and intellectual discipline; it supplies a never-failing source of amusement; it contributes even to bodily health; and, as a strict analogy subsists between material and moral beauty, it leads the heart by an easy transition from the one to the other, and thus recommends virtue for its transcendent loveliness, and makes vice appear the object of contempt and abomination.

An intimate acquaintance with the best descriptive poets, Spenser, Milton, and Thomson, but, above all, with the divine *Georgic*,¹ joined to some practice in the art of drawing, will promote this amiable sensibility in early years; for then the face of nature has novelty superadded to its other charms, the passions are not pre-engaged, the heart is free from care, and the imagination warm and romantic.

¹ Virgil's descriptive poem.

PERIOD FOURTH.

FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION TO THE PRESENT TIME.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

1. The formal style which prevailed in the literature of the eighteenth century was, as has been already seen, the natural result of the habits of thought which were, during that period, established in the nation; and hence the same formality pervaded everything else on which the manners of the age could be impressed. The form and style of a work had, in fact, become of more importance than the matter; and upon them the author's attention was mainly concentrated. The principles of literary composition became an important object of study, and everything was carefully reduced to rule. A writer was expected to proceed in his work according to some recognised and approved form; and any irregularity, any deviation from established rules, was sure to expose him and his writings to the censure and condemnation of the critics. Such a system evidently admitted of no passionate outbursts of feeling; of no lofty flights of imagination; of no strange novelties in thought or language; for all these were irreducible to rule, and were therefore carefully to be eschewed. The same principle was followed in judging of the works of previous authors; and hence, while the merits of Shakspeare were freely admitted, it was considered a serious deduction from them that his works were irregular,—not formed according to the strict rules of dramatic art. From this constant attention to rule, there naturally resulted a very considerable degree of uniformity in the literary productions of the age, and at no period probably is our literature less characterized by individuality than in the first half of the eighteenth century. Without some alteration in the standard of excellence, it was impossible that any progress could be made; if regularity and decorum were to be considered the *beau idéal* of perfection, then nothing remained but an imitation of Pope and Addison, whose writings have in these respects never been excelled. Efforts were accordingly made at various periods during the progress of the century to break through the trammels of form which had so long fettered genius, and to adopt another standard of excellence; but though these have given a marked individuality of character to the works of those authors who were adventurous enough to make the attempt, they did not succeed in effecting any radical change in the prevalent style. The most important change was that introduced by Johnson. The language of

Addison, though smooth and perspicuous, was wanting in dignity; and the sonorous diction and weighty periods of Johnson, so well adapted to give additional force and emphasis to any subject, however important, soon found numerous imitators. This, however, only alleviated the evil without removing it. Cowper may properly be considered as the first poet of eminence who entered upon an entirely new course from that so constantly trodden since the days of Pope. The charms of nature were once again celebrated without the aid of conventional and threadbare similes, or antithetical couplets. Percy's "Reliques" opened up the stores of an older literature, in which the feelings, untrammelled by forms, had found free utterance. Burns poured forth those melodies which are engraven imperishably on the hearts of his countrymen. Finally, the French Revolution ushered Europe into a new era; freed men at once and for ever from the bonds of routine and form, and produced that universal and intense mental excitement without which genius has never been stimulated to put forth all its strength. At a time when every man's feelings were excited, the breasts of the authors of the age burned with a sympathetic ardour; and they threw off the shackles of a literary despotism with the same impetuosity with which, over the greater part of Europe, the rising nations burst the fetters which had so long enslaved them. The long struggle in which the power and the very existence of our nation were at stake, kept up the enthusiasm at the highest pitch; and the literary tastes of an age thus living in the midst of tumult and excitement, naturally sympathized more with the free, rich, irregular literature of the times of Elizabeth and the Stewarts, than with the cold, formal, unimpassioned authors who had presided over the world of letters since the days of Anne. Pope and Addison were dethroned, and the reverence which they had so long received was now paid to Spenser, and Shakspeare, and Milton; to Bacon, and Taylor, and Hall. It was impossible, however, that the influence of the eighteenth century could be entirely effaced: what was artificial and formal in its peculiarities has indeed passed away; but what of real excellence it possessed yet remains. Such is still the influence of Pope, that the mere use of his heroic couplet compels, as by an irresistible spell, even the most diffuse and prolix versifier to abandon his verbosity, and to aim at conciseness and vigour. No prose writer of any eminence has appeared since the days of Johnson in whose writings we shall not detect traces, more or less numerous, of the peculiarities of the great lexicographer's style. The literature of the present day has thus, along with the warmth and freedom of the older writers, a greater vigour of language, and greater clearness of thought; a better sustained uniformity of style, and a more carefully polished versification, than prevailed in our older literature; and for these excellences we are indebted to the influence of the eighteenth century. When the excitement of the French Revolution had passed away, and the national mind began to cool down, the new style was already formed, and it was no longer possible to revert to the old. Various causes have combined to impress its peculiar character on the style that is now prevalent. The common cultivation of German literature has led to the introduction of many uncouth foreign terms into the language, and has infused into much of our literature a spirit of mystic

philosophy, which is indeed sometimes profound, but is more usually only obscure. The energy, also, so characteristic of our age has introduced an exaggerated tone of writing, which raises the merest trifles into importance, and often degenerates into rant and extravagance. Form and rule are almost totally overlooked in composition,—a defect most apparent, perhaps, in the poetry of the day, and which is likely to exercise a very prejudicial influence on the lasting popularity of much of our literature. By a certain class of writers, regularity seems to be held in perfect abhorrence, and their works, in consequence, exhibit every conceivable species of irregularity and eccentricity. On the whole, it may be said that, while the writers of the present day are most likely to peruse with pleasure the authors of the seventeenth century, it is desirable that, with the view of remedying the deficiencies and correcting the errors to which we are most exposed, more attention should be paid to the literature of the last century.

2. It was, as has already been mentioned, in the poetry of the age that the first indications were given of the approaching change of style. The publication by Bishop Percy, in 1765, of his "*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*," showed that there were some whose minds were more deeply impressed with the deep pathos, artless rhymes, and simple language of the old ballads, than with the stately language, artificial style, and faultless versification of their contemporaries. A still more important step was taken by Cowper; living a reclusive life, far from the pomp and vanity of the world which he disliked and despised, writing not for fame or popular applause, but to beguile his idle hours and distract his distempered mind, he was peculiarly qualified to be the founder of a new school of poetry. His first volume of poems, which appeared in 1782, and comprised "*Table Talk*," "*Progress of Error*," "*Truth*," "*Hope*," "*Charity*," and other pieces, still bears traces of the manner of Pope; but his next and greatest work, "*The Task*," which appeared in 1785, was an open revolt from his authority. Written without any definite plan, in blank verse, unpolished and often prosaic, in language often loose, rambling, and redundant, giving full vent to all the poet's own feelings, and describing with the most painstaking minuteness every feature in the scenery of his daily haunts, it affords a most striking contrast to the smooth, pointed couplets, the concise, energetic language, and conventional decorum of Pope, and was evidently the inauguration of a new poetical era. Perhaps the finest of Cowper's poems is his "*Lines on Receiving my Mother's Picture*;" equally sincere and earnest with the rest of his poems, it is, perhaps in consequence of his employing rhyme in it, much more concise and free from verbiage than usual. As to the merit of his blank-verse translation of Homer, critics are much divided in opinion; it has certainly never been so popular as that of Pope, and many are inclined to think that it is as far removed from the spirit of the original. The "*Botanic Garden*" of Darwin, a contemporary of Cowper, is now known almost exclusively by those extracts which are occasionally printed to ridicule the inanity of the subject and the extravagance of the style. Crabbe published during the life of Cowper his earliest poems, the "*Library*," "*Village*," and "*Newspaper*." In his versification he adhered to the school of Pope,

but in everything else he discarded that poet's authority. He represents human character in its actual appearance, untinted by romance, and unsoftened by conventional rules; and the accuracy of his pictures, which are, on the whole, of a gloomy cast, has been acknowledged by Byron, when he styled him "Nature's sternest poet and her best." After his first works, he remained silent for nearly twenty years; and in 1807 published his "Parish Register," which was followed by "The Borough" and "Tales of the Hall," works similar to his earlier publications, but characterized by greater depth of feeling. It is unnecessary to refer particularly to the other English poets of the period; never had poetry fallen to a lower ebb, for nothing more contemptible than what is usually known as the Della Cruscan poetry,¹ then so much in vogue, is to be found in our literature. Some praise, however, is due to the satirical poetry of the time, which is inferior only to the "Dunciad" and "Mac Fleecoe;" the "Baviad and Mæviad," "Rolliad," "Anticipation," "Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers," and "Lousiad," may still be read with some relish. Scotland meanwhile had produced her greatest poet. Burns, born in 1759, published in 1786 a volume of poems in the native dialect, whose tenderness, depth of feeling, breadth of humour, and play of fancy—rendered all the more pleasing perhaps to his countrymen by being couched in the rude Doric of their mother-tongue—found their way at once to the hearts of all readers. His songs, in spite of the uncouthness of the language, which to the greater part of the empire is almost an unknown tongue, are admired far beyond the limits of his native land, and have secured for him a reputation which seems only to increase as years roll on. Posterity have fully recognised his pre-eminent merits, while they cannot but deplore that want of moral restraint which shortened his life, and left them only the first-fruits of his genius.

8. The three poets who have been specially referred to, Cowper, Crabbe, and Burns, would have been sufficient to secure for this last period of our literature a respectable place in the poetical annals of our country even if it had produced no others; they were, however, merely the forerunners of a bright brotherhood of poets who will make the beginning of the present century for ever memorable in our history. It has been with truth remarked by one of the most accomplished of our literary critics, that "any comparison of the Elizabethan poetry, save Spenser's alone, with that of the nineteenth century, would show an extravagant predilection for the mere name and dress of antiquity." No one great name indeed, such as that of Milton or Shakspeare, shines forth with surpassing brilliance; but such a cluster of stars as Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Campbell, Moore, and Shelley, to omit minor names, is not to be found in our literary firmament. Scott's earliest poem, the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," appeared in 1805, and was followed successively and at brief intervals by "Marmion," "Lady of the Lake," "Lord of the Isles," and "Rokeby." His poems were received with an unparalleled amount of

¹ So called from Della Crusca, the assumed name of Mr Merry, an English gentleman, who, with Mrs Thrale (widow of Johnson's friend) and some others, established a sort of club at Florence for scribbling encomiums on each other. The absurdity was exposed by Gifford in his "Baviad and Mæviad," and has been happily ridiculed in "Pickwick."

popularity, and their reputation is still maintained with scarce any symptoms of decline. The secret of their success may be found in the admirable skill with which he brings before his reader the actual life of those chivalrous days on which we naturally look back with enthusiasm; in his graphic descriptions, his intensely interesting narrative, and his lively, ever-varying versification. He makes no attempt to move the deeper feelings. Minute criticism will detect innumerable failings in his works, and he has no pretensions to profound meditative sagacity; but the interest of his reader never flags; and in fire and vigour some passages of his writings will bear comparison with anything ever penned, even with the battle-scenes of Homer. Wordsworth is a writer of a different stamp; the poet of meditation, not of action, his works breathe an air of calm thought, and deep, serious, yet kindly reflection. Action he was quite unable to portray, and his narrative is dull and cumbrous, and felt to be merely a useless excrescence. His works are exceedingly numerous, the best known being the "Excursion" and "Prelude," parts of one immense poem which was never completed; "Lyrical Ballads," "Sonnets," and "White Doe of Rylstone." All of these were more or less affected by the peculiar theory which he maintained as to the nature of poetry, and the language which was its proper vehicle. His theory led him occasionally to employ language which differed in no respect from prose except in its being dislocated into rhyme, and to write on such trivial, commonplace subjects that it was sometimes doubted whether he was in earnest or in jest. This for some time kept his merits from receiving that acknowledgment to which they were entitled; but time practically modified his opinions, his excellences were gradually better appreciated, and he is now regarded as one of our greatest poets, and has exercised a wide-spread influence on the poetical literature of our age. Byron resembles Scott in the vigour and fire of his poetry, while in his meditative moods he imitates Wordsworth. His poems are distinguished by richness and variety of genius, and by an intensity of feeling which has never been excelled in our poetry, combined sometimes with a reckless gaiety, and mysterious despondency and misanthropy, which were only too truly reflected from the unhappy character of the bard himself. His earliest work was his "Hours of Idleness," which was somewhat sharply attacked in the "Edinburgh Review," and defended in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" this was followed by "Childe Harold" in four cantos, written in the Spenserian stanza with uncommon energy, especially in the last two cantos; the "Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," and besides others "Don Juan," an unfinished work, but the greatest production of Byron's muse, and esteemed by some the greatest poem since the time of Pope. Unfortunately a premature death cut him off at a time when he began to give signs of return to a more healthy state of moral feeling. Southey's poetry has never been extensively popular; it is constructed with great skill, the language is pure, the versification is flowing and varied, and the style is highly ornate, but the general deficiency of life and vigour, and the total absence of sympathy with the strange supernatural agents which he employs, and with the Oriental and foreign cast of his subjects, are daily diminishing the number of his

readers. Some of his shorter pieces are likely to survive; but his long epics, "Thalaba the Destroyer," "The Curse of Kehama," and "Roderick, the Last of the Goths," are, it is to be feared, fast passing into oblivion. Campbell, in style, is more akin to the previous age than any of his great contemporaries; the careful choice of his language, the elaborate polish of his versification, and the classic purity of his taste, belong to the school of Pope and Gray rather than to the haste of the nineteenth century. His "Pleasures of Hope," his earliest work, though bearing traces of juvenility in occasional passages full of empty sounding words, has always held a high place in our literature; he has also written "Gertrude of Wyoming" and "Theodric;" but it is mainly on his inimitable lyrics that his fame imperishably rests. Coleridge was perhaps the most original of the poets who adorned the opening of the century; but his poetical fame has suffered much, partly from public carelessness, which has long persisted in treating him as an echo and imitator of Wordsworth, and partly from his own indolence, which both limited the quantity of his poetry and caused much of it to be left in a fragmentary and incomplete state. His published works are therefore mere indications of what his poetical genius was able to accomplish; but they are unsurpassed in their solemn and mysterious air of meditation, in their rich and exquisitely beautiful fancy, in the enchanting flow of their language, and the musical cadence of their faultless versification. He has been occasionally influenced undoubtedly by Wordsworth, but this has injured rather than improved Coleridge, who was a poet of an entirely different mould. His chief works are his "Christabel," an unfinished work of exquisite beauty; "Rime of the Ancient Mariner;" "Kubla Khan;" and various odes and sonnets, of which those "To Mont Blanc," "To the Departing Year," and the "Hymn in the Valley of Chamouni," are among the most notable. Moore, whose longest work is his "Lalla Rookh," a narrative poem in the Oriental style, was distinguished by a peculiar exuberance of fancy, and gay, sprightly humour, but is deficient in depth of feeling. His talents found their most congenial exercise in his numerous light satirical effusions, which are peculiarly happy; but it is by his "Irish Melodies" that he will be longest known. Shelley's poetry, though possessing many beauties, has enjoyed only a limited popularity; its mysterious metaphysical flights, and atheistic, unsociable tenets, repelling many readers. His descriptive power was, however, very great, and some of his shorter pieces, as for example the well-known address "To the Skylark," are exquisitely beautiful.

4. In addition to the great masters of song who have been already referred to, many minor poets flourished at the beginning of the century, whose merits would at any other time have secured a larger share of fame than has fallen to them. Wilson, without imitating Wordsworth, resembles him very much in his love of nature, and the calm, kindly, contemplative spirit of his works; his longest poems, the "Isle of Palms" and "City of the Plague," are written in this style, but some of his minor pieces display that exuberance of life and vigour which was perhaps more congenial to the character of their author. Keats manifested in his "Endymion," a work written in his twentieth year, great richness of fancy and extraordinary command

of gorgeous language, with many youthful faults, especially want of regularity and precision. These were, however, considerably amended in his future poems, "Hyperion," "Eve of St Agnes," "Lamia," and others; and nothing but his unhappy death at the age of twenty-four could have prevented his obtaining a high place in our literature. Leigh Hunt, with peculiarities in his manner and versification which often exposed him to ridicule, gave proof of unquestionable genius and originality. The writings of Rogers are conspicuous for their elaborate finish; those of Savage Landor, amid much that is offensive to the taste and the feelings, contain passages of great beauty and pathos. Grahame's "Sabbath," from the hallowed associations which it excites in every breast, is likely long to remain a popular favourite. Kirke White gave little promise of originality; but his pleasing style, the interest which his melancholy fate excited, and the ability of his editor, have made his works very generally known. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, is best known by his "Queen's Wake," and has gained a reputation second only to that of Burns among the poets sprung from the ranks of the peasantry. The same class of society produced in England Bloomfield and Clare, who, if inferior to Burns and Hogg, are yet an honour to the peasantry of their country; and at a later period Ebenezer Elliott, well known as the "Corn-Law Rhymer," described the condition of the lower classes of his countrymen in language almost worthy of Crabbe. Pollok's "Course of Time," a religious poem, has enjoyed a very extensive popularity; and though its merit has been excessively exaggerated, and its style is deformed with extreme turgidity and grandiloquence, it contains passages of a very lofty strain. The fine devotional feeling of James Montgomery's poems is likely to keep them long in remembrance; and the gentle sweetness of some of the shorter pieces of Mrs Hemans make them especial favourites with the young. The sonnets of Bowles, the ballads of Leyden, the hymns of Heber, and the humorous addresses of the Smiths, are all well known to readers of poetry. In the Scotch dialect, Professor Tennant, Allan Cunningham, Nicoll, and Motherwell, have produced works which have experienced a welcome reception from their countrymen. The names of Milman, Wolfe, Bernard Barton, Procter (better known as Barry Cornwall), Miss Baillie, Letitia E. Landon, Mrs Barbauld, and Miss Mitford, not to mention many others, are well known to all who have any extensive acquaintance with the poetical literature of the last generation.

5. The present generation is far inferior to that which preceded it, both in the number and the excellence of its poets. Among contemporary poets only one great name can be produced—that of Alfred Tennyson, the Poet-Laureate. He first appeared before the public as a poet in 1830, and his works consist of four volumes of miscellaneous poems: "The Princess, a Medley;" "In Memoriam," a volume of short elegiac effusions in honour of a beloved friend; "An Ode on Wellington;" "Maud;" and "The Idylls of the King." None of his works can with any propriety be designated a great poem; and from the whole character of his poetry, and the evident bent of his poetical genius, it does not seem probable that he will at any time produce a great poem. In fact, it may be doubted whether, on the theory at present adopted by our poets, any great poems can be looked for;

for it is impossible to supply the place of the action, plot, unity, regularity, narrative, vigour, and clearness which are essential to every great poem, by the profound but sometimes obscure and subtle meditation, the tender but sometimes affected sentiment, the expressive but often exaggerated and far-fetched language, the feeble plot, the uninteresting narrative, and the general fragmentary, irregular, and inactive style which are so extensively practised by contemporary poets. Short pieces of thrilling interest and faultless excellence may indeed be produced on this system, but other qualifications than those generally cultivated are necessary for the perfection of a large poem. Tennyson's poetry is distinguished by great sweetness of versification, general appropriateness of language, and extreme tenderness of feeling. His meaning is however sometimes obscure, and his earlier works contained many conceits both in thought and language, which are not wholly eradicated even from his latest. The poetical literature of the day is, generally speaking, marked by nearly the same characteristics which have been already referred to. There are of course many individual peculiarities; some writers displaying a more marked tendency than others to indulge in subtle metaphysical reflection; while in another class of writings the most prominent feature is a systematic straining after extraordinary effects, which has been happily termed "spasmodic;" and in yet another, an extravagantly affected style of language. On the whole, the poetry of the present age is of a very peculiar and highly artificial kind, and its merits can only be appreciated by one whose taste has been specially cultivated for the purpose. A few efforts, however, have been made to revert from the poetry of meditation to that of action, such as in the hands of Homer, in our old ballads, and in Scott, found at once an echo in every heart; and in the case of two writers, these have been attended with signal success. Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," and Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," written with much of the fire and energy of our best old ballads, have been received by the public with unmistakeable favour. To the readers of the poetry of the present day, it is unnecessary to refer in detail to the characteristics of our best-known poets; they are familiar with the names and works of the Coleridges, the Brownings, Caroline Southey, Bailey, Moir, Croly, Charles Mackay, Sir John Bowring, Eliza Cook, Edmund Reade, Alexander Smith, Matthew Arnold, and others.

6. Considering the great merit and abundant quantity of the poetry of the period now under review, its contributions to dramatic literature have been wonderfully insignificant, both in number and value. No poet of eminence devoted himself to the drama as his peculiar field; and though almost all our great writers produced one or more dramatic pieces, these form an insignificant portion of their works. They evidently did not receive the full benefit of their authors' genius; they were acted, when acted at all, with little success, and are read with little pleasure. They are in fact works of a very anomalous kind, unprecedented in our literature, plays merely in form, cast for the sake of convenience, or for some other reason, into the appearance of a drama, but not intended, and usually not adapted for playing—deficient, in fact, in everything that makes a play suitable for being publicly exhibited. For this many reasons have been assigned. The

general bias of the poetry of the age towards meditation rather than action was of course unfavourable to dramatic excellence, where action is the main requisite. The vast increase in the number of readers, and the ample encouragement so readily vouchsafed to talent by the public and the publishers, render it no longer necessary for the literary adventurer to be a hanger-on of the theatres, depending for subsistence on the favour of a manager; and our men of letters are thus practically unacquainted with many minute details of stage effect which are necessary for the success even of the ablest play. The stage, moreover, as a public amusement, no longer holds the pre-eminent place which formerly belonged to it, and dramatic literature is not likely in future to attract talent of the same high order as in former days. Poetic tragedies of the kind already referred to were written by Joanna Baillie, and styled "Plays of the Passions;" Coleridge wrote "Remorse" and "Zapolya;" Scott, "Halidon Hill" and the "Ayrshire Tragedy;" Byron, "Marino Faliero," "Two Foscari," "Sardanapalus," "Werner," "Manfred," and "Cain;" Lamb, "John Woodvil;" and Shelley, "Cenci," one of the best of his works. At a later period Milman produced his "Fazio" and "Anne Boleyn;" and tragic works of more or less merit have been published by Richard Sheil, Mr Marston, Miss Mitford, Serjeant Talfourd, and Mr Taylor. In point of suitableness for public representation, Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons" is superior to any of these which have been named. Mr Sheridan Knowles is however the only tragic writer of the present day who has met with decided success. Himself connected with the stage, he derived from experience that acquaintance with all its machinery which is indispensable to success; and though his plays are disfigured by many faults, their energy and effect make them always successful in public, while their merits render them an acceptable companion in the closet. His chief works are "Caius Gracchus," "Virgilius," "William Tell," "The Hunchback," &c. In regular comedy, such as was written by Goldsmith, we have had an almost total blank since the times of Brinsley Sheridan, who flourished at the very commencement of the period, and indeed hardly belongs to it. His "Rivals," "Duenna," and "School for Scandal," are among the most pleasant comedies in the language. In the absence of the regular drama, compositions of a shorter and more humorous kind have been produced in great numbers, many of them highly effective, and some of them, in their way, exceedingly good. Works of this kind are too numerous to be mentioned; but the chief composers of them are O'Keefe, Dibdin, Reynolds, Colman the younger, Holcroft, Poole, Planche, Douglas Jerrold, Buckstone, Tom Taylor, and Wilkie Collins.

7. The periodical essayists ceased with the eighteenth century. Their place in our day is supplied by our newspapers, magazines, and reviews, which form one of the most important departments of modern literature, and exercise an incalculable influence on public manners and opinions. The amount of talent employed in connection with the newspaper press in the metropolis and great towns is astonishing, especially when it is borne in mind that their articles in general refer to subjects of temporary interest, and after delighting or instructing the public for, at most, a few days, are consigned to oblivion. Day after day, the "Times" and the other leading journals present to

their readers a vast quantity of literary matter, on an endless variety of subjects, and which, were it judged by the merits of its style alone, would deserve high praise. But these articles have higher merits: they contain admirable political disquisitions; they discuss, in a popular form, profound moral and social questions; they enlighten us as to the proceedings of foreign powers, and direct, in a great measure, our own foreign policy; they present, in a clear and succinct form, the results of long and laborious investigations on topics of public interest, and are the chief vehicle through which every novelty in art, science, or literature is brought into general notice. Even in the smallest newspapers a respectable amount of ability is exhibited; and undoubtedly we must ascribe to the influence of the press a large measure of that intelligence which is so generally diffused at the present day. The objects of the magazines and reviews are, in the main, those of the press. The same subjects are discussed, but at greater length, in a more regular manner and on more profound principles. The readers of the magazines, and still more of the reviews, are drawn in general from the educated classes; the periodicals themselves are usually preserved; and it is therefore possible to introduce into them contributions which would be quite unintelligible to an uneducated audience, and quite unsuitable for a publication intended to be thrown aside after a hasty perusal. To our magazines and reviews we are indebted for almost all the knowledge in general circulation as to the character of our older literature; for many excellent elucidations of important problems in science and philosophy; for many profound and invaluable dissertations on foreign and domestic history and politics, past and present; and for important summaries of the progress of contemporary literature both at home and abroad. The very highest literary and scientific names have been systematic contributors to these works; and the articles thus written and republished in the ordinary form, rank among the best literary productions of the present day. It is sufficient to mention those of Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Macaulay, Wilson, De Quincey and Stephens. Of the magazines, "Blackwood" and "Fraser" usually contain the ablest articles, though excellent writing is to be met with occasionally in many others. Among the reviews, the highest place is assigned to the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly," the longest established among them, though in some of their more juvenile rivals, especially the "Westminster," very valuable contributions have appeared. It must not, however, be concealed that the benefits which we have reaped from our magazines and reviews are combined with some important disadvantages. Their readers are too often satisfied with the perusal of an article without consulting the work on which the article professes to be based; and this makes much of their knowledge exceedingly shallow, extending perhaps over a wide field, but not penetrating anywhere beneath the surface, and very apt to degenerate into pride; the authors, on the other hand, writing in haste, sometimes on subjects with which they are themselves imperfectly acquainted, and often on subjects which have been discussed repeatedly before, are tempted to cover their want of knowledge by declamation, and to compensate for the want of novelty by eccentricity in treating their point. To this may be attributed, in great measure, the exaggerated

tone which pervades our literature, and the fickleness with which old and well-ascertained facts are doubted, and new versions are given, on the most slender evidence, of events the most important in our history. It would be unfair to omit all notice of many highly useful periodicals which do not come under any of the above classes of newspapers, magazines, or reviews; such, for example, as "Chambers's Journal," and the innumerable weekly serials which find an entrance into every house, and exercise, in the aggregate, a wide-spread and important influence on the growth of opinion.

8. The historical literature of the present day is rich and valuable, though widely different in its character from that of the last century. It is a difficult and somewhat invidious task to endeavour to estimate the comparative merits of the historical productions of the two periods; but it is very generally admitted that Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon still retain their pre-eminence as historians, and that, except perhaps in one instance, their works have not been equalled by any of the writers of the present day. It may be useful to point out the peculiarities of our present historical literature. The cool, sceptical genius of the great historians of the last century admirably qualified them, as we have already seen, for their task of judging impartially of men and measures, and weighing dispassionately conflicting evidence. In our age of warmer feeling, however, the historian finds it necessary, in his work, to take a side, and he ceases, in consequence, to be the impartial narrator, and becomes the interested partisan. It would, for example, be considered highly improper to treat of the struggles between Charles I. and the Parliament in the measured language of philosophical indifference; and that subject is accordingly narrated with all the warmth of contemporary politics, in language hardly less strong than might have been employed by the combatants themselves. The historians of the last century, again, were not extremely anxious about minute accuracy in unimportant details; and the merit of their works they estimated by the amount of mind and thought impressed on them, not by the time spent in examining old documents and family archives. In our day, on the contrary, the writer of history displays a most laudable desire to secure accuracy in everything, however minute, and will spend weeks, and explore hundreds of scarcely decipherable records, to verify a single fact. Whatever is got with labour is naturally exaggerated in value by that very circumstance; hence a tendency is created to over-estimate the importance of trifles, the narrative is loaded with uninteresting details, and the unity of the work is destroyed. The straining after novelty in so hackneyed a subject as the history of our own country seems to have led some to entertain doubts of the truth of everything that has been formerly written on the subject, and has prompted them to acquire notoriety by calling in question everything that former historians had supposed to be true, or considered proved beyond dispute. The influence of Germany has introduced into history, as into every other department of our literature, a spirit of philosophical thought, which has led some of our writers to trace in the progress of events the origin, development, and action of deep principles, and to indulge in reflections which are sometimes profound, sometimes mere commonplaces, sometimes false and even ridiculous. Our

greatest historical writer is universally allowed to be Macaulay, and his "History of England" is in many respects the most remarkable historical work of our day. Its liveliness of style attracts readers to whom history usually presents an aspect completely repulsive, and its fulness of details and vivid descriptions give an impression of reality such as is got more commonly from the works of the dramatist than from those of the historian. How far it exhibits any of the faults which have been referred to as characteristic of the historical literature of our age, will appear on the slightest examination. His work, of which only four volumes have as yet been issued, was intended to embrace the History of England from the accession of James II. down to a time within the memory of men still living; but there is unfortunately but a slight prospect of his design being completed. The other important historical works of this period, beginning from the earliest, are: Roscoe's "Life of Lorenzo de Medici," an able work, which appeared in 1796, and was followed nine years later by the "History of the Pontificate of Leo X." by the same author, but not so successful a performance. The history of Scotland was treated with considerable ability by Malcolm Laing and Pinkerton, the former of whom is distinguished by his special hatred of Queen Mary. Mitford's "Greece" appeared at various intervals from 1784 to 1810; and, though the author has been accused of giving too much weight to his own political views in his work, it is yet the most readable of all our histories of that country. Sharon Turner's "History of the Anglo-Saxons" has contributed much to a better knowledge of our early history; Cox's "History of Austria" and "Memoirs of the Kings of Spain" are remarkable for the amount of investigation which they involved, and are valuable sources of information; and the same may be said of "Chalmers's Caledonia." The histories of Fox and Mackintosh are mere fragments of larger and unfinished works, and derive their value almost entirely from the reputation and political position of their authors. Dr Lingard, a Roman Catholic priest, has given, in his "History of England," a version of our affairs as viewed through the peculiar prejudices of his Church. His work is one of great research; and though some of his conclusions have been objected to, the merit of his work is generally acknowledged. Another version of part of the same subject is to be found in Brodie's "History of England," which, like the work of Fox, was written chiefly with the view of opposing Hume. Southey wrote a "History of Brazil" and a "History of the Peninsular War," neither of which is much esteemed at present. Hallam is one of the greatest names in the list of the historians of the nineteenth century: he is inferior to Macaulay in everything that delights the reader; but in extent of research, and cool impartiality of judgment, he is superior to any historian of our times. He has left three great works, all of which are held in high esteem, and are long likely to retain their value: "History of the Middle Ages," published in 1818; "Constitutional History of England," published in 1827; and an "Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries," published in 1837. A "History of Scotland" by Patrick Fraser Tytler is now considered the standard work on that subject. The "History of the Peninsular War" by Colonel Napier; that of "India" by Mill; the

works illustrative of Anglo-Saxon History by Palgrave; and those of Lord Mahon, are all well-known and interesting productions. Alison's "History of the French Revolution," and "History of France from 1815 to the Present Time," are voluminous works, somewhat tedious perhaps, but highly important. The "History of the French Revolution" by Carlyle, is marked by all the peculiarities in style and language which distinguish that author, and, though of little use for the ordinary purposes of history, is an intensely interesting work. Thirlwall's "History of Greece" is free from what have been called the aristocratic prejudices of Mitford, and is a scholarly production, though somewhat heavy at the outset. The most voluminous "History of Greece" is that lately published by Grote: it represents modern opinions on the subject, that is, the opinions which have been recently current in Germany; but, from the difficulty perhaps of bringing forward anything new on so hackneyed a matter, he has been tempted to give his work at least the appearance of novelty, by unnecessary deviations from our usual orthography, and by very peculiar opinions as to the characters of some of the most important personages of antiquity. The same symptoms of a readiness to sacrifice to novelty are still more conspicuous in the "History of England" by Froude, who has actually undertaken to make a virtuous hero out of so very unpromising a character as Henry VIII. Historical works of various degrees of merit, and on various subjects, have also been written by Dean Milman, Dean Waddington, Dr Arnold of Rugby, Dr Vaughan, Mr Hill Burton, Mr Finlay, Arthur Helps, Mr Craik, Colonel Mure, and many others. The chronological works of Clinton, Sir Harris Nicholas, and Haydn, are valuable auxiliaries to the student of history. In biographical works, the present age is superabundantly productive; and in the innumerable publications of this sort which have issued almost without ceasing from the press, much is of course utterly worthless. Some are however of great value, and have already taken their place among our standard literature. At the head of works of this class, Boswell's "Johnson" still retains its place, as unquestionably the finest biography in the language. The example set by Boswell, of making the work as much as possible an autobiography, by the insertion of letters, conversations, &c., has been generally followed since his time, and on the whole to the benefit of literature. The chief biographical works that fall within the period are the Life of Cowper by Hayley; of Nelson by Southey, perhaps the best biography in the language after Boswell's; that of Marlborough by Coxe; of Knox and others by Mc'Crie; of Napoleon by Scott; of Byron by Moore; of Newton by Brewster; of Chalmers by Hanna; of Scott by Lockhart; of the Lord Chancellors and Lord Chief-Justices by Campbell; of Lord Jeffrey by Lord Cockburn. The autobiographies of Lord Cockburn and Hugh Miller, and the lives of Foster, Wardlaw, Chalmers, Lord William Russell, Raleigh, and many more, are well known. The "Lives of the Queens of England and Scotland" by Miss Strickland, and those of the "Princesses" by Miss Green, are valuable contributions to our history; and much has been done to throw light upon many political transactions, by the issuing under official authority of digests of the state-papers and public records, and the publishing by private individuals of the "Correspondence" of some of the most influential personages in recent times.

9. No form of composition is at present so much employed as the novel, and at no time in our literature has the novel been so much in unison with morality. The impurity which degrades the pages of Defoe, Fielding, and Smollett, is in our time happily unknown, and the novel is not only the vehicle of innocent amusement, but has been occasionally employed by the moralist as a powerful auxiliary. For much of its purity we are doubtless indebted to a band of talented female novelists, who enjoyed, at the beginning of the century, an almost undisputed monopoly in novel-writing. Of these the best-known are Miss Porter, authoress of the "Scottish Chiefs;" Mrs Opie; Miss Austin, authoress of "Pride and Prejudice;" Mrs Brunton, authoress of "Self-Control;" Mrs Hamilton, of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie;" and Miss Hannah More, of "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife." The only female novelist, however, who is entitled to a very high place in literature, is Miss Edgeworth, an Irish lady. Her novels, of which the earliest, "Belinda," appeared in 1801, gave evidence of very superior ability in observing and describing character, more particularly of that humorous sort which her native country produces in such abundance, and were still more conspicuous by the purity of their moral aims, and the healthy sentiment which, without interfering with the amusement which it is the main object of the novel to furnish, is ever present in her works. But all novelists were for a time eclipsed by the genius of Scott. His first novel, "Waverley," appeared in 1814; and though it was ushered into the world anonymously, the public were not long in recognising in it the hand of a master. Cheered by his success, Scott, still retaining his disguise, issued "Guy Mannering," and followed it up with "The Antiquary," "Rob Roy," "Tales of my Landlord" (including "Old Mortality," "Black Dwarf," "Heart of Midlothian," and "Bride of Lammermoor"), "The Monastery," "The Abbot," all relating to Scottish history during the last two centuries. He showed himself equally able to excite public interest in English history by the publication of "Ivanhoe," the finest of all romances; "Kenilworth," "Fortunes of Nigel," "Peveril of the Peak," and "Woodstock." Of his other novels it is sufficient to mention "The Pirate" and "Quentin Durward;" his last works, "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous," written in declining health, exhibit a considerable diminution of his former powers. In the ability to construct a perfect plot, and develop it harmoniously without tedious preliminary explanations or hurried and abrupt terminations, Fielding is unquestionably superior to Scott, but he is as unquestionably inferior in everything else. He describes external nature with a truth which no English poet has ever excelled, and Shakspeare alone surpasses him in depicting character. In his vivid pages the past is again brought to life, and his novels cast as broad a light of reality on the period of Scotch history of which they treat, as do the historical plays of Shakspeare upon the times of the Plantagenets. Of the other novelists contemporary with Scott, Galt, in his "Annals of the Parish," and similar works, seems to have made an attempt at reviving the manner of Defoe; Wilson, in his "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," mingles pleasing description of nature with much gentle pathos; Hogg, in his "Tales," has given some humorous sketches of humble Scottish life. The romantic style of

Scott has been imitated by Horace Smith, and by G. P. R. James in his innumerable works; and the broad characteristic description of the peculiar manner of the lower classes of Scotchmen has been followed—applied, however, to Ireland—by Banim, Carleton, Mrs Hall, and others. "Anastasius," by Mr Hope; "Salathiel," by Rev. Mr Croly; "Cyril Thornton," by Captain Hamilton; "Marriage" by Miss Ferrier; "Valerius" and "Reginald Dalton," by Gibson Lockhart, are all popular and meritorious works. Among still living novelists, the highest place is occupied by Charles Dickens, whose "Pickwick," "Nicholas Nickleby," and other early novels, as well as his "Dombey and Son," "Bleak House," and other later works, have enjoyed a popularity little inferior to that of Scott. With some faults in style and construction, which are not all disappearing with time, Dickens possesses an unrivalled command of the humorous, great power of pathetic description, a keen vein of sarcasm, extensive knowledge of character, and an ability to describe it such as places him almost on a level with Scott or Shakspeare. Next to Dickens, Bulwer occupies the highest place among living novelists; his early works, of which "Pelham" was the first to attract notice, are much inferior to his last productions, "The Caxtons," "My Novel," and "What will he do with it?" which are a very happy imitation of the manner of Sterne. The novels of Samuel Warren have enjoyed an extensive popularity; and those of Marryatt, Mrs Crowe, Lever, and others, are well known to novel-readers. Thackeray, in humorous and satirical powers, is the great rival of Dickens; but he wants the other qualities which have made Dickens so general a favourite: and Benjamin Disraeli combines political disquisitions with the usual materials of a novel in a highly successful way. The Rev. Charles Kingsley has employed the novel for semi-religious purposes; and the same has been done, without, however, using the odious name of novel, in innumerable tales intended to confirm or overthrow particular religious opinions. The most recent writer in this field who has acquired a high reputation has assumed the name of George Eliot, and his "Scenes of Clerical Life" and "Adam Bede" display great ability in writing, and humorous and pathetic powers which must secure him an honourable place in literature.

10. Paley, the first great name in the theology of the present period, belongs to it merely in time. His style and his subjects are in general those of the previous age. His four great works, "Moral Philosophy," "Horæ Paulinæ," "Evidences of Christianity," and "Natural Theology," form one of the most valuable contributions ever made to the literature of theology by one individual. As a writer, Paley is conspicuous for his thorough good sense and great acuteness; his works do not, perhaps, contain a single instance of a weak argument; he is never led astray by any metaphysical subtleties, by any transcendental ecstasies, or by any professional declamation; his language is always clear, and his principal positions are stated with great emphasis. In the subjects of which he has treated, there seems little probability of Paley's being superseded, and to refute his opinions would be a task not much less hopeless than to attempt to disprove Euclid. The theologians of the present day are distinguished from their predecessors by several features which must be very briefly referred to.

One most noticeable feature is the more fervid style of pulpit oratory that is to be found in the sermons of the great divines of the age: the cold unimpressive style of last century, which addressed itself exclusively to the judgment, has been displaced for a zealous and fiery oratory that appeals to the passions. As a natural consequence, the writings of the divines of the last period of our literature are fast falling into oblivion, and those of the Elizabethan era and the times of the early Stewarts are adopted as the standards of excellence. This has occasionally led to much irregularity in the works of our present theologians; and the presumed necessity of being energetic has betrayed some into a falsely exaggerated style, and an affectation of energy in words where none exists in the thoughts. The most famous sermon-writers of this century have been Chalmers and Robert Hall, but many others have enjoyed a high reputation; and at the present day the names of Dale, Maurice, Melville, Croly, Kingsley, Binney, Caird, and Guthrie, are a sufficient proof that the merit of this department is well sustained. The study of German literature has infused a mystical spirit into many of our theological works, leading some writers to reject and undervalue the plain literal meaning of Scripture in comparison of some great hidden principles patent only to philosophical scrutiny. Many divines are of opinion that such interpreters are more dangerous than open enemies; and that, while they direct attention exclusively to vague theoretical principles, they explain away some of the cardinal doctrines of Christianity. Many valuable works have appeared in support of the Christian faith against the subtle attacks of the German Rationalists; while, on the other hand, the defenders have made their position stronger by abandoning some weak and untenable points. A more profound species of investigation, and a more widely extended research than prevailed in the last century, are now employed, and will doubtless produce highly beneficial results. The discoveries of modern travellers, and the teachings of modern scientific inquirers, have all been rendered available for the defence of religion, and the illustration of many peculiarities in Holy Scripture. The various Bridgewater Treatises—those of Chalmers, Whewell, Buckland, Sir Charles Bell, and Kirby and Spence—may be considered as a continuation of the “Natural Theology” of Paley, more fully developing some of the arguments which in that work were briefly stated. Another series of theological works, “The Bampton Lectures,” devoted usually to the elucidation of some of the more profound doctrines connected with our religion, has contributed many of the most valuable theological treatises of the century. The objections which the discoveries of geology naturally suggested against the current interpretations of the opening chapter of Genesis have led to a lengthened discussion, and no opinion universally satisfactory has yet been arrived at; the discussion has however given to the world a very voluminous literature, much of it of very high value. Of the theological writers who have adorned the century, the best known are Archbishops Sumner and Whately; Bishops Kaye, Marsh, Burgess, Mant, Sumner, Hampden, and Wilberforce; Deans Alford, Trench, Waddington, and Milman; Archdeacon Hare, Hartwell Horne, Jowett, Powell, Simeon, Blunt, Dr Adam Clarke, Jay, Hamilton of Leeds, Robert Hall, John Foster,

Dr Samuel Davidson; while Scotland has contributed Dr Andrew Thomson, the elder M'Crie, Dr Jamieson, Dr Chalmers, Dr Wardlaw, Dr John Brown, and Dr Welsh.

11. The philosophical literature of the age has been the most deeply influenced by the general study of the works of the German writers. The moral and metaphysical speculations of our time are in consequence distinguished by greater profundity; while the vague and dreamy transcendentalism so characteristic of Germany is in general very considerably modified by the practical and clear-headed good sense in which our own country so much excels. Dugald Stewart, the earliest philosophical name of the period, was ignorant of the German language, and thus escaped the influence of German philosophy. He adhered to the opinions of Dr Reid, with few and slight alterations, and was very cautious in his speculations, but his learning, his sound sense, and his eloquence, have secured for him a high reputation among the philosophers of the century. His chief works are "Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind," "Outlines of Moral Philosophy," and a "Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical and Metaphysical Science." Dr Thomas Brown, who succeeded Stewart as Professor of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh, departed from the system of Reid, and by his great acuteness was admirably qualified to simplify the somewhat complicated and unphilosophical doctrines of Reid and Stewart. He was, however, rash in drawing his conclusions; his knowledge of the systems of previous philosophers was superficial and by no means accurate; and his "Lectures," which long enjoyed extensive popularity, have been for some time declining in public estimation. The "Dissertation" of Sir James Mackintosh on the "History of Ethical Philosophy," is, both in point of learning and of acuteness, a valuable contribution to an important subject. The "Logic" of Archbishop Whately has been of essential service in reviving the study of the Aristotelian system, and clearing it from many of those charges which, though heaped upon it in ignorance, had brought it into very general disrepute. A more profound work of the same kind is the "System of Logic" of John Stuart Mill, one of the most distinguished thinkers of the age. An attempt has also been made by Augustus De Morgan, a well-known mathematician, to develop the science of Logic in a more complete form than was done by the Stagyrte himself, but some doubts have been entertained both as to the accuracy and the originality of his views. Beyond all question the ablest writer on this class of subjects during the present period, if indeed it be not unjust to him to make any such limitation, is Sir William Hamilton. To an amount of learning which would alone have sufficed to immortalize his name, he added very great acuteness, and strong powers of philosophical generalisation. His "Lectures on Logic," have been long admitted to be the most valuable contribution to the science since the days of its great originator; and his "Lectures on Metaphysics" and "Discussions," are known and appreciated wherever the speculative sciences are held in honour. The "Constitution of Man," by George Combe, contains a system of philosophy from a phrenological point of view; and the utilitarian system of morals has been well expounded by Bentham. Among other writers worthy of note may be mentioned

the late Dr Abercromby, Rev. Mr Mansell, Mr Morell, and Professor Ferrier.

12. The miscellaneous literature of the period is too voluminous for much special notice; a few remarks only can be made upon the most important classes of works which compose it. A prominent place is due to the numerous works of travel and adventure which form so marked and important a portion of our present literature. Under this head may be ranked the works of the early explorers of Africa, Park, Denham, and Lander; and those of the intrepid voyagers to the Northern Ocean, such as Ross, Parry, Franklin, and Richardson. Of travellers on the Continent, few are more entertaining, or more worthy of perusal, than Dr Edward Clarke, whose works long enjoyed a well-deserved popularity. Those of Eustace and Forsyth are also able works. Of the early travellers in Palestine and the East, Burckhardt, Silk Buckingham, Ker Porter, and Rae Wilson, are still much admired. The "Voyages" of Basil Hall, and Williams's "Tour in Greece," were also long favourite books with the public. Of more recent travellers, Warburton, Dr M'Culloch, Kingslake (author of "Eothen"), Sir Francis and Sir George Head, Barrow, Bishop Heber, Robinson (an American, whose works have been published, however, in England), Stanley, and numerous others, are well known. The most recent, and in some respects the most important works of this class, are those of Layard and Livingstone: the "Discoveries at Nineveh" made by the former, are among the most remarkable which it has fallen to the lot of a single individual to make; and the latter has contributed much to our knowledge of a country hitherto almost unexplored by Europeans. Works of science, written in a popular form, constitute a large portion of the literature of the present day. In this department Sir John Herschell and Sir David Brewster are among the best-known contributors; the former being the author of "Discourses on Natural Philosophy;" and the latter, besides some minor works, of articles in the leading Reviews, which must by this time be well-nigh innumerable. Dr Whewell, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, is known by his "History" and "Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences," and is one of the most learned and able men of the day. In Geology, works of great value have been produced by the late Dr Buckland, Sir Roderick Murchison, Sir Charles Lyell, Sir Henry Delabèche, Dr Mantell, Professor Philip, Hugh Miller, and others; in Astronomy, Herschell and Professor Nichol are the most popular authors; in Natural History and Natural Philosophy, the works of Professor Owen, Dr Johnstone, Mr Lewis, Professor Forbes, Dr Lardner, Rymer Jones, and others, are well known to students of science. The science of Political Economy has also been assiduously cultivated, and many valuable additions have been made to its literature, especially by Ricardo in his "Essay on Rent," and "Principles of Political Economy;" Malthus, Jeremy Bentham, James Mill, Nassau Senior, Whately, J. R. M'Culloch, Sadler, are also well-known writers on the subject. Criticism has also flourished in the present century, and many valuable works have appeared in elucidation of the literature, manners, and pursuits of our ancestors. The works of the elder Disraeli, of Sir Egerton Brydges, Mr Fosbrooke, Chalmers, Hone, Wright, Collier, Dyce, and others, are valuable repositories of information.

Essayists now find in the numerous Magazines and Reviews the best field for their writings, and few essays are published independently; those of Hazlitt, Lamb, and Foster, however, belong to this period. Ruskin has acquired a wide reputation as an able writer on the principles of Art. Carlyle may perhaps be best described as a satirist, his works being rather directed against the follies and fallacies which pervade human conduct, than towards the construction of any definite moral or social system of his own. Written in a very peculiar style, which in his own hands lends additional emphasis to his views, and probing to the bottom important questions, which are often indefinitely solved or taken for granted, his works have been of essential service to his countrymen, and have exercised a wide influence over the progress of thought in Britain. The various works of Isaac Taylor have enjoyed an extensive popularity, to which their depth of thought and eloquence of expression well entitle them. It would be improper to conclude without referring to the Encyclopædias, Dictionaries, and other serials which exist in such abundance, and employ so many literary labourers at present. Of these there may be mentioned as the most important, the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the "Penny Cyclopædia," and the "Cyclopædia Metropolitana;" the various Dictionaries edited by Dr Smith; and the numerous Libraries and Miscellanies which have at various periods been issued by Constable, Murray, Longman, Bohn, and other enterprising publishers.

SELECTIONS.

I. WILLIAM PALEY.

WILLIAM PALEY was born at Peterborough in 1743, and after the usual preliminary education, which he received from his father at Giggleswick, in Yorkshire, he removed to Cambridge. At the university he greatly distinguished himself, and was fortunate enough to form a connection with a son of the Bishop of Carlisle, which procured him ample preferment when he entered the Church. In 1785 Paley issued his "Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy," which, from its clearness and good sense, obtained a very high degree of public esteem. Five years after, he published his "Horæ Paulinæ," the most original of his works, in which, by pointing out numerous incidental and undesigned coincidences between the Epistles of Paul and the Acts of the Apostles, he brings out, in the clearest light, the genuineness of both, and thus introduces a new and very powerful argument for the truth of the Christian Revelation. In 1794 appeared his "View of the Evidences of Christianity," one of the most popular of his works, and for which he was rewarded with valuable Church preferment, especially with the lucrative living of Bishop-Wearmouth; and in 1800 he issued his "Natural Theology," which he composed during the quiet intervals of a painful disease, and for which he had been obliged to study anatomy. His malady still increased in violence, and cut him off in 1805. As a writer, Paley is distinguished (as Dr Chalmers has well remarked) by his having "no nonsense" about him: he never mystifies his readers with metaphysical jargon; never indulges in professional declamation, but goes straight to his point, which he establishes with irresistible cogency of argument. Hence, though some minor matters have been sometimes considered objectionable, his works are pre-eminently fitted for ordinary readers, and for the purposes of instruction.

1. EVIDENCE IN FAVOUR OF CHRISTIANITY FROM THE MANNER OF OUR SAVIOUR'S TEACHING.—("EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.")

Next to what our Saviour taught, may be considered the manner of His teaching, which was extremely peculiar, yet, I think, precisely adapted to the peculiarity of His character and situation. His lessons did not consist of disquisitions; of anything like moral essays,

or like sermons, or like set treatises upon the several points which He mentioned. When He delivered a precept, it was seldom that He added any proof or argument; still more seldom that He accompanied it with, what all precepts required, limitations and distinctions. His instructions were conceived in short, emphatic, sententious rules, in occasional reflections, or in round maxims. I do not think that this was a natural, or would have been a proper method, for a philosopher or moralist; or that it is a method which can be successfully imitated by us. But I contend that it was suitable to the character which Christ assumed, and to the situation in which, as a teacher, He was placed. He produced Himself as a messenger from God. He put the truth of what He taught upon authority. In the choice, therefore, of His mode of teaching, the purpose by Him to be consulted was *impression*; because conviction, which forms the principal end of our discourses, was to arise in the minds of His followers from a different source, from their respect to His person and authority. Now, for the purpose of impression singly and exclusively (I repeat again, that we are not here to consider the convincing of the understanding), I know nothing which would have so great force as strong, ponderous maxims, frequently urged, and frequently brought back to the thoughts of the hearers. I know nothing that could, in this view, be said better, than "do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you;" "the first and great commandment is, thou shalt love the Lord thy God; and the second is like unto it, thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." It must also be remembered, that our Lord's ministry, upon the supposition either of one year or three, compared with His work, was of short duration; that, within this time, He had many places to visit, various audiences to address; that His person was generally besieged by crowds of followers; that He was sometimes driven away from the place where He was teaching by persecution, at other times thought fit to withdraw Himself from the commotions of the populace. Under these circumstances, nothing appears to have been so practicable, or likely to be so efficacious, as leaving, wherever He came, concise lessons of duty. These circumstances, at least, show the necessity He was under of comprising what He delivered within a small compass. In particular, His Sermon upon the Mount ought always to be considered with a view to these observations. The question is not whether a fuller, a more accurate, a more systematic, or a more argumentative discourse upon morals might not have been pronounced, but whether more could have been said in the same room better adapted to the exigencies of the hearers, or better calculated for the purposes of impression? Seen in this light, it has always appeared to me to be admirable. Dr Lardner thought that this discourse was made up of what Christ had said at different times, and on different occasions, several of which occasions are noticed in St Luke's narrative. I can perceive no reason for this opinion. I believe that our Lord delivered this discourse at one time and place, in the manner related by St Mat-

thew, and that He repeated the same rules and maxims at different times, as opportunity or occasion suggested ; that they were often in His mouth, and were repeated to different audiences, and in various conversations.

It is incidental to this mode of moral instruction, which proceeds not by proof, but upon authority, not by disquisition, but by precept, that the rules will be conceived in absolute terms, leaving the application, and the distinctions that attend it, to the reason of the hearer. It is likewise to be expected that they will be delivered in terms so much the more forcible and energetic, as they have to encounter natural or general propensities. It is further also to be remarked, that many of those strong instances which appear in our Lord's sermon, such as, "if any man will smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also ;" "if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also ;" "whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain ;"—though they appear in the form of specific precepts, are intended as descriptive of disposition and character. A specific compliance with the precepts would be of little value ; but the disposition which they inculcate is of the highest. He who should content himself with waiting for the occasion, and with literally observing the rule when the occasion offered, would do nothing, or worse than nothing ; but he who considers the disposition and character which is hereby inculcated, and places that disposition before him as the model to which he should bring his own, takes, perhaps, the best possible method of improving the benevolence, and of calming and rectifying the vices, of his temper.

If it be said that this disposition is unattainable, I answer, so is all perfection. Ought, therefore, a moralist to recommend imperfection ? One excellency, however, of our Saviour's rules is, that they are either never mistaken, or never mistaken so as to do harm. I could feign a hundred cases in which the literal application of the rule, "of doing to others as we would that others should do unto us" might mislead us ; but I never yet met with the man who was actually misled by it. Notwithstanding that our Lord bade His followers "not to resist evil," and "to forgive the enemy who should trespass against them, not till seven times, but till seventy times seven," the Christian world has hitherto suffered little by too much placability or forbearance. I would repeat once more, what has already been twice remarked, that these rules were designed to regulate personal conduct from personal motives, and for this purpose alone.

I think that these observations will assist us greatly in placing our Saviour's conduct, as a moral teacher, in a proper point of view ; especially when it is considered, that to deliver moral disquisitions was no part of His design—to teach morality at all was only a subordinate part of it ; His great business being to supply what was much more wanting than lessons of morality, stronger moral sanctions, and clearer assurances of a future judgment. The *parables* of

the New Testament are, many of them, such as would have done honour to any book in the world: I do not mean in style and diction, but in the choice of the subjects, in the structure of the narratives, in the aptness, propriety, and force of the circumstances woven into them; and in some, as that of the Good Samaritan, the Prodigal Son, the Pharisee and the Publican, in an union of pathos and simplicity, which, in the best productions of human genius, is the fruit only of a much-exercised and well-cultivated judgment. The *Lord's Prayer*, for a succession of solemn thoughts, for fixing the attention upon a few great points, for suitableness to every condition, for sufficiency, for conciseness without obscurity, for the weight and real importance of its petitions, is without an equal or a rival.

From whence did these come? Whence had this man His wisdom? Was our Saviour, in fact, a well-instructed philosopher, whilst He is represented to us as an illiterate peasant? Or shall we say that some early Christians of taste and education composed these pieces, and ascribed them to Christ? Beside all other incredibilities in this account, I answer with Dr Jortin, that they *could not* do it. No specimens of compositions which the Christians of the first century have left us authorize us to believe that they were equal to the task. And how little qualified the Jews, the countrymen and companions of Christ, were to assist Him in the undertaking, may be judged of from the traditions and writings of theirs which were the nearest to that age. The whole collection of the Talmud is one continued proof into what follies they fell whenever they left their Bible; and how little capable they were of furnishing out such lessons as Christ delivered.

2. ADAPTATION OF THE COVERING OF BIRDS TO THEIR CONDITION.— ("NATURAL THEOLOGY.")

The covering of birds cannot escape the most vulgar observation. Its lightness, its smoothness, its warmth, the disposition of the feathers all inclined backward, the down about their stem, the overlapping of their tips, their different configuration in different parts, not to mention the variety of their colours, constitute a vestment for the body, so beautiful, and so appropriate to the life which the animal is to lead, as that, I think we should have had no conception of anything equally perfect, if we had never seen it, or can never imagine anything more so. Let us suppose (what is possible only in supposition) a person who had never seen a bird to be presented with a plucked pheasant, and bid to set his wits to work, how to contrive for it a covering which shall unite the qualities of warmth, levity, and least resistance to the air, and the highest degree of each; giving it also as much beauty and ornament as he could afford; he is the person to behold the work of the Deity, in this part of His creation, with the sentiments which are due to it. The commendation which the general aspect of the feathered world seldom fails of exciting, will be increased by farther examination. It is one of

those cases in which the philosopher has more to admire than the common observer. Every feather is a mechanical wonder. If we look at the quill, we find properties not easily brought together—strength and lightness. I know few things more remarkable than the strength and lightness of the very pen with which I am writing. If we cast our eye to the upper part of the stem, we see a material, made for the purpose, used in no other class of animals, and in no other part of birds; tough, light, pliant, elastic. The pith also, which feeds the feathers, is amongst animal substances peculiar, neither bone, flesh, membrane, nor tendon. But the artificial part of a feather is the beard, or, as it is sometimes, I believe, called, the vane. By the beards are meant, what are fastened on each side of the stem, and what constitute the breadth of the feather; what we usually strip off from one side or both when we make a pen. The separate pieces, or laminae, of which the beard is composed, are called threads, sometimes filaments, or rays. Now, the first thing which an attentive observer will remark is, how much stronger the beard of the feather shows itself to be, when pressed in a direction perpendicular to its plane, than when rubbed, either up or down, in the line of the stem: and he will soon discover the structure which occasions this difference, viz., that the laminae whereof these beards are composed are flat, and placed with their flat sides towards each other; by which means, whilst they easily bend for the approaching of each other, as any one may perceive by drawing his finger ever so lightly upwards, they are much harder to bend out of their place, which is the direction in which they have to encounter the impulse and pressure of the air, and in which their strength is wanted and put to the trial.

This is one particularity in the structure of a feather; a second is still more extraordinary. Whoever examines a feather cannot help taking notice that the threads or laminae of which we have been speaking, in their natural state unite; that their union is something more than the mere apposition of loose surfaces; that they are not parted asunder without some degree of force; that nevertheless there is no glutinous cohesion among them; that, therefore, by some mechanical means or other, they catch or clasp among themselves, thereby giving to the beard or vane its closeness and compactness of texture. Nor is this all; when two laminae, which have been separated by accident or force, are brought together again, they immediately reclasp; the connection, whatever it was, is perfectly recovered, and the beard of the feather becomes as smooth and firm as if nothing had happened to it. Draw your finger down the feather, which is against the grain, and you break probably the junction of some of the contiguous threads: draw your finger up the feather, and you restore all things to their former state. This is no common contrivance; and now for the mechanism by which it is effected. The threads or laminae above mentioned are interlaced with one another; and the interlacing is performed by means of a vast number of fibres or teeth, which the laminae shoot forth on

each side, and which hook and grapple together. A friend of mine counted fifty of these fibres in one-twentieth of an inch. These fibres are crooked; but curved after a different manner: for those which proceed from the thread on the side towards the extremity of the feather are longer, more flexible, and bent downward; whereas those which proceed from the side towards the beginning or quill-end of the feather are shorter, firmer, and turn upwards. The process, then, which takes place is as follows:—when two laminae are pressed together, so that these long fibres are forced far enough over the short ones, *their* crooked parts fall into the cavity made by the crooked parts of the others, just as the latch that is fastened to a door enters into the cavity of the catch fixed to the door-post, and there hooking itself, fastens the door; for it is properly in this manner that one thread of a feather is fastened to the other.

This admirable structure of the feather, which it is easy to see with the microscope, succeeds perfectly for the use to which nature has designed it; which use was, not only that the laminae might be united, but that when one thread or lamina has been separated from another by some external violence, it might be reclasped with sufficient facility and expedition. In the ostrich, this apparatus of crotchets and fibres, of hooks and teeth, is wanting; and we see the consequence of the want. The filaments hang loose and separate from one another, forming only a kind of down; which constitution of the feathers, however it may fit them for the flowing honours of a lady's head-dress, may be reckoned an imperfection in the bird, inasmuch as wings, composed of these feathers, although they may greatly assist it in running, do not serve for flight.

But at present our business with feathers is as they are the covering of the bird. And herein a singular circumstance occurs. In the small order of birds which winter with us, from a snipe downwards, let the external colour of the feathers be what it will, their Creator has universally given them a bed of *black* down next their bodies. Black, we know, is the warmest colour, and the purpose here is to keep in the heat arising from the heart and circulation of the blood. It is further likewise remarkable, that this is not found in larger birds, for which there is also a reason: small birds are much more exposed to the cold than large ones; forasmuch as they present, in proportion to their bulk, a much larger surface to the air. If a turkey were divided into a number of wrens (supposing the shape of the turkey and wren to be similar), the surface of all the wrens would exceed the surface of the turkey, in the proportion of the length, breadth, or of any homologous line of a turkey to that of a wren, which would be, perhaps, a proportion of ten to one. It was necessary, therefore, that small birds should be more warmly clad than large ones; and this seems to be the expedient by which that agency is provided for.

II. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

CHARLES JAMES FOX, the second son of the first Lord Holland, was born in 1748, and was educated at Eton and Oxford, where he was conspicuous for his knowledge of classical literature. He was of course intended for political life, and before his twentieth year became a member of the House of Commons, where he at first supported the ministry, but on a quarrel with Lord North joined the opposition, and his eloquence made him a formidable enemy. His quarrel with North was however made up, and he became a member of the Coalition Ministry; this administration was never very popular, it being generally supposed that it proceeded upon a dereliction of principle on the part of its members, and its unpopularity was increased by Fox's India Bill, which was at the time imagined to be an attempt to make the ministers of the day independent both of the king and the people. Again thrown out of office, Fox carried on a vigorous opposition to his younger rival Pitt, and on all the great questions of the day—the impeachment of Warren Hastings, the Regency Bill, and the French Revolution, he took a distinguished part. He was once more restored to power on the death of Pitt, but died shortly after in 1806, exhausted, it is said, by efforts to restore peace to Europe. To literature, Fox contributed only a "History of the early part of the reign of James II.," published posthumously, and a mere fragment of a larger work which he contemplated. It is chiefly valuable as containing the views of the most able of the Whig leaders, on the important transactions which preceded the Revolution. The style is clear, forcible, and elegant, but it was impossible for Fox to cool down his ardour for the principles which he had so long defended, to the impartial and calm tone of a historian, and hence his work, as he himself said, reads "too much like a speech."

BATTLE OF SEDGEMOOR, AND CAPTURE OF MONMOUTH.

On the afternoon of the 5th July, Monmouth learnt, more accurately than he had before done, the true situation of the royal army, and from the information now received, he thought it expedient to consult his principal officers, whether it might not be advisable to attempt to surprise the enemy by a night attack upon their quarters. The prevailing opinion was, that if the infantry were not intrenched, the plan was worth the trial; otherwise not. Scouts were dispatched to ascertain this point, and their report being that there was no intrenchment, an attack was resolved on. In pursuance of this resolution, at about eleven at night, the whole army was in march, Lord Grey commanding the horse, and Colonel Wade the vanguard of the foot. The Duke's orders were, that the horse should first advance, and pushing into the enemy's camp, endeavour to prevent their infantry from coming together; that the cannon should follow the horse, and the foot the cannon, and draw all up in one line, and so finish what the cavalry should have begun, before the king's horse and artillery could be got in order. But it was now

discovered that though there were no intrenchments, there was a ditch which served as a drain to the great moor adjacent, of which no mention had been made by the scouts. To this ditch the horse under Lord Grey advanced, and no farther; and, whether immediately, as according to some accounts, or after having been considerably harassed by the enemy in their attempts to find a place to pass, according to others, quitted the field. The cavalry being gone, and the principle upon which the attack had been undertaken being that of a surprise, the Duke judged it necessary that the infantry should advance as speedily as possible. Wade, therefore, when he came within forty paces of the ditch, was obliged to halt, to put his battalion into that order which the extreme rapidity of the march had for the time disconcerted. His plan was to pass the ditch, reserving his fire; but while he was arranging his men for that purpose, another battalion, newly come up, began to fire, though at a considerable distance; a bad example, which it was impossible to prevent the vanguard from following, and it was now no longer in the power of their commander to persuade them to advance. The king's forces, as well horse and artillery, as foot, had now full time to assemble. The Duke had no longer cavalry in the field, and though his artillery, which consisted only of three or four iron guns, was well served under the direction of a Dutch gunner, it was by no means equal to that of the royal army, which, as soon as it was light, began to do great execution. In these circumstances, the unfortunate Monmouth, fearful of being encompassed and made prisoner by the king's cavalry, who were approaching upon his flank, and urged, as it is reported, to flight by the same person¹ who had stimulated him to his fatal enterprise, quitted the field, accompanied by Lord Grey and some others. The left wing, under the command of Colonel Holmes and Matthews, next gave way, and Wade's men, after having continued for an hour and a-half a distant and ineffectual fire, seeing their left discomfited, began a retreat, which soon afterwards became a complete rout.

Thus ended the decisive battle of Sedgemoor, an attack which seems to have been judiciously conceived, and in many parts spiritedly executed. The general was deficient neither in courage nor conduct; and the troops, while they displayed the native bravery of Englishmen, were under as good discipline as could be expected from bodies newly raised. Two circumstances seem to have principally contributed to the loss of the day: first, the unforeseen difficulty occasioned by the ditch, of which the assailants had no intelligence; and secondly, the cowardice of the commander of the horse. The discovery of the ditch was the more alarming, because it threw a general doubt upon the information of the spies, and the night being dark, they could not ascertain that this was the only impediment of the kind they were to expect. The dispersion of the horse was still more fatal, inasmuch as it deranged the whole order of the

¹ Ferguson, the *plotter*, an infamous scoundrel, whose name constantly occurs in the histories of the period.

plan, by which it had been concerted that their operations were to facilitate the attack made by the foot. If Lord Grey had possessed a spirit more suitable to his birth and name, to the illustrious friendship with which he had been honoured, and to the command with which he was intrusted, he would doubtless have persevered till he found a passage into the enemy's camp, which could have been effected at a ford not far distant. The loss of time occasioned by the ditch might not have been very material, and the most important consequences might have ensued; but it would surely be rashness to assert, as Hume does, that the army would, after all, have gained the victory, had not the misconduct of Monmouth and the cowardice of Grey prevented it. This rash judgment is the more to be admired at, as the historian has not pointed out the instance of misconduct to which he refers.¹

Monmouth, with his suite, first directed his course towards the Bristol Channel, and, as is related by Oldmixon, was once inclined, at the suggestion of Dr Oliver, a faithful and honest adviser, to embark for the coast of Wales, with a view of concealing himself for some time in that principality. Lord Grey, who appears to have been in all instances his evil genius, dissuaded him from this plan, and the small party having separated, took each several ways. Monmouth, Grey, and a gentleman of Brandenburg, went southward, with a view to gain the New Forest in Hampshire, where, by means of Grey's connections in that district, and thorough knowledge of the country, it was hoped they might be in safety, till a vessel could be procured to transport them to the Continent. They left their horses, and disguised themselves as peasants; but the pursuit, stimulated as well by party zeal as by the great pecuniary rewards offered for the capture of Monmouth and Grey, was too vigilant to be eluded. Grey was taken on the 7th, in the evening; and the German, who shared the same fate early on the next morning, confessed that he had parted from Monmouth but a few hours since. The neighbouring country was immediately and thoroughly searched, and James had ere night the satisfaction of learning that his nephew² was in his power. The unfortunate Duke was discovered in a ditch, half-concealed by fern and nettles. His stock of provision, which consisted of some peas, gathered in the fields through which he had fled, was nearly exhausted, and there is reason to think that he had little if any other sustenance since he left Bridgewater on the evening of the 5th. To repose he had been equally a stranger; how his mind must have been harassed it is needless to discuss.

¹ Fox wrote mainly in refutation of Hume, and his zeal sometimes betrays him. Surely there is no greater misconduct conceivable in a general than to run away, as Monmouth did, in the middle of a battle.

² Since Fox wrote, more information has been obtained about Monmouth; and it is now almost certain that though Charles always recognised him as his son, he was in reality the son of a brother of Algernon Sidney. In addition to other evidence, Monmouth's strong resemblance to Sidney in personal appearance confirms what has now been stated.

III. DUGALD STEWART.

DUGALD STEWART was born at Edinburgh in 1753, and, after the usual education at the High School and University of his native town, became Professor of Mathematics in the University. In 1785 he was removed to the more congenial position of Professor of Moral Philosophy, and his reputation as a lecturer added much to the lustre of the university, and attracted auditors from all parts of the kingdom. Parts of his lectures were in 1792 published as the first volume of the "Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind;" and the work was completed by the appearance of a second volume in 1814 and a third in 1827. They were received with more public favour than usually accompanies works of a metaphysical kind, and the same patronage was extended to his "Outlines of Moral Philosophy," a brief compend of the views insisted upon in his lectures, and intended as a text-book for students. The growing infirmities of age compelled him to resign his chair to his well-known successor, Dr Thomas Brown; and, after some years of retirement, he died in 1828. Besides the works enumerated, he wrote the "Preliminary Dissertation on Mental Philosophy," in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," "Philosophical Essays," and "Memoirs of Smith, Reid, and Robertson." Stewart, though not a very profound speculator, possessed extensive learning, good taste, sound judgment, and considerable acuteness; and these accomplishments, added to the graces of a clear and elegant style, give him a high rank among philosophical writers. The following extracts are made from the last edition of Stewart's works, that of Sir William Hamilton, which differs in some particulars from any preceding edition:—

1. STATE OF THE MIND DURING SLEEP.

In conducting the inquiry with respect to the state of the mind in sleep, it seems reasonable to expect that some light may be obtained from an examination of the circumstances which accelerate or retard its approach; for when we are disposed to rest, it is natural to imagine that the state of the mind approaches to its state in sleep more nearly than when we feel ourselves alive and active, and capable of applying all our various faculties to their proper purposes. In general, it may be remarked that the approach of sleep is accelerated by every circumstance which diminishes or suspends the exercise of the mental powers; and is retarded by everything which has a contrary tendency. When we wish for sleep, we naturally endeavour to withhold, as much as possible, all the active exertions of the mind, by disengaging our attention from every interesting subject of thought. When we are disposed to keep awake, we naturally fix our attention on some subject which is calculated to afford employment to our intellectual powers, or to rouse and exercise the active principles of our nature.

It is well known that there is a particular class of sounds which compose us to sleep. The hum of bees, the murmur of a fountain,

the reading of an uninteresting discourse, have this tendency in a remarkable degree. If we examine this class of sounds, we shall find that it consists wholly of such as are fitted to withdraw the attention of the mind from its own thoughts, and are, at the same time, not sufficiently interesting to engage its attention to themselves.

It is also a matter of common observation, that children and persons of little reflection, who are chiefly occupied about sensible objects, and whose mental activity is, in a great measure, suspended as soon as their perceptive powers are unemployed, find it extremely difficult to continue awake when they are deprived of their usual engagements. The same thing has been remarked of savages, whose time, like that of the lower animals, is almost completely divided between sleep and their bodily exertions.

From a consideration of these facts, it seems reasonable to conclude, that in sleep these operations of the mind are suspended which depend on our volition; for if it be certain, that before we fall asleep we must withhold, as much as we are able, the exercise of all our different powers, it is scarcely to be imagined that, as soon as sleep commences, these powers should again begin to be exerted. The more probable conclusion is, that when we are desirous to procure sleep, we bring both mind and body, as nearly as we can, into that state in which they are to continue after sleep commences. The difference, therefore, between the state of the mind when we are inviting sleep, and when we are actually asleep, is this, that in the former case, although its active exertions be suspended, we can renew them if we please. In the other case, the will loses its influence over all our powers both of mind and body, in consequence of some physical alteration in the system, which we shall never, probably, be able to explain.

In order to illustrate this conclusion a little farther, it may be proper to remark, that if the suspension of our voluntary operations in sleep be admitted as a fact, there are only two suppositions which can be formed concerning its cause. The one is, that the power of volition is suspended; the other, that the will loses its influence over those faculties of the mind and those members of the body which, during our waking hours, are subjected to its authority. If it can be shown, then, that the former supposition is not agreeable to fact, the truth of the latter seems to follow as a necessary consequence.

1. That the power of volition is not suspended during sleep, appears from the efforts which we are conscious of making while in that situation. We dream, for example, that we are in danger, and we attempt to call out for assistance. The attempt, indeed, is in general unsuccessful, and the sounds which we emit are feeble and indistinct; but this only confirms, or rather, is a necessary consequence of the supposition, that in sleep the connection between the will and our voluntary operations is disturbed or interrupted. The continuance of the power of volition is demonstrated by the effort, however ineffectual.

In like manner, in the course of an alarming dream, we are sometimes conscious of making an exertion to save ourselves by flight from an apprehended danger; but in spite of all our efforts we continue in bed. In such cases we commonly dream that we are attempting to escape, and are prevented by some external obstacle, but the fact seems to be that the body is at that time not subject to the will. During the disturbed rest which we sometimes have when the body is indisposed, the mind appears to retain some power over it; but as, even in these cases, the motions which are made consist rather of a general agitation of the whole system, than of the regular exertion of a particular member of it with a view to produce a certain effect, it is reasonable to conclude that in perfectly sound sleep, the mind, although it retains the power of volition, retains no influence whatever over the bodily organs.

In that particular condition of the system which is known by the name of *incubus*, we are conscious of a total want of power over the body; and I believe the common opinion is, that it is the want of power which distinguishes the incubus from all the other modifications of sleep. But the more probable supposition seems to be, that every species of sleep is accompanied with a suspension of the faculty of voluntary motion; and that the incubus has nothing peculiar in it but this, that the uneasy sensations which are produced by the accidental posture of the body, and which we find it impossible to remove by our own efforts, renders us distinctly conscious of our incapacity to move. One thing is certain, that the instant of our awaking, and of our recovering the command of our bodily organs, is one and the same.

2. The same conclusion is confirmed by a different view of the subject. It is probable, as was already observed, that when we are anxious to procure sleep, the state into which we naturally bring the mind approaches to its state after sleep commences. Now, it is manifest that the means which nature directs us to employ on such occasions is not to suspend the power of volition, but to suspend the exertion of those powers whose exercise depends on volition. If it were necessary that volition should be suspended before we fall asleep, it would be impossible for us by our own efforts to hasten the moment of rest. The very supposition of such efforts is absurd, for it implies a continued will to suspend the acts of the will.

According to the foregoing doctrine, with respect to the state of the mind in sleep, the effect which is produced on our mental operations is strikingly analagous to that which is produced on our bodily powers. From the observations which have been already made, it is manifest that in sleep the body is in a very inconsiderable degree, if at all, subject to our command. The vital and involuntary motions, however, suffer no interruption, but go on as when we are awake, in consequence of the operation of some cause unknown to us. In like manner, it would appear that those operations of the mind which depend on our volition are suspended, while certain other operations are at least occasionally carried on.

This analogy naturally suggests the idea, that all our mental operations which are independent of our will may continue during sleep, and that the phenomena of dreaming may perhaps be produced by these, diversified in their apparent effects, in consequence of the suspension of our voluntary powers.

2. THE VARIETIES OF MEMORY IN DIFFERENT INDIVIDUALS.

It is generally supposed, that of all our faculties, memory is that which nature has bestowed in the most unequal degrees on different individuals; and it is far from being impossible that this opinion may be well founded. If, however, we consider that there is scarcely any man who has not memory sufficient to learn the use of language, and to learn to recognise, at the first glance, the appearances of an infinite number of familiar objects; besides acquiring such an acquaintance with the laws of nature, and the ordinary course of human affairs, as is necessary for directing his conduct in life, we shall be satisfied that the original disparities among men, in this respect, are by no means so immense as they seem to be at first view; and that much is to be ascribed to different habits of attention, and to a difference of selection among the various events presented to their curiosity.

It is worthy of remark, also, that those individuals who possess unusual powers of memory with respect to any one class of objects, are commonly as remarkably deficient in some of the other applications of that faculty. I knew a person who, though completely ignorant of Latin, was able to repeat over thirty or forty lines of Virgil, after having heard them once read to him,—not, indeed, with perfect exactness, but with such a degree of resemblance as (all circumstances considered) was truly astonishing; yet this person (who was in the condition of a servant) was singularly deficient in memory in all cases in which that faculty is of real practical utility. He was noted in every family in which he had been employed for habits of forgetfulness, and could scarcely deliver an ordinary message without committing some blunder.

A similar observation, I can almost venture to say, will be found to apply to by far the greater number of those in whom this faculty seems to exhibit a preternatural or anomalous degree of force. The varieties of memory are indeed wonderful, but they ought not to be confounded with inequalities of memory. One man is distinguished by a power of recollecting names, and dates, and genealogies; a second, by the multiplicity of speculations, and of general conclusions treasured up in his intellect; a third, by the facility with which words and combinations of words (the very words of a speaker or of an author) seems to lay hold of his mind; a fourth, by the quickness with which he seizes and appropriates the sense and meaning of an author, while the phraseology and style seem altogether to escape his notice; a fifth, by his memory for poetry; a sixth, by his memory for music; a seventh, by his memory for architecture.

statuary, and painting, and all the other objects of taste which are addressed to the eye. All these different powers seem miraculous to those who do not possess them; and as they are apt to be supposed by superficial observers to be commonly united in the same individuals, they contribute much to encourage those exaggerated estimates concerning the original inequalities among men in respect to this faculty which I am now endeavouring to reduce to their first standard.

As the great purpose to which this faculty is subservient is to enable us to collect and to retain, for the future regulation of our conduct, the results of our past experience, it is evident that the degree of perfection which it attains in the case of different persons must vary; first, with the facility of making the original acquisition; secondly, with the permanence of the acquisition; and thirdly, with the quickness or readiness with which the individual is able, on particular occasions, to apply it to use. The qualities, therefore, of a good memory are, in the first place, to be susceptible; secondly, to be retentive; and thirdly, to be ready.

It is but rarely that these three qualities are united in the same person. We often, indeed, meet with a memory which is at once susceptible and ready; but I doubt much if such memories be commonly very retentive; for the same set of habits which are favourable to the two first qualities are adverse to the third. Those individuals, for example, who, with a view to conversation, make a constant business of informing themselves with respect to the popular topics of the day, or of turning over the ephemeral publications subservient to the amusement or to the politics of the times, are naturally led to cultivate a susceptibility and readiness of memory, but have no inducement to aim at that permanent retention of selected ideas which enables the scientific student to combine the most remote materials, and to concentrate at will, on a particular object, all the scattered lights of his experience and of his reflections. Such men (as far as my observation has reached) seldom possess a familiar or correct acquaintance even with those classical remains of our own earlier writers which have ceased to furnish topics of discourse to the circles of fashion. A stream of novelties is perpetually passing through their minds, and the faint impressions which it leaves soon vanish to make way for others, like the traces which the ebbing tide leave upon the sand. Nor is this all. In proportion as the associating principles which lay the foundation of susceptibility and readiness predominate in the memory, those which form the basis of our more solid and lasting acquisitions may be expected to be weakened, as a natural consequence of the general laws of our intellectual frame.

IV. WILLIAM HAZLITT.

WILLIAM HAZLITT was the son of a Dissenting minister, and was educated at the Unitarian College at Hackney. He studied painting, and began life as an artist; but soon exchanged the pencil for the pen, and commenced a literary career. He contributed largely to the newspaper press, especially to the "Morning Chronicle" and "Examiner," and to other periodicals; and most of his contributions have been collected and issued in a separate form. Besides these minor works, he published various larger works, chiefly in illustration of our older literature, which were well received, and still maintain their place. He died in 1830. His chief works are "Table-Talk," "Spirit of the Age," "Life of Napoleon," "Characters of Shakspeare's Plays," and "Lectures on English Poetry, the English Comic Writers, and the Elizabethan Literature." On all matters relating to the drama and the fine arts, he is allowed to be one of the highest authorities; and his style, though often deformed by prejudice and paradoxical conceits, is in general lively, entertaining, and vigorous. He has much in common with Charles Lamb, but is sadly wanting in that agreeable tone which makes Lamb a general favourite; and, in consequence, the reputation of Hazlitt is passing away, while that of his kindlier contemporary is ever on the increase.

I. THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

Neither in itself, nor as a subject of general contemplation, has the future any advantage over the past. But with respect to our appetites and grosser passions, it has. As far as regards the appeal to the understanding or the imagination, the past is just as good, as real, of as much intrinsic and ostensible value, as the future; but there is another principle in the human mind, the principle of action or will; and of this the past has no hold, the future engrosses it entirely to itself. It is this strong lever of the affections that gives so powerful a bias to our sentiments on this subject, and violently transposes the natural order of our associations. We regret the pleasures we have lost, and eagerly anticipate those which are to come; we dwell with satisfaction on the evils from which we have escaped, and dread future pain. The good that is past is, in this sense, like money that is spent, which is of no further use, and about which we give ourselves little concern. The good we expect is like a store yet untouched, and in the enjoyment of which we promise ourselves infinite gratification. What has happened to us, we think of no consequence; what is to happen to us, of the greatest. Why so? Simply because the one is still in our power, and the other not; because the efforts of the will to bring any object to pass or to prevent it, strengthen our attachment or aversion to that object; because the pains and attention bestowed on anything add to our interest in it; and because the habitual and endless pursuit of any end redoubles the ardour of our expectations, and converts the

speculative and indolent satisfaction we might otherwise feel in it into real passion. Our regrets, anxiety, and wishes are thrown away upon the past; but the insisting on the importance of the future is of the utmost use in aiding our resolutions and stimulating our exertions. If the future were no more amenable to our wills than the past; if our precautions, our sanguine schemes, our hopes and fears, were of as little avail in the one case as the other; if we could neither soften our minds to pleasure nor steel our fortitude to the resistance of pain beforehand; if all objects drifted along by us like straws, or pieces of wood in a river, the will being purely passive, and as little able to avert the future as to arrest the past, we should in that case be equally indifferent to both; that is, we should consider each as they affected the thoughts and imagination with certain sentiments of approbation or regret, but without the importunity of action, the irritation of the will, throwing the whole weight of passion and prejudice into one scale, and leaving the other quite empty. While the blow is coming, we prepare to meet it; we think to ward off or break its force; we arm ourselves with patience to endure what cannot be avoided; we agitate ourselves with fifty needless alarms about it; but when the blow is struck, the pang is over, the struggle is no longer necessary, and we cease to harass or torment ourselves about it more than we can help. It is not that the one belongs to the future, and the other to time past, but that the one is a subject of action, of uneasy apprehension, of strong passion, and that the other has passed wholly out of the sphere of action into the region of "calm contemplation and majestic pains." It would not give a man more concern to know that he should be put to the rack a year hence, than to recollect that he had been put to it a year ago, but that he hopes to avoid the one, whereas he must sit down patiently under the consciousness of the other. In this hope he wears himself out in vain struggles with fate, and puts himself to the rack of his imagination every day he has to live in the meanwhile. When the event is so remote, or so independent of the will as to set aside the necessity of immediate action, or to baffle all attempts to defeat it, it gives us little more disturbance or emotion than if it had already taken place, or were something to happen in another state of being, or to an indifferent person. Criminals are observed to grow more anxious as their trial approaches; but after their sentence is passed they become tolerably resigned, and generally sleep sound the night before its execution.

2. INDIAN JUGGLERS.

Coming forward and seating himself on the ground in his white dress and tightened turban, the chief of the Indian jugglers begins with tossing up two brass balls, which is what any of us could do, and concludes with keeping up four at the same time, which is what none of us could do to save our lives, nor if we were to take

our whole lives to do it in. Is it then a trifling power we see at work, or is it not something next to miraculous? It is the utmost stretch of human ingenuity, which nothing but the bending the faculties of body and mind to it from the tenderest infancy with incessant, ever-anxious application up to manhood can accomplish or make even a slight approach to. Man, thou art a wonderful animal, and thy ways past finding out! Thou canst do strange things, but thou turnest them to little account! To conceive of this effort of extraordinary dexterity distracts the imagination and makes admiration breathless. Yet it costs nothing to the performer, any more than if it were a mere mechanical deception with which he had nothing to do, but to watch and laugh at the astonishment of the spectators. A single error of a hair's breadth, of the smallest conceivable portion of time would be fatal; the precision of the movements must be like a mathematical truth, their rapidity is like lightning. To catch four balls in succession in less than a second of time, and deliver them back so as to return with seeming consciousness to the hand again; to make them revolve round him at certain intervals like the planets in their spheres; to make them chase one another like sparkles of fire, or shoot up like flowers or meteors; to throw them behind his back, and twine them round his neck like ribbons, or like serpents; to do what appears an impossibility, and to do it with all the ease, the grace, the carelessness imaginable; to laugh at, to play with the glittering mockeries, to follow them with his eye as if he could fascinate them with its lambent fire, or as if he had only to see that they kept time with the music on the stage—there is something in all this which he who does not admire may be quite sure he never really admired anything in the whole course of his life. It is skill surmounting difficulty, and beauty triumphing over skill. It seems as if the difficulty, once mastered, naturally resolved itself into ease and grace, and as if to be overcome at all, it must be overcome without an effort. The smallest awkwardness or want of pliancy or self-possession would stop the whole process. It is the work of witchcraft, and yet sport for children. Some of the other feats are quite as curious and wonderful, such as the balancing the artificial tree and shooting a bird from each branch through a quill; though none of them have the elegance or facility of the keeping up of the brass balls. You are in pain for the result, and glad when the experiment is over; they are not accompanied with the same unmixed, unchecked delight as the former; and I would not give much to be merely astonished without being pleased at the same time. As to the swallowing of the sword, the police ought to interfere to prevent it. When I saw the Indian juggler do the same things before, his feet were bare, and he had large rings on his toes, which he kept turning round all the time of the performance, as if they moved of themselves.

The hearing a speech in Parliament drawled or stammered out by the honourable member or the noble lord, the ringing the changes on their commonplaces, which any one could repeat after

them as well as they, stirs me not a jot, shakes not my good opinion of myself; but the seeing the Indian jugglers does. It makes me ashamed of myself. I ask what there is that I can do as well as this. Nothing. What have I been doing all my life? Have I been idle, or have I nothing to show for all my labour and pains? Or have I passed my time in pouring words like water into empty sieves, rolling a stone up a hill and then down again, trying to prove an argument in the teeth of facts, and looking for causes in the dark, and not finding them? Is there no one thing in which I can challenge competition, that I can bring as an instance of exact perfection, in which others cannot find a flaw? The utmost I can pretend to is to write a description of what this fellow can do. I can write a book: so can many others who have not even learned to spell. What abortions are these Essays! What errors, what ill-pieced transitions, what crooked reasons, what lame conclusions! How little is made out, and that little how ill! Yet they are the best I can do. I endeavour to recollect all I have ever observed or thought upon a subject, and to express it as neatly as I can. Instead of writing on four subjects at a time, it is as much as I can manage to keep the thread of one discourse clear and unentangled. I have also time on my hands to correct my opinions and polish my periods; but the one I cannot, and the other I will not do. I am fond of arguing; yet with a good deal of pains and practice it is often as much as I can do to beat my man, though he may be a very indifferent hand. A common fencer would disarm his adversary in the twinkling of an eye, unless he were a professor like himself. A stroke of wit will sometimes produce this effect, but there is no such power or superiority in sense or reasoning. There is no complete mastery of execution to be shown there; and you hardly know the professor from the impudent pretender or the mere clown.

3. CHARACTER OF FALSTAFF.—("CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPERE'S PLAYS.")

If Shakspeare's fondness for the ludicrous sometimes led to faults in his tragedies (which was not often the case), he has made us amends by the character of Falstaff. This is perhaps the most substantial comic character that ever was invented. Sir John carries a most portly presence in the mind's eye. We are as well acquainted with his person as his mind, and his jokes come upon us with double force and relish from the quantity of flesh through which they make their way, as he shakes his fat sides with laughter, or "lards the lean earth as he walks along." Other comic characters seem, if we approach and handle them, to resolve themselves into air—"into thin air;" but this is embodied and palpable to the grossest apprehension: it lies "three fingers deep upon the ribs;" it plays about the lungs and the diaphragm with all the force of animal enjoyment. His body is like a good estate to his mind, from which he receives

rents and revenues of profit and pleasure in kind, according to its extent and the richness of the soil. Wit is often a meagre substitute for pleasurable sensation; an effusion of spleen and petty spite at the comforts of others, from feeling none in itself. Falstaff's wit is an emanation of a fine constitution; an exuberance of good-humour and good-nature, an overflowing of his love of laughter, and good fellowship; a giving vent to his heart's ease, and over-contentment with himself and others. He would not be in character if he were not so fat as he is; for there is the greatest keeping in the boundless luxury of his imagination, and the pampered self-indulgence of his physical appetites. He manures and nourishes his mind with jests, as he does his body with sack and sugar. He carves out his jokes as he would a capon or a haunch of venison, where there is *cut and come again*. His tongue drops fatness, and in the chambers of his brain "it snows of meat and drink." He keeps up perpetual holiday and open house, and we live with him in a round of invitations to a rump-and-dozen. Yet we are not to suppose that he was a mere sensualist. All this is as much in imagination as in reality. His sensuality does not engross and stupify his other faculties, but "ascends me into the brain, clears away all the dull, crude vapours that environ it, and makes it full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes." His imagination keeps up the ball after his senses have done with it. He seems to have even a greater enjoyment of the freedom from restraint, of good cheer, of his ease, of his vanity, in the ideal, exaggerated descriptions which he gives of them, than in fact. He never fails to enrich his discourse with allusions to eating and drinking, but we never see him at table. He carries his own larder about with him, and he is himself "a tun of man." His pulling out the bottle in the field of battle, is a joke to show his contempt for glory accompanied with danger, his systematic adherence to his Epicurean philosophy in the most trying circumstances. Again, such is his deliberate exaggeration of his own vices, that it does not seem quite certain whether the account of his hostess's bill, found in his pocket, with such an out-of-the-way charge for capons and sack with only one half-penny worth of bread, was not put there by himself, as a trick to humour the jest upon his favourite propensities, and as a conscious caricature of himself. He is represented as a liar, a braggart, a coward, a glutton, and yet we are not offended but delighted with him; for he is all these as much to amuse others as to gratify himself. He openly assumes all these characters to show the humorous part of them. The unrestrained indulgence of his own ease, appetites, and convenience, has neither malice nor hypocrisy in it. In a word, he is an actor in himself almost as much as upon the stage; and we no more object to the character of Falstaff in a moral point of view, than we should think of bringing an excellent comedian, who should represent him to the life, before one of the police-offices. We only consider the number of pleasant lights in which he puts certain foibles (the more pleasant as they are opposed to the received rules and necessary restraints of society),

and do not trouble ourselves about the consequences resulting from them, for no mischievous consequences do result. Sir John is old as well as fat, which gives a melancholy retrospective tinge to the character, and by the disparity between his inclinations and his capacity for enjoyment, makes it still more ludicrous and fantastical.

The secret of Falstaff's wit is for the most part a masterly presence of mind, an absolute self-possession, which nothing can disturb. His repartees are involuntary suggestions of his self-love; instinctive evasions of everything that threatens to interrupt the career of his triumphant jollity and self-complacency. His very size floats him out of all his difficulties in a sea of rich conceits; and he turns round on the pivot of his convenience, with every occasion and at a moment's warning. His natural repugnance to every unpleasant thought or circumstance, of itself makes light of objections, and provokes the most extravagant and licentious answers in his own justification. His indifference to truth puts no check upon his invention; and the more improbable and unexpected his contrivances are, the more happily does he seem to be delivered of them, the anticipation of their effect acting as a stimulus to the gaiety of his fancy. The success of one adventurous sally gives him spirits to undertake another: he deals always in round numbers, and his exaggerations and excuses are "open, palpable, monstrous, as the father that begets them."

V. ROBERT HALL.

ROBERT HALL was born at Arnsbey, in Leicestershire, in 1764. His father was a Baptist preacher, and intending that his son should follow the same profession, he sent him first to an institution conducted by the well-known Ryland, a Dissenting clergyman at Northampton, and afterwards to King's College, Aberdeen. On finishing his studies, he became a preacher at Bristol, and his powerful eloquence at once made him highly popular. From Bristol he removed to Cambridge, from Cambridge to Leicester, and finally in 1826 returned again to Bristol, where he was appointed president of the Baptist Academy, which office he held till his death in 1831. During his life he enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most eloquent preachers of the day, and this is amply sustained by his printed sermons. His "Vindication of the Freedom of the Press" was popular in its own day, and is still valuable; but the most generally admired of his works is his "Sermon on Modern Infidelity." The eloquence of Hall is somewhat turgid and declamatory, and perhaps a little overstrained, but its impetuosity is irresistible; it fairly overpowers in the reader's mind all attempts to criticise, and its effect, when orally delivered, and heightened by all the accessories of voice, gesture, place, and circumstances, must have been overwhelming.

1. ON INFIDELITY.—("SERMON ON INFIDELITY.")

Infidelity is a soil as barren of great and sublime virtues as it is prolific in crimes. By great and sublime virtues are meant those which are called into action on great and trying occasions, which demand the sacrifice of the dearest interests and prospects of human life, and sometimes of life itself; the virtues, in a word, which by their rarity and splendour draw admiration, and have rendered illustrious the characters of patriots, martyrs, and confessors. It requires but little reflection to perceive, that whatever veils a future world, and contracts the limits of existence within the present life, must tend in a proportionable degree to diminish the grandeur and narrow the sphere of human agency. As well might you expect exalted sentiments of justice from a professed gamester as look for noble principles in the man whose hopes and fears are all suspended on the present moment, and who stakes the whole happiness of his being on the events of this vain and fleeting life. If he be ever impelled to the performance of great achievements in a good cause, it must be solely by the hope of fame,—a motive which, besides that it makes virtue the servant of opinion, usually grows weaker at the approach of death, and which, however it may surmount the love of existence in the field of battle, or in the moment of public observation, can seldom be expected to operate with much force on the retired duties of a private station. Though it is confessed great and splendid actions are not the ordinary employment of life, but must from their nature be reserved for high and eminent occasions, yet that system is essentially defective which leaves no room for their production.

They are important both from their immediate advantage and their remoter influence. They often save and always illustrate the age and nation in which they appear. They raise the standard of morals; they arrest the progress of degeneracy; they diffuse a lustre over the path of life. Monuments of the greatness of the human soul, they present to the world the august image of virtue in her sublimest form, from which streams of light and glory issue to remote times and ages; while their commemoration by the pens of historians and poets awakens in distant bosoms the sparks of kindred excellence. Combine the frequent and familiar perpetration of atrocious deeds with the dearth of great and generous actions, and you have the exact picture of that condition of society which completes the degradation of the species—the frightful contrast of dwarfish virtues and gigantic vices, where everything good is mean and little, and everything evil is rank and luxuriant; a dead and sickening uniformity prevails, broken only at intervals by volcanic eruptions of anarchy and crime.

2. THE WAR WITH NAPOLEON.—(SERMON PREACHED BEFORE SOME VOLUNTEERS ON THE "SENTIMENTS PROPER TO THE PRESENT CRISIS.")

In other wars we have been a divided people: the effect of our external operations has been in some measure weakened by intestine dissension. When peace has returned, the breach has widened, while parties have been formed on the merits of particular men, or of particular measures. These have all disappeared: we have buried our mutual animosities in a regard to the common safety. The sentiment of self-preservation, the first law which nature has impressed, has absorbed every other feeling; and the fire of liberty has melted down the discordant sentiments and minds of the British empire into one mass, and propelled them in one direction. Partial interests and feelings are suspended, the spirits of the body are collected at the heart, and we are awaiting with anxiety, but without dismay, the discharge of that mighty tempest which hangs upon the skirts of the horizon, and to which the eyes of Europe and of the world are turned in silent and awful expectation. While we feel solicitude, let us not betray dejection, nor be alarmed at the past successes of our enemy, which are more dangerous to himself than to us, since they have raised him from obscurity to an elevation which has made him giddy, and tempted him to suppose everything within his power. The intoxication of his success is the omen of his fall. What though he has carried the flames of war throughout Europe, and gathered as a nest the riches of the nations, while none peeped, nor muttered, nor moved the wing; he has yet to try his fortune in another field; he has yet to contend on a soil filled with the monuments of freedom, enriched with the blood of its defenders; with a people who, animated with one soul, and inflamed with zeal for their laws and for their prince, are armed in defence of all that is dear or venerable,—their wives, their parents, their children, the sanctuary of God, and the sepulchre of their fathers. We will not suppose there is one who will be deterred from exerting himself in such a cause, by a pusillanimous regard to his safety, when he reflects that he has already lived too long who has survived the ruin of his country; and that he who can enjoy life after such an event, deserves not to have lived at all. It will suffice us, if our mortal existence, which is at most but a span, be co-extended with that of the nation which gave us birth. We will gladly quit the scene, with all that is noble and august, innocent and holy; and instead of wishing to survive the oppression of weakness, the violation of beauty, and the extinction of everything on which the heart can repose, welcome the shades which will hide from our view such horrors. To form an adequate idea of the duties of this crisis, it will be necessary to raise your minds to a level with your station, to extend your views to a distant futurity, and to consequences the most certain, though most remote. By a series of

criminal enterprises, by the successes of guilty ambition, the liberties of Europe have been gradually extinguished; the subjugation of Holland, Switzerland, and the free towns of Germany, has completed that catastrophe; and we are the only people in the eastern hemisphere who are in possession of equal laws and a free constitution. Freedom, driven from every spot on the Continent, has sought an asylum in a country which she always chose for her favourite abode; but she is pursued even here, and threatened with destruction. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens to follow us here; and we are most exactly, most critically placed, in the only aperture where it can be successfully repelled—in the Thermopylæ of the universe. As far as the interests of freedom are concerned,—the most important by far of sublunary interests,—you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the federal representatives of the human race; for with you it is to determine (under God) in what condition the latest posterity shall be born; their fortunes are intrusted to your care, and on your conduct at this moment depends the colour and complexion of their destiny. If liberty, after being extinguished on the Continent, is suffered to expire here, whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it? It remains with you, then, to decide whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in everything great and good; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God; whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence; the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders; it is for you to decide whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapt in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. Go then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied with every auspicious omen; advance with alacrity into the field, where God Himself musters the hosts to war. Religion is too much interested in your success not to lend you her aid; she will shed over this enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field, many will repair to the closet, many to the sanctuary; the faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God; the feeble hands which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the Spirit; and from myriads of humble, contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle in its ascent to heaven with the shouts of battle and the shock of arms. While you have everything to fear from the success of the enemy, you have every means of preventing that success, so that it is next to impossible for victory not to crown your exertions. The

extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But should Providence determine otherwise, should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall, you will have the satisfaction (the purest allotted to man) of having performed your part; your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead; while posterity, to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period (and they will incessantly revolve them), will turn to you a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom which is entombed in your sepulchre. I cannot but imagine the virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots, of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, as if they were incapable, till it be brought to a favourable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious mortals! Your mantle fell when you ascended; and thousands, inflamed with your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready "to swear by Him that sitteth upon the throne, and liveth for ever and ever," they will protect Freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labours, and cemented with your blood. And Thou, sole Ruler among the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong, "gird on Thy sword, thou Most Mighty," go forth with our hosts in the day of battle! Impart, in addition to their hereditary valour, that confidence of success which springs from Thy presence! Pour into their hearts the spirit of departed heroes! Inspire them with Thine own; and, while led by Thine hand, and fighting under Thy banners, open Thou their eyes to behold in every valley, and in every plain, what the prophet beheld by the same illumination—chariots of fire, and horses of fire! "Then shall the strong man be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark; and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them."

3. MEETING OF THE PIOUS IN HEAVEN.—("FUNERAL SERMON ON DR RYLAND.")

To that state all the pious on earth are tending; and if there is a law from whose operation none are exempt, which irresistibly conveys their bodies to darkness and to dust, there is another, not less certain or less powerful, which conducts their spirits to the abodes of bliss, to the bosom of their Father and their God. The wheels of nature are not made to roll backward; everything presses on towards eternity: from the birth of time an impetuous current has set in, which bears all the sons of men towards that interminable ocean. Meanwhile, heaven is attracting to itself whatever is congenial to its nature,—is enriching itself by the spoils of earth, and collecting within its capacious bosom whatever is pure, permanent, and divine, leaving nothing for the last fire to consume but the objects and the slaves of concupiscence; while everything which grace has prepared and beautified shall be gathered and selected from the ruins of the world, to adorn that eternal city "which hath no need of the sun,

neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God doth enlighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Let us obey the voice that calls us thither; let us "seek the things that are above," and no longer cleave to a world which must shortly perish, and which we must shortly quit, while we neglect to prepare for that in which we are invited to dwell for ever. Let us follow in the track of those holy men, who have taught us by their voice, and encouraged us by their example, "that, laying aside every weight, and the sin that most easily besets us, we may run with patience the race that is set before us." While everything within us and around us reminds us of the approach of death, and concurs to teach us that this is not our rest, let us hasten our preparations for another world, and earnestly implore that grace which alone can put an end to that fatal war which our desires have too long waged with our destiny. When these move in the same direction, and that which the will of Heaven renders unavoidable shall become our choice, all things will be ours,—life will be divested of its vanity, and death disarmed of its terrors.

VI. SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born at Edinburgh in 1771, and educated in his native town. His father was connected with the law, and the future novelist was, of course, educated for the bar, and followed the legal profession while he at the same time indulged his literary tastes. His reading lay chiefly among our older writers; and it was supplemented and enlivened by visits to the most famous localities in his native land, and personal intercourse with simple but not ignorant peasants, whose minds were stored with the accumulated traditions of centuries. The result of such a self-education was soon evident in his writings: he had acquired the ability to resuscitate into life and reality ages that seemed removed from all human sympathy, and his early writings had thus, in addition to their other numerous merits, all the charms of novelty to recommend them. The popularity of his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "Lady of the Lake," was unbounded; and though his subsequent poems, "Don Roderick," "Rokeby," and "Lord of the Isles," were not quite so successful, yet even their comparative failure was greater than the success which most poets obtain. His genius now found a different outlet: in 1805 appeared, anonymously, "Waverley," a tale of the rebellion of '45, and its reception was such as to show that the world had recognised the author's claim to rank among the greatest writers of fiction. It is unnecessary to mention the magnificent series of novels which issued, with scarce any intermission, from his pen, and which have been ever since a source of unfailling pleasure to the greater part of the civilized world. Unhappily, in an evil hour, he had become involved as a partner in a printing-firm, which, under the pressure of the general commercial distress in 1825, became bankrupt, and Scott found himself encumbered with a debt of more than a hundred thousand pounds. With

noble resolution he determined to wipe off this immense debt by the labours of his pen, and by ceaseless toil he all but succeeded in accomplishing his aim. The effort, however, was too great for his physical strength: his health began to give way; a voyage to Italy was unsuccessful in restoring it; and after lingering for some months in a state of almost total insensibility, he died at Abbotsford in 1832.

In delineating character, Scott is allowed to be inferior to Shakspeare alone; and he possessed in perfection every qualification of a successful writer of fiction,—boundless fancy, great power of description, extensive acquaintance with mankind in every position in society, and a memory whose stores were unlimited. His language was by no means studiously selected, and is often careless; but he had a fine ear for the harmony of words, and his poetry, in fine flexibility and variety, has been excelled, if excelled at all, only by Homer.

I. SHERWOOD FOREST IN THE TIME OF KING RICHARD I.

The sun was setting upon one of the rich glassy glades of the forest. Hundreds of

ERRATUM.

P. 436. line 11 from foot, *for* in 1805 appeared, *read* in 1814 appeared.

coloured light, that partially hung upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees; and there they illuminated, in brilliant patches, the portions of turf to which they made their way. A considerable open space in the midst of this glade seemed formerly to have been dedicated to the rites of Druidical superstition; for on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of rough, unhewn stones, of large dimensions. Seven stood upright; the rest had been dislodged from their places, probably by the zeal of some convert to Christianity, and lay, some prostrate near their former site, and others on the side of the hill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom, and, in stopping the course of a small brook which glided smoothly round the foot of the eminence, gave, by its opposition, a feeble voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet.

The human figures which completed this landscape were in number two, partaking, in their dress and appearance, of that wild and rustic character which belonged to the woodlands of the West Riding of Yorkshire at that early period. The eldest of these men had a stern, savage, and wild aspect. His garment was of the simplest form imaginable, being a close jacket with sleeves, composed of the tanned skin of some animal, on which the hair had been originally left, but which had been worn off in so many places that it would

have been difficult to distinguish, from the patches that remained, to what creature the fur had belonged. This primeval vestment reached from the throat to the knees, and served at once all the usual purposes of body-clothing. There was no wider opening at the collar than was necessary to admit the passage of the head, from which it may be inferred that it was put on by slipping it over the head and shoulders, in the manner of a modern shirt or ancient hauberk. Sandals, bound with thongs made of boar's hide, protected the feet, and a roll of thin leather was twined artificially around the legs, and, ascending above the calf, left the knees bare, like those of a Scottish Highlander. To make the jacket sit yet more close to the body, it was gathered at the middle by a broad leathern belt secured by a brass buckle, to one side of which was attached a sort of scrip, and to the other a ram's horn, accoutred with a mouth-piece, for the purpose of blowing. In the same belt was stuck one of those long, broad, sharp-pointed, and two-edged knives, with a buck's-horn handle, which were fabricated in the neighbourhood, and bore, even at this early period, the name of a Sheffield whittle. The man had no covering upon his head, which was only defended by his own thick hair, matted and twisted together, and scorched by the influence of the sun into a rusty, dark-red colour, forming a contrast with the overgrown beard upon his cheeks, which was rather of a yellow or amber hue. One part of his dress only remains; but it is too remarkable to be suppressed; it was a brass ring, resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, and soldered fast round his neck, so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing, yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed excepting by the use of the file. On this singular gorget was engraved, in Saxon characters, an inscription of the following purport:—"Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood."

Beside the swine-herd—for such was Gurth's occupation—was seated, upon one of the fallen Druidical monuments, a person about ten years younger in appearance, and whose dress, though resembling his companion's in form, was of better materials and a more fantastic appearance. His jacket had been stained of a bright purple hue, upon which there had been some attempt to paint grotesque ornaments in different colours. To the jacket he added a short cloak, which scarcely reached half-way down his thigh. It was of crimson cloth, though a good deal soiled, lined with bright yellow; and as he could transfer it from one shoulder to the other, or, at his pleasure, draw it all around him, its width, contrasted with its want of longitude, formed a fantastic piece of drapery. He had thin silver bracelets upon his arms, and on his neck a collar of the same metal, bearing the inscription, "Wamba, the son of Witless, is the thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood." This personage had the same sort of sandals with his companion; but instead of the roll of leather thong, his legs were cased in a sort of gaiters, of which one was red and the other yellow. He was provided also

with a cap, having around it more than one bell, about the size of those attached to hawks, which jingled as he turned his head to one side or other; and as he seldom remained a minute in the same posture, the sound might be considered as incessant. Around the edge of this cap was a stiff bandeau of leather, cut at the top into open work resembling a coronet; while a prolonged bag arose from within it, and fell down on one shoulder, like an old-fashioned night-cap, or a jelly-bag, or the head-gear of a modern hussar. It was to this part of the cap that the bells were attached, which circumstance, as well as the shape of his head-dress, and his own half-crazed, half-cunning expression of countenance, sufficiently pointed him out as belonging to the race of domestic clowns or jesters maintained in the houses of the wealthy, to help away the tedium of those lingering hours which they were obliged to spend within doors. He bore, like his companion, a scrip attached to his belt; but had neither horn nor knife, being probably considered as belonging to a class whom it is esteemed dangerous to entrust with edge-tools. In place of these, he was equipped with a sword of lath, resembling that with which Harlequin operates his wonders upon the modern stage.

The outward appearance of these two men formed scarce a stronger contrast than their look and demeanour. That of the serf or bondsman was sad and sullen; his aspect was bent on the ground with an appearance of deep dejection, which might be almost construed into apathy, had not the fire which occasionally sparkled in his red eye manifested that there slumbered, under the appearance of sullen dependency, a sense of oppression, and a disposition to resistance. The looks of Wamba, on the other hand, indicated, as usual with his class, a sort of vacant curiosity and fidgetty impatience of any posture of repose, together with the utmost self-satisfaction respecting his own situation, and the appearance which he made. The dialogue which they maintained between them was carried on in Anglo-Saxon, which was universally spoken by the inferior classes, excepting the Norman soldiers and the immediate personal dependents of the great feudal nobles.

2. THE FISHERMAN'S FUNERAL.

The Antiquary, being now alone, hastened his pace, and soon arrived before the half-dozen cottages at Mussel-Crag. They now had, in addition to their usual squalid and uncomfortable appearance, the melancholy attributes of the house of mourning. The boats were all drawn up on the beach; and, though the day was fine and the season favourable, the chant which is used by the fishers when at sea was silent, as well as the prattle of the children, and the shrill song of the mother as she sits mending her nets by the door. A few of the neighbours, some in their antique and well-saved suits of black, others in their ordinary clothes, but all bearing an expression of mournful sympathy with distress so sudden and

unexpected, stood gathered around the door of Mucklebackit's cottage, waiting "till the body was lifted." As the Laird of Monkbarns approached, they made way for him to enter, doffing their hats and bonnets as he passed with an air of melancholy courtesy, and he returned their salutes in the same manner.

In the inside of the cottage was a scene which our Wilkie alone could have painted with that exquisite feeling of nature which characterizes his enchanting productions. The body was laid in its coffin within the wooden bedstead which the young fisher had occupied while alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose rugged, weather-beaten countenance, shaded by his grizzled hair, had faced many a stormy night and night-like day. He was apparently revolving his loss in his mind with that strong feeling of painful grief peculiar to harsh and rough characters, which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world and all that remain in it after the beloved object is withdrawn. The old man had made the most desperate efforts to save his son, and had been withheld only by main force from renewing them at a moment when, without the possibility of assisting the sufferer, he must himself have perished. All this apparently was boiling in his recollection. His glance was directed sidelong towards the coffin, as to an object on which he could not steadfastly look, and yet from which he could not withdraw his eyes. His answers to the necessary questions which were occasionally put to him were brief, harsh, and almost fierce. His family had not yet dared to address to him a word either of sympathy or consolation. His masculine wife, virago as she was, and absolute mistress of the family, as she justly boasted herself on all ordinary occasions, was, by this great loss, terrified into silence and submission, and compelled to hide from her husband's observation the bursts of her female sorrow. As he had rejected food ever since the disaster had happened, not daring herself to approach him, she had that morning, with affectionate artifice, employed the youngest and favourite child to present her husband with some nourishment. His first action was to push it from him with an angry violence that frightened the child; his next, to snatch up the boy, and devour him with kisses. Such was the disconsolate state of the father.

In another corner of the cottage, her face covered by her apron, which was flung over it, sat the mother, the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated by the wringing of her hands, and the convulsive agitations of her bosom, which the covering could not conceal. Two of her gossips, officiously whispering into her ear the commonplace topic of resignation under irremediable misfortune, seemed as if they were endeavouring to stem the grief which they could not console. The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the preparations they beheld around them, and at the unusual display of wheaten bread and wine, which the poorest peasant or fisher offers to the guests on these mournful occasions; and thus their grief for their brother's death was almost already lost in admiration of the splendour of his funeral.

The coffin, covered with a pall, and supported upon handspikes by the nearest relatives, now only waited the father, to support the head as is customary. Two or three of these privileged persons spoke to him, but he answered only by shaking his hand and his head in token of refusal.

The mourners, in regular gradation, according to their rank or their relationship to the deceased, had filed from the cottage, while the younger male children were led along to totter after the bier of their brother, and to view with wonder a ceremonial which they could hardly comprehend. The female gossips next rose to depart; and, with consideration for the situation of the parents, carried along with them the girls of the family, to give the unhappy pair time and opportunity to open their hearts to each other, and soften their grief by communicating it. But their kind intention was without effect. The last of them had darkened the entrance of the cottage as she went out, and drawn the door softly behind her, when the father, first ascertaining by a hasty glance that no stranger remained, started up, clasped his hands wildly above his head, uttered a cry of despair, which he had hitherto repressed, and, in all the impotent impatience of grief, half rushed, half staggered forward to the bed on which the coffin had been deposited, threw himself down upon it, and smothering, as it were, his head among the bed-clothes, gave vent to the full passion of his sorrow. It was in vain that the wretched mother, terrified by the vehemence of her husband's affliction—affliction still more fearful as agitating a man of hardened manners and a robust frame—suppressed her own sobs and tears, and, pulling him by the skirts of his coat, implored him to rise and remember that, though one was removed, he had still a wife and children to comfort and support. The appeal came at too early a period of his anguish, and was totally unattended to; he continued to remain prostrate, indicating, by sobs so bitter and violent, that they shook the bed and partition against which it rested, by clenched hands which grasped the bed-clothes, and by the vehement and convulsive motion of his legs, how deep and how terrible was the agony of a father's sorrow.

3. RALEIGH'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The gates of the palace opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of gentlemen pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the prime of womanhood, and in the full glow of what in a sovereign was called beauty, and who would in the lowest rank of life have been truly judged a noble figure, joined to a striking and commanding physiognomy. She leant on the arm of Lord Hunsdon, whose relation to her by her mother's side often procured him such distinguished marks of Elizabeth's intimacy.

The young cavalier¹ we have so often mentioned had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign; and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion,² on the contrary, kept pulling him backwards, till Walter shook him off impatiently, and letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder; a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person. Unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the queen was to pass somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye,—an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects, or to the fair proportions of external form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers. Accordingly she fixed her keen glance on the youth as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention towards him yet more strongly. The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to ensure her stepping over it dry-shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence, and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, Sir Coxcomb," said Blount; "your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot. Nay, if you had meant to make a foot-cloth of your mantle, better have kept Tracy's old *drap-de-bure*, which despises all colours."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

"And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy—we shall have you in *cuero* soon, as the Spaniard says."

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the band of pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one. You, sir, I think," addressing the young cavalier, "are the man; you will please to follow me."

"He is in attendance on me," said Blount; "on me, the noble Earl of Sussex's master of horse."

¹ Sir Walter Raleigh.

² Blount, afterwards Lord Mountjoy.

"I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger; "my orders are directly from her majesty, and concern this gentleman only."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. At length he gave vent to it in an exclamation. "Who would have thought this!" And shaking his head with a mysterious air, he walked to his own boat, embarked, and returned to Deptford.

The young cavalier was in the meanwhile guided to the water-side by the pensioner, who showed him considerable respect; a circumstance which, to persons in his situation, may be considered as an augury of no small consequence. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river with the advantage of the flood-tide. The two rowers used their oars with such expedition at the signal of the gentleman pensioner, that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies and the nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh. At length one of the attendants, by the queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore-part of the boat, and was brought aft to the queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping into the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of majesty, not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The muddled cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our service, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"That was well said, my lord," said the queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her, and answered with a grave inclination of the head, and something of a mumbled assent. "Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe-keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee, and that on the word of a princess."

"May it please your Grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your Majesty to measure out your bounties, but if it became me to choose——" "Thou would'st have gold I warrant me," said the queen, interrupting him; "fie, young man, I take shame to say, that in our capital such and so various are the

means of thriftless folly, that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of self-destruction. If I live and reign, these means of unchristian excess shall be abridged. Yet thou mayest be poor," she added, "or thy parents may be. It shall be gold if thou wilt, but thou shalt answer to me for the use on't."

Walter waited patiently until the queen had done, and then modestly assured her that gold was still less his wish than the raiment her majesty had before offered. "How, boy," said the queen, "neither gold nor garment? What is it thou would'st have of me, then?"

"Only permission, madam, if it is not asking too high an honour—permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy!" said the queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter; "when your Majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

The queen again blushed, and endeavoured to cover, by laughing, a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion.

VII. SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH was born in 1765, on the banks of Loch Ness, and was educated at Aberdeen. He was intended for the medical profession, but after completing the necessary studies, he changed his purpose and commenced to study law. Like many others of his own age, he hailed with enthusiasm the outbreak of the French Revolution, and in his "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*" ventured to defend against Mr Burke the proceedings of the French Assembly. His work was followed by an interview with Burke, in which genius at once asserted its natural superiority, and Mackintosh abandoned the French cause, and condemned the doctrines he had so lately upheld. He was chosen as the advocate of Peltier the French emigrant, who had libelled Napoleon in the "*Ambigu*," and his eloquence on the occasion, while it effectually assisted his client, acquired for him a wide-spread reputation as a legal orator. In 1808 he was made Recorder of Bombay, and he for some years resided in that town, and on his return to Great Britain he entered Parliament, where he became conspicuous as an able debater and a zealous law reformer. He held office under Lord Grey's Ministry as President of the India Board, and died in 1832. His works consist of two historical fragments, one embracing the early History of England, the other the History of the Revolution, a "*Dissertation on the History of Moral Philosophy*," and many contributions to the "*Edinburgh Review*." He is distinguished by extensive information, and great metaphysical ability, but though usually vigorous, and occasionally eloquent, his style is often clumsy and careless, and presents few attractions to the mere literary reader.

RIGHT OF RESISTANCE TO GOVERNMENT.—("REVIEW OF THE CAUSES OF THE REVOLUTION.")

The war of a people against a tyrannical government may be tried by the same tests which ascertain the morality of a war between independent nations. The employment of force in the intercourse of reasonable beings is never lawful, but for the purpose of repelling or averting wrongful force. Human life cannot lawfully be destroyed, or assailed, or endangered, for any other object than that of just defence. Such is the nature and such the boundary of legitimate self-defence in the case of individuals. Hence the right of the lawgiver to protect unoffending citizens by the adequate punishment of crimes; hence, also, the right of an independent state to take all measures necessary to her safety, if it be attacked or threatened from without; provided always that reparation cannot otherwise be obtained, that there is a reasonable prospect of obtaining it by arms, and that the evils of the contest are not probably greater than the mischiefs of acquiescence in the wrong, including, on both sides of the deliberation, the ordinary consequences of the example, as well as the immediate effects of the act. If reparation can otherwise be obtained, a nation has no necessary, and therefore no just cause of war; if there be no probability of obtaining it by arms, a government cannot, with justice to their own nation, embark it in war; and if the evils of resistance should appear on the whole greater than those of submission, wise rulers will consider an abstinence from a pernicious exercise of right as a sacred duty to their own subjects, and a debt which every people owes to the great commonwealth of mankind, of which they and their enemies are alike members. A war is just against the wrong-doer, when reparation for wrong cannot otherwise be obtained; but it is then only conformable to all the principles of morality, when it is not likely to expose the nation by whom it is levied to greater evils than it professes to avert, and when it does not inflict on the nation which has done the wrong sufferings altogether disproportioned to the extent of the injury. When the rulers of a nation are required to determine a question of peace or war, the bare justice of their case against the wrong-doer never can be the sole, and is not always the chief, matter on which they are morally bound to exercise a conscientious deliberation. Prudence in conducting the affairs of their subjects is, in them, a part of justice.

On the same principles the justice of a war made by a people against their own government must be examined. A government is entitled to obedience from the people, because without obedience it cannot perform the duty, for which alone it exists, of protecting them from each other's injustice. But when a government is engaged in systematically oppressing a people, or in destroying their securities against future oppression, it commits the same species of wrong towards them which warrants an appeal to arms

against a foreign enemy. A magistrate who degenerates into a systematic oppressor shuts the gates of justice, and thereby restores them to their original right of defending themselves by force. As he withholds the protection of law from them, he forfeits his moral claim to enforce their obedience by the authority of law. Thus far civil and foreign war stand on the same moral foundation: the principles which determine the justice of both against the wrong-doer, are, indeed, throughout the same.

But there are certain peculiarities, of great importance in point of fact, which in other respects permanently distinguish them from each other. The evils of failure are greater in civil than in foreign war. A state generally incurs no more than loss in war; a body of insurgents is exposed to ruin. The probabilities of success are more difficult to calculate in cases of internal contest than in a war between states, where it is easy to compare those merely material means of attack and defence which may be measured or numbered. An unsuccessful revolt strengthens the power and sharpens the cruelty of the tyrannical ruler; while an unfortunate war may produce little of the former evil and of the latter nothing. It is almost peculiar to intestine war, that success may be as mischievous as defeat. The victorious leaders may be borne along by the current of events far beyond their destination; a government may be overthrown which ought to have been only repaired; and a new, perhaps a more formidable, tyranny may spring out of victory. A regular government may stop before its fall becomes precipitate, or check a career of conquest when it threatens destruction to itself: but the feeble authority of the chiefs of insurgents is rarely able, in the one case, to maintain the courage, in the other to repress the impetuosity, of their voluntary adherents. Finally, the cruelty and misery incident to all warfare are greater in domestic dissension than in contests with foreign enemies. Foreign wars have little effect on the feelings, habits, or condition of the majority of a great nation, to most of whom the worst particulars of them may be unknown. But civil war brings the same or worse evils into the heart of a country, and into the bosom of many families: it eradicates all habits of recourse to justice and reverence for law; its hostilities are not mitigated by the usages which soften wars between nations; it is carried on with the ferocity of parties who apprehend destruction from each other; and it may leave behind it feuds still more deadly, which may render a country depraved and wretched through a long succession of ages. As it involves a wider waste of virtue and happiness than any other species of war, it can only be warranted by the sternest and most dire necessity. The chiefs of a justly disaffected party are unjust to their fellows and their followers, as well as to all the rest of their countrymen, if they take up arms in a case where the evils of submission are not more intolerable, the impossibility of reparation by pacific means more apparent, and the chance of obtaining it by arms greater than are necessary to justify the rulers of a nation in undertaking a foreign

war. A wanton rebellion, when considered with the aggravation of its ordinary consequences, is one of the greatest of crimes. The chiefs of an inconsiderable and ill-concerted revolt, however provoked, incur the most formidable responsibility to their followers and their country. An insurrection rendered necessary by oppression, and warranted by a reasonable probability of a happy termination, is an act of public virtue, always envired with so much peril as to merit admiration.

VIII. SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born in Devonshire, in 1772, at Ottery St Mary. His father, who was vicar of the parish, superintended his early education, and he was afterwards placed in Christ's Hospital, where his superiority as a Greek scholar led to his obtaining a presentation to Cambridge. Debt, and peculiar opinions, led him to leave the University and repair to London, where in a fit of despondency he enlisted in a horse regiment. His friends soon procured his release from a position for which he was so ill qualified; and after various unsuccessful schemes, he married and settled at Stowey, where he wrote some of his early poetry, and also officiated as a Unitarian preacher. Through the kindness of the Messrs Wedgewood, the famous Staffordshire-ware manufacturers, he was furnished with funds to defray his education in Germany, and on his return from the Continent he abandoned his republican and Unitarian principles, and defended the government measures in the "Morning Post." He also published his "Friend," a periodical paper, which his irregularity prevented from becoming popular. At subsequent periods he published his two "Lay Sermons," "Biographia Literaria," and "Aids to Reflection." For the last nineteen years of his life he resided with Dr Gillman, at Highgate, where his great conversational powers attracted around him most of the literary men of the day. He died in 1834. Coleridge's fame is likely to suffer materially from his constitutional indolence, which has prevented him finishing any one work according to his original plan. In poetry, in philosophy, and in criticism, he has left fragments which show how admirably qualified he was to reach the highest excellence in these departments; while they continually tantalize us by abruptly terminating just as the writer seems to be rousing himself to exert all his powers. His poetry is distinguished by its richness of fancy and extraordinary sweetness of versification, but, as might be anticipated from his character, is deficient in energy and action. Of his prose works the most valuable are his critical essays; his philosophical disquisitions are too often obscure.

1. INFLUENCE OF PATRIOTISM ON NATIONAL PROGRESS.—
 ("FRIEND," ESSAY IX.)

The objects of the patriot are, that his countrymen should, as far as circumstances permit, enjoy what the Creator designed for the enjoyment of animals endowed with reason, and of course develop those faculties which were given them to be developed. He would do his best that every one of his countrymen should possess whatever all men may and should possess, and that a sufficient number should be enabled and encouraged to acquire those excellences which, though not necessary or possible for all men, are yet to all men useful and honourable. He knows that patriotism itself is a necessary link in the golden chain of our affections and virtues, and turns away with indignant scorn from the false philosophy or mistaken religion which would persuade him that cosmopolitanism is nobler than nationality, and the human race a sublimer object of love than a people; that Plato, Luther, Newton, and their equals, formed themselves neither in the market nor the senate, but in the world and for all men of all ages. True! but where, and among whom, are these giant exceptions produced? In the wide empires of Asia, where millions of human beings acknowledge no other bond but that of a common slavery, and are distinguished on the map but by a name which themselves perhaps never heard, or hearing abhor? No! In a circle defined by human affections, the first firm sod within which becomes sacred beneath the quickened step of the returning citizen—here, where the powers and interests of men spread without confusion through a common sphere, like the vibrations propagated in the air by a single voice, distinct yet coherent, and all uniting to express one thought and the same feeling! Here, where even the common soldier dares force a passage for his comrades by gathering up the bayonets of the enemy into his own breast; because his country "expected every man to do his duty!" and this not after he has been hardened by habit, but as probably in his first battle; not reckless or hopeless, but braving death from a keener sensibility to those blessings which make life dear, to those qualities which render himself worthy to enjoy them! Here, where the royal crown is loved and worshipped as a glory around the sainted head of FREEDOM! where the rustic at his plough whistles with equal enthusiasm, "God save the King," and "Britons never shall be slaves;" or, perhaps, leaves one thistle unweeded in his garden, because it is the symbol of his dear native land!¹ Here, from within this circle defined, as light by shade, or rather as light within light, by its intensity, here alone, and only within these magic circles, rise up the awful spirits whose words are oracles for

¹ Alluding to the famous verse of Burns:—

"The rough burr-thistle spreading wide
 Among the bearded cere,
 I turn'd the weeder-clips aside
 And spared the symbol dear."

mankind, whose love embraces all countries, and whose voice sounds through all ages ! Here, and here only, may we confidently expect those mighty minds to be reared and ripened, whose names are naturalized in foreign lands, the sure fellow-travellers of civilization ! and yet render their own country dearer and more proudly dear to their own countrymen. This is indeed cosmopolitism, at once the nursling and the nurse of patriotic affection ! This, and this alone, is genuine philanthropy, which like the olive-tree, sacred to concord and to wisdom, fattens, not exhausts, the soil from which it sprang, and in which it remains rooted. It is feebleness only which cannot be generous without injustice, or just without ceasing to be generous. Is the morning star less brilliant, or does a ray less fall on the golden fruitage of the earth, because the moons of Saturn too feed their lamps from the same sun ? Even Germany, though curst with a base and hateful brood of nobles and princelings, cowardly and ravenous jackals to the very flocks entrusted to them as shepherds, who hunt for the tiger, and whine and wag their tails for his bloody offal,—even Germany, whose ever-changing boundaries superannuate the last year's map, and are altered as easily as the hurdles of a temporary sheep-fold, is still remembered with filial love and a patriot's pride, when the thoughtful German hears the names of Luther and Leibnitz. "Ah ! why," he sighs, "why for herself in vain should my country have produced such a host of immortal minds !" Yea, even the poor enslaved, degraded, and barbarized Greek, can still point to the harbour of Tenedos, and say, "There lay *our* fleet when we were besieging Troy." Reflect a moment on the past history of *this* wonderful people. What were they while they remained free and independent—when Greece resembled a collection of mirrors set in a single frame, each having its own focus of patriotism, yet all capable, as at Marathon and Platea, of converging to one point and of consuming a common foe ? What were they then ? The fountains of light and of civilization, of truth, and of beauty, to all mankind ! they were the thinking head, the beating heart of the whole world ! They lost their independence, and with their independence their patriotism ; and became the cosmopolites of antiquity. It has been truly observed, that, after the first acts of severity, the Romans treated the Greeks not only more mildly than their other slaves and dependents ; they behaved to them even affectionately, and with munificence. The victor nation felt reverentially the presence of the visible and invisible deities that gave sanctity to every grove, every fountain, and every forum. "Think" (writes Pliny to one of his friends) "that you are sent into the province of Achaia, that true and genuine Greece, where civilization, letters, even corn, are believed to have been discovered ; that you are sent to administer the affairs of free states, that is, to men eminently free, who have retained their natural right by valour, by services, by friendship ; lastly, by treaty and by religion. Revere the gods, their founders ; the sacred influences represented in these gods ; revere their ancient glory and

their very old age, which in man is venerable, in cities sacred. Cherish in thyself a reverence of antiquity, a reverence for their great exploits, a reverence even for their fables. Detract nothing from the proud pretensions of any state; keep before thine eyes that this is the land which sent us our institutions, which gave us our laws, not after it was subjugated, but in compliance with *our* petition." And what came out of these men, who were *eminently free* without patriotism, because without national independence? While they were intense patriots, they were the benefactors of all mankind; legislators for the very nation that afterwards subdued and enslaved them. When, therefore, they became pure cosmopolites, and no partial affections interrupted their philanthropy, and when they yet retained their country, their language, and their arts, what noble works, what mighty discoveries, may we not expect from them? If the applause of a little city (a first-rate town of a country not much larger than Yorkshire), and the encouragement of a Pericles, produced a Phidias, a Sophocles, and a constellation of other stars scarcely inferior in glory, what will not the applause of the world effect, and the boundless munificence of the world's imperial masters? Alas! no Sophocles appeared, no Phidias was born!—individual genius fled with national independence, and the best products were cold and laborious copies of what their fathers had taught and invented in grandeur and majesty. At length nothing remained but dastardly and cunning slaves, who avenged their own ruin and degradation by assisting to degrade and ruin their conquerors; and the golden harp of their divine language remained only as the frame on which priests and monks spun their dirty cobwebs of sophistry and superstition!

2. THE LORD HELPETH MAN AND BEAST.—("FRIEND.")

During his march to conquer the world, Alexander the Macedonian came to a people in Africa, who dwelt in a remote and secluded corner in peaceful huts, and knew neither war nor conqueror. They led him to the hut of their chief, who received him hospitably, and placed before him golden dates, golden figs, and bread of gold. Do you eat gold in this country? said Alexander. I take it for granted (replied the chief) that thou wert able to find eatable food in thine own country; for what reason then art thou come among us?—Your gold has not tempted me hither, said Alexander; but I would willingly become acquainted with your manners and customs. So be it, rejoined the other; sojourn among us as long as it pleaseth thee. At the close of this conversation two citizens entered as into their Court of Justice. The plaintiff said: I bought of this man a piece of land, and as I was making a deep drain through it, I found a treasure. This is not mine, for I only bargained for the land, and not for any treasure that might be concealed beneath it; and yet the former owner of the land will not receive it. The defendant answered: I hope I have a conscience as

well as my fellow-citizen. I sold him the land, with all its contingent as well as existing advantages, and consequently the treasure inclusively.

The chief, who was at the same time their supreme judge, recapitulated their words, in order that the parties might see whether or no he understood them aright; then, after some reflection, said: Thou hast a son, friend, I believe?—Yes! And thou (addressing the other) a daughter?—Yes! Well, then! let thy son marry *thy* daughter, and bestow the treasure on the young couple for their marriage-portion. Alexander seemed surprised and perplexed. Think you my sentence unjust? the chief asked him.—O no, replied Alexander; but it astonishes me. And how, then, rejoined the chief, would the case have been decided in your country?—To confess the truth, said Alexander, we should have taken both parties into custody, and have seized the treasure for the king's use. For the king's use! exclaimed the chief, now in his turn astonished. Does the sun shine in that country?—O yes! Does it rain there?—Assuredly. Wonderful! But are there tame animals in the country, that live on the grass and green herbs?—Very many, and of many kinds. Aye, that must be the cause, said the chief; for the sake of those innocent animals, the all-gracious Being continues to let the sun shine and the rain drop down on your country.

3. ADVANTAGE OF METHOD.—("FRIEND.")

What is that which first strikes us, and strikes us at once, in a man of education; and which, among educated men, so instantly distinguishes the man of superior mind, that (as was observed with eminent propriety of the late Edmund Burke) "we cannot stand under the same archway during a shower of rain without finding him out?" Not the weight or novelty of his remarks; not any unusual interest of facts communicated by him; for we may suppose both the one and the other precluded by the shortness of our intercourse, and the triviality of the subjects. The difference will be impressed and felt though the conversation should be confined to the state of the weather or the pavement. Still less will it arise from any peculiarity in his words and phrases; for if he be, as we now assume, a *well*-educated man, as well as a man of superior powers, he will not fail to follow the golden rule of Julius Cæsar, and, unless where new things necessitate new terms, he will avoid an unusual word as a rock. It must have been among the earliest lessons of his youth that the breach of this precept, at all times hazardous, becomes ridiculous in the topics of ordinary conversation. There remains but one other point of distinction possible; and this must be, and in fact is, the true cause of the impression made on us. It is the unpremeditated and evidently habitual *arrangement* of his words, grounded on the habit of foreseeing, in each integral part, or (more plainly) in every sentence, the whole that he *thinks*

intends to communicate. However irregular and desultory his talk, there is METHOD in the fragments.

Listen, on the other hand, to an ignorant man, though perhaps shrewd and able in his particular calling; whether he be describing or relating. We immediately perceive that his memory alone is called into action, and that the objects and events recur in the narration in the same order, and with the same accompaniments, however accidental or impertinent, as they had first occurred to the narrator. The necessity of taking breath, the efforts of recollection, and the abrupt rectification of its failures, produces all his pauses, and, with exception of the "*and then*," the "*and there*," and the still less significant "*and so*," they constitute likewise all his connections. Our discussion, however, is confined to method, as employed in the formation of the understanding and in the constructions of science and literature. It would indeed be superfluous to attempt a proof of its importance in the business and economy of active or domestic life. From the cotta's hearth, or the workshop of the artisan, to the palace, or the arsenal, the first merit, that which admits neither substitute nor equivalent, is, that *everything is in its place*. Where this charm is wanting, every other merit either loses its name or becomes an additional ground of accusation and regret. Of one by whom it is eminently possessed, we say proverbially he is like clock-work. The resemblance extends beyond the point of regularity, and yet falls short of the truth. Both do, indeed, at once divide and announce the silent and otherwise indistinguishable lapse of time. But the man of methodical industry and honourable pursuits does more: he realises its ideal divisions, and gives a character and individuality to its moments. If the idle are described as killing time, he may be justly said to call it into life and moral being, while he makes it the distinct object not only of the consciousness, but of the conscience. He organizes the hours, and gives them a soul; and that, the very essence of which is to fleet away, and evermore *to have been*, he takes up into his own permanence, and communicates to it the imperishableness of a spiritual nature. Of the good and faithful servant whose energies, thus directed, are thus methodized, it is less truly affirmed that he lives in time than that time lives in him. His days, months, and years, as the stops and punctual marks in the records of duties performed, will survive the wreck of worlds, and remain extant when Time itself shall be no more.

IX, CHARLES LAMB.

CHARLES LAMB was born in London in 1775, and was educated at Christ's Hospital, for which magnificent institution he entertained through life a filial regard. He was intended for the Church; but an impediment in his speech was deemed too serious an obstacle to such a profession, and, instead of entering the university, he became a

clerk in the East India Company's offices. Here he continued in the quiet discharge of the usual methodical routine of such establishments for upwards of thirty years, when he retired with a pension liberal enough to supply him with all that his necessities or tastes required. He died in 1836. Lamb's first appearance as an author was in verse. He wrote one or two plays, and several sonnets and minor poems, which, though possessing much of his peculiar merit, have never enjoyed any extensive share of popularity. He is also the author (in conjunction with his sister) of "Tales from Shakspeare;" but his fame rests upon his "Essays," and his "Specimens of the Dramatists who were Contemporary with Shakspeare." The last work displays a thorough knowledge and genuine appreciation of the Elizabethan literature, and has done much to diffuse an enlightened admiration of our older dramatists. Lamb is the most delightful of all "Essayists:" he combines all the quaintness of Sir Thomas Browne, with a quiet, pleasing humour, and innumerable amiable whims and peculiarities, which make the "Essays of Elia" universal favourites.

1. THE POOR RELATION.

A poor relation is the most irrelevant thing in nature, a piece of impertinent correspondency, an odious approximation, a haunting conscience, a preposterous shadow lengthening in the noontide of our prosperity, an unwelcome remembrancer, a perpetually recurring mortification, a drain on your purse, a more intolerable dun upon your pride, a drawback upon success, a rebuke to your rising, a stain in your blood, a blot on your 'scutcheon, a rent in your garment, a death's head at your banquet, Agathocles' pot, a Mordecai in your gate, a Lazarus at your door, a lion in your path, a frog in your chamber, a fly in your ointment, a mote in your eye, a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends, the one thing not needful, the hail in harvest, the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet. He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you, "That is Mr ——" A rap, between familiarity and respect, that demands, and at the same time seems to despair of entertainment. He entereth smiling and embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner-time, when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company, but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side-table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr —— will drop in to-day." He remembereth birth-days, and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish—the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port; yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret, if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough to him. The guests think "they have seen him before." Every one speculateth upon his

condition; and the most part take him to be—a tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half; yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity, he might pass for a casual dependant; with more boldness, he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend; yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent; yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanour, that your guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist-table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach, and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean and quite unimportant anecdote of the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as "he is blest in seeing it now." He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth—favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture; and insults you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape; but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle, which you must remember. He daresay you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know, till lately, that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable; his compliments perverse; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

I do not know how, upon a subject which I began with treating half seriously, I should have fallen upon a recital so eminently painful; but this theme of poor relationship is replete with so much matter for tragic as well as comic associations, that it is difficult to keep the account distinct without blending. The earliest impressions which I received on this matter are certainly not attended with anything painful, or very humiliating, in the recalling. At my father's table (no very splendid one) was to be found, every Saturday, the mysterious figure of an aged gentleman, clothed in neat black, of a sad, yet comely appearance. His deportment was of the essence of gravity; his words few or none; and I was not to make a noise in his presence. I had little inclination to have done so,—for my cue was to admire in silence. A particular elbow-chair was appropriated to him, which was in no case to be violated. A peculiar sort of sweet-pudding, which appeared on no other occasion, distinguished the days of his coming. I used to think him a prodigiously rich man. All I could make out of him was that he and my father had been schoolfellows, a world ago, at Lincoln, and that he came from the Mint. The Mint I knew to be a place where all the money was coined,—and I thought he was the owner of all that money. Awful ideas of the

Tower twined themselves about his presence. He seemed above human infirmities and passions. A sort of melancholy grandeur invested him. From some inexplicable doom, I fancied him obliged to go about in an eternal suit of mourning ; a captive,—a stately being led out of the Tower on Saturdays. Often have I wondered at the temerity of my father, who, in spite of an habitual general respect which we all in common manifested towards him, would venture, now and then, to stand up against him in some argument, touching their youthful days. The houses of the ancient city of Lincoln are divided (as most of my readers know) between the dwellers on the hill and in the valley. This marked distinction formed an obvious division between the dwellers on the hill and in the valley. This marked distinction formed an obvious division between the boys who lived above (however brought together in a common school), and the boys whose paternal residence was on the plain ; a sufficient cause of hostility in the code of these young Grotiuses. My father had been a leading mountaineer, and would still maintain the general superiority, in skill and hardihood, of the *Above Boys* (his own faction) over the *Below Boys* (so were they called), of which party his contemporary had been a chieftain. Many and hot were the skirmishes on this topic,—the only one upon which the old gentleman was ever brought out,—and bad blood bred ; even sometimes almost to the recommencement (so I expected) of actual hostilities. But my father, who scorned to insist upon advantages, generally contrived to turn the conversation upon some adroit by-commendation of the old Minster, in the general preference of which, before all other cathedrals in the island, the dweller on the hill and the plain-born could meet on a conciliating level, and lay down their less important differences. Once only, I saw the old gentleman really ruffled, and I remembered with anguish the thought that came over me : “ Perhaps he will never come here again.” He had been pressed to take another plate of the viand which I have already mentioned as the indispensable concomitant of his visits. He had refused with a resistance amounting to rigour, when my aunt, an old Lincolnian, but who had something of this, in common with my cousin Bridget, that she would sometimes press civility out of season,—uttered the following memorable application : “ Do take another slice, Mr Billet, for you do not get pudding every day.” The old gentleman said nothing at the time ; but he took occasion in the course of the evening, when some argument had intervened between them, to utter, with an emphasis which chilled the company, —and which chills me now as I write it,—“ Woman, you are superannuated !” John Billet did not survive long after the digesting of this affront ; but he survived long enough to assure me that peace was actually restored ; and, if I remember aright, another pudding was discreetly substituted in the place of that which had occasioned the offence. He died at the Mint (Anno 1781), where he had long held what he accounted a comfortable independence ; and with five pounds, fourteen shillings and a penny, which were found in his es-

crutroire after his decease, left the world, blessing God that he had enough to bury him, and that he had never been obliged to any man for a sixpence. This was a Poor Relation.

2. THOUGHTS ON BOOKS.

"To mind the inside of a book, is to entertain one's-self with the forced product of another man's brain. Now I think a man of quality and breeding may be much amused with the natural sprouts of his own."
LORD FOPPINGTON, in the "*Relapse*."

An ingenious acquaintance of my own was so much struck with this bright sally of his Lordship, that he has left off reading altogether, to the great improvement of his originality. At the hazard of losing some credit on this head, I must confess that I dedicate no inconsiderable portion of my time to other people's thoughts. I dream away my life in others' speculations. I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking I am reading; I cannot sit and think: books think for me. I have no repugnances. Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read anything which I call *a book*. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such. In this catalogue of "*books which are no books*," I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket-Books, Draught-boards bound and lettered on the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacks, Statutes at Large; the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns,—and, generally, all those volumes which "no gentleman's library should be without;" the histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew), and Paley's "Moral Philosophy." With these exceptions, I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding.

I confess that it moves my spleen to see these "things in books' clothing" perched upon shelves, like false saints, usurpers of true shrines, intruders into the sanctuary, thrusting out the legitimate occupants. To reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it some kind-hearted play-book, then, opening what "seem its leaves," to come bolt upon a withering Population Essay. To expect a Steele or a Farquhar, and find Adam Smith. To view a well-arranged assortment of blockheaded Encyclopædias (Anglicanas or Metropolitanas), set out in an array of russia or morocco, when a tithe of that good leather would comfortably reclothe my shivering folios; would renovate Paracelsus himself, and enable old Raymond Lully to look like himself again in the world. I never see these impostors but I long to strip them, to warm my ragged veterans in their spoils.

To be strong-backed and neat-bound, is the desideratum of a volume; magnificence comes after. This, when it can be afforded, is not to be lavished upon all kinds of books indiscriminately. I would not dress a set of magazines, for instance, in full suit. The

dishabille, or half-binding (with russia backs for ever) is *their* costume. A Shakspeare or a Milton (unless the first editions) it were mere foppery to trick out in gay apparel. The possession of them confers no distinction. The exterior of them (the things themselves being so common), strange to say, raises no sweet emotions, no tickling sense of property, in the owner. "Thomson's Seasons," again, looks best (I maintain it) a little torn and dog's-eared. How beautiful, to a genuine lover of reading, are the sullied leaves and worn-out appearance, nay, the very odour (beyond russia), of an old circulating-library "Tom Jones" or "Vicar of Wakefield!" How they speak of the thousand thumbs that have turned over their pages with delight! of the lone sempstress whom they may have cheered (milliner, or harder-working mantua-maker) after her long day's needle toil, running far into midnight, when she has snatched an hour, ill spared from sleep, to steep her cares, as in some Lethæan cup, in spelling out their enchanting contents! Who would have them a whit less soiled? What better condition could we desire to see them in?

Shall I be thought fantastical if I confess that the names of some of our poets sound sweeter, and have a finer relish to the ear, to mine, at least, than that of Milton or Shakspeare? It may be that the latter are more staled and run upon in common discourse. The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley.

X. JOHN FOSTER.

JOHN FOSTER was born in 1770, and was educated at Bristol for the Baptist Church. He officiated as pastor in various districts; among others, at Newcastle, Battersea, and Frome. A swelling in the neck, however, interfered with his speaking, and rendered it for some time impossible for him to discharge the duties of his office. His leisure was employed in the composition of his "Essays," which appeared in 1805. Recovering a little from his disease, he removed to Stapleton, near Bristol; but the calm, logical character of his sermons, which had rendered him always an unpopular preacher, became, at last, so distasteful to his audience, that he was compelled to relinquish his profession, and he devoted his time mainly to writing for the "Eclectic Review." He died at Stapleton in 1843. Besides the "Essays" which have already been mentioned, Foster wrote an "Essay on Popular Ignorance." His "Lectures," and many of his contributions to the "Eclectic Review," have also been published. Foster's works have enjoyed a large share of popularity: they are distinguished by their originality, good sense, acute vigorous thought, and elegant language, and have exercised a powerful influence on the more reflecting class of readers of the present day.

1. THE CAUSE OF RELIGION INJURED BY THE GENERAL INFERIORITY OF EVANGELICAL WRITERS.—("ESSAYS.")

I suppose it will be acknowledged that the evangelical cause has been, on the whole, far from happy in its prodigious list of authors. A number of them have displayed a high order of excellence; but one regrets, as to a much greater number, that they did not revere the dignity of their religion too much to beset and suffocate it with their superfluous offerings. To you I need not expatiate on the character of the collective Christian library. It will have been obvious to you that there is a multitude of books which form the perfect vulgar of religious authorship; a vast exhibition of the most subordinate materials that can be called thought, in language too groveling to be called style. Some of these writers seem to have concluded that the greatness of the subject was to do everything; and that they had but to pronounce, like David, the name of "the Lord of Hosts," to give pebbles the force of darts and spears. Others appear to have really wanted the perception of any great difference, in point of excellence, between the meaner and the superior modes of writing. If they had read alternately Barrow's or South's pages and their own, they probably might have doubted on which side to assign the palm. A number of them, citing, in a perverted sense, the language of St Paul, "not with excellency of speech," "not with enticing words of man's wisdom," "not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth," expressly disclaim everything that belongs to fine writing, not exactly as what they could not have attained, but as what they judge incompatible with the simplicity of evangelical truth and intentions. In the books of these several but kindred classes, you are mortified to see how low religious thought and expression can sink; and you almost wonder how it was possible for the noblest ideas that are known to the sublimest intelligences, the ideas of God, of Providence, of eternity, to shine on a serious human mind without imparting some small occasional degree of dignity to the strain of thought. The indulgent feelings which you entertain for the intellectual and literary deficiency of humble Christians in their religious communications in private, are with difficulty extended to those who make for their thoughts this demand on public attention. It was necessary for them to be Christians, but what made it their duty to become authors? Many of the books are indeed successively ceasing, with the progress of time, to be read or known; but the new supply continually brought forth is so numerous, that a person who turns his attention to religious reading is certain to meet a variety of them. Now, only suppose a man who has been conversant and enchanted with the works of eloquence, glowing poetry, finished elegance, or strong reasoning, to meet a number of these books in the outset of his more serious inquiries, in what light would the religion of Christ appear to him if he did not find some happier illustrations of it?

There is another large class of Christian books, which bears the marks of learning, correctness, and an orderly understanding, and by a general propriety leave but little to be censured, but which display no invention, no prominence of thought, or living vigour of expression ; all is flat and dry as a plain of sand. It is perhaps the thousandth iteration of commonplaces, the listless attention to which is hardly an action of the mind ; you seem to understand it all, and mechanically assent while you are thinking of something else. Though the author has a rich immeasurable field of possible varieties of reflection and illustration around him, he seems doomed to tread over again the narrow space of ground long since trodden to dust, and in all his movements appears clothed in sheets of lead.

It would be going beyond my purpose to carry my remarks from the literary merits to the moral and theological characteristics of Christian books ; else a very strange account could be given of the injuries which the gospel has suffered from its friends. You might often meet with a systematic writer in whose hands the whole wealth, and variety, and magnificence of revelation shrink into a meagre list of doctrinal points, and who will let no verse in the Bible tell its meaning, or presume to have one, till it has taken its stand by one of those points. You may meet with a Christian polemic, who seems to value the arguments for evangelical truth as an assassin values his dagger, and for the same reason ; with a descant on the invisible world, who makes you think of a Popish cathedral, and from the vulgarity of whose illuminations you are glad to escape into the solemn twilight of faith ; or with a grim zealot for such a theory of the Divine attributes and government, as seems to delight in representing the Deity as a dreadful King of furies, whose dominion is overshadowed with vengeance, whose music is the cries of victims, and whose glory requires to be illustrated by the ruin of His creation.

It is quite unnecessary to say, that the list of excellent Christian writers would be very considerable. But as to the vast mass of books that would, by the consenting judgment of all men of liberal cultivation, remain after this deduction, one cannot help deploring the effect which they must have had on unknown thousands of readers. It would seem beyond all question, that books which, though even asserting the essential truths of Christianity, yet utterly preclude the full impression of its character ; which exhibit its claims on admiration and affection with insipid feebleness of sentiment ; or which cramp its simple majesty into an artificial form at once distorted and mean ; must be seriously prejudicial to the influence of this sacred subject, though it be admitted that many of them have sometimes imparted a measure both of instruction and consolation. This they might do, and yet at the same time convey extremely contracted and inadequate ideas of the subject. There are a great many of them into which an intelligent Christian cannot look without rejoicing that *they* were not the books from which he received his impressions of the glory of his religion. There are many which nothing

would induce him, even though he did not materially differ from them in the leading articles of his belief, to put into the hands of an inquiring young person, which he would be sorry and ashamed to see on the table of an infidel; and some of which he regrets to think may still contribute to keep down the standard of religious taste, if I may so express it, among the public instructors of mankind. On the whole it would appear, that a profound veneration for Christianity would induce the wish, that, after a judicious selection of books had been made, the Christians also had their Caliph Omar and their General Amrou.

2. COMPARISON OF COUNTRIES IN ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.—
(CONTRIBUTIONS TO "ECLECTIC REVIEW.")

A curious and reflective mind will not fall on many subjects more attractive than the relation of ancient regions, such as history and monuments have recorded them, to the same regions viewed in their modern and present state. It is striking to consider how widely they are, as it were, estranged from their primitive selves; insomuch that the mere local and nominal identity has less power to retain them before us under the original idea fixed on the place and name, than their actual condition has to present them as domains of a foreign and alien character. They are seen divested to so great a degree, of that which had created a deep interest in contemplating them, that we consign them to a distant province of our imagination, where they are the objects of a reversed order of feelings. We regard them as having disowned themselves, while retaining their ancient names and their position on the earth. We say divested to so great a degree; for if the regions be eminently remarkable for natural features—mountains, rivers, defiles, and peculiar productions—these do, indeed, continue to tell something of ancient times. In keeping under our view a groundwork of the scenes we had meditated on, they recall to us by association what once was there, and is there no longer. But they do so to excite a disturbance by incongruity. What is there *now*, rises in the imagination to confound or overpower the images of what was there *then*. So that, till we can clear away this intrusion, we have an uncouth blending of the venerable ancient and the vulgar modern.

Again, there are seen in those territories striking relics of the human labours of the remote ages; which are thus brought back more impressively to the imagination than by the most prominent features of nature. But these disclaim more decidedly still, in the name of that departed world to which they entirely belong, all relationship with the existing economy of man and his concerns. They are emphatically solitary and estranged amidst that economy. Their aspect, in their gloom and ruin, is wholly to the past, as if signifying a disdain of all that later times have brought around them. And if, in some instances, man is trying to avail himself of some parts or appendages of them for his ordinary uses of resort or

dwelling, we may, by a poetical license of thought, imagine them loathing the desecration. Still, as the vulgarities *do* obtrude themselves in contiguity, the contemplatist cannot wholly abstract himself from the annoyance.

Some of those scenes of ruin, indeed, and especially and pre-eminently the tract and vast remaining masses of Babylon, are placed apart by their awful doom, as suffering no encroachment and incongruous associations of human occupancy or vicinity. There is no *modern* Babylon. It is secluded and alone in its desolation; clear of all interference with its one character as monumental of ancient time and existence. If the contemplative spectator could sojourn there alone and with a sense of safety, his mind would be taken out of the actual world, and carried away to the period of Babylon's magnificence, its multitudes, its triumphs, and the divine denunciations of its catastrophe.

Egypt has monuments of antiquity surpassing all others on the globe. History cannot tell when the most stupendous of them were constructed; and it would be no improbable prophecy that they are destined to remain to the end of time. Those enormous constructions, assuming to rank with nature's ancient works on the planet, and raised, as if to defy the powers of man and the elements and time to demolish them, by a generation that retired into the impenetrable darkness of antiquity when their work was done, stand on the surface in solemn relation to the subterraneous mansions of death. All the vestiges bear an aspect intensely and unalterably grave. There is inscribed on them a language which tells the inquirer that its import is not for him or the men of his times. Persons that lived thousands of years since, remain in substance and form, death everlastingly embodied, as if to emblem to us the vast chasm, and the non-existence of relation between their race and ours. A shade of mystery rests on the whole economy to which all these objects belonged. Add to this our associations with the region from those memorable transactions and phenomena recorded in the sacred history, by which the imagination has been, so to speak, permanently located in it, as a field crowded with primeval interests and wonders.

It may then be that Egypt surpasses every tract of the world (we know not that Palestine is an exception) in the power of fascinating a contemplative spirit, as long as the contemplation shall dwell exclusively on the *ancient* scene. But there is a *modern* Egypt. And truly it is an immense transition from the supernatural phenomena, the stupendous constructions, the frowning grandeur, the veiled intelligence, the homage, almost to adoration, rendered to death, and the absorption of a nation's living powers in the passion for leaving impregnable monuments, in which after their brief mortal existence they should remain memorable for ever,—to the present Egypt as described by Mr Lane.¹ But this Egypt, as it is spread around the wonderful spectacles which remain to give us partially

¹ This extract is taken from a review of Lane's "Modern Egyptians."

an image of what once it was, disturbs the contemplation by an interference of the coarse vulgar modern with the solemn superb ancient. At least to a reader who has not enjoyed the enviable privileges of beholding those spectacles, and so practically experiencing how much they may absorb and withdraw the mind from all that is around them, it would seem that the presence of a groveling population, with their miserable abodes, and daily employments, combined with the knavish insolent annoyance of the wearers of a petty authority, must press on the reflective spectator of pyramids, temples, and catacombs, with an effect extremely adverse to the musing abstraction in which he endeavours to carry his mind back to the ancient economy. As to advantage to be derived from *contrast*, there is no need of it. And, besides, the two things are too far in disproportion for contrast. Who would let hovels and paltry mosques come into comparison at all with the pyramids and the temple of Carnac?

XI. ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ROBERT SOUTHEY was born at Bristol in 1774. His father, a respectable merchant of that town, sent him to Westminster School, and he completed his education at Oxford. He was intended for the Church, but his opinions on religious as well as civil matters were not such as either to allow him to enter that sacred profession, or to hold out any prospect of success in it. He was a Unitarian and a republican, but time altered his sentiments: he became an orthodox Churchman, and an extreme Tory. After publishing his "Joan of Arc," he began to study law, but without much success, and a pension from government provided a more secure source of income, on which he retired to a residence near Keswick. He was in 1813 raised to the dignity of Poet-Laureate, and the remainder of his life was spent in assiduous study, varied with occasional compositions in verse and prose. About 1840 he became deranged, and continued in that unhappy condition till his death in 1843. His works are numerous, and all possessed of many excellences, but have never been popular. His longer poems, "Joan of Arc," "Thalaba," "Curse of Kehama," and others, are known only to the few; and his larger prose works, "The Doctor," "History of the Peninsular War," &c., have not found a much larger circle of admirers, notwithstanding their acknowledged merits. His minor poems, however, are more likely to enjoy a lasting fame, and his "Life of Nelson" is the finest biography that has appeared since the issue of Boswell's "Johnson."

FINAL DEPARTURE OF NELSON FROM ENGLAND: HIS DEATH AND ITS EFFECTS.—("LIFE OF NELSON.")

Nelson having despatched his business at Portsmouth, endeavoured to elude the populace by taking a by-way to the beach; but a crowd collected in his train, pressing forward, to obtain a sight of his face:

many were in tears, and many knelt down before him, and blessed him as he passed. England has had many heroes, but never one who so entirely possessed the love of his fellow-countrymen as Nelson. All men knew that his heart was as humane as it was fearless; that there was not in his nature the slightest alloy of selfishness or cupidity; but that, with perfect and entire devotion, he served his country with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength; and, therefore, they loved him as truly and as fervently as he loved England. They pressed upon the parapet to gaze after him when his barge pushed off, and he was returning their cheers by waving his hat. The sentinels, who endeavoured to prevent them from trespassing upon this ground, were wedged among the crowd; and an officer who, not very prudently upon such an occasion, ordered them to drive the people down with their bayonets, was compelled speedily to retreat; for the people would not be debarred from gazing, till the last moment, upon the hero—the darling hero of England!

It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing on the Redoubtable, supposing that she had struck, because her guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizentop, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes!" he replied; "my back-bone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men; over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be

useful ; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurraed ; and at every hurra, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Hardy ; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried : "Will no one bring Hardy to me ? he must be killed ! he is surely dead !" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence : Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us ?" "Very well," replied Hardy ; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck." Hardy answered, "there was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he ; "I am going fast ; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh ! no," he replied ; "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone ; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him : "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast," putting his hand on his left side, "which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, "so great, that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too !" And after a few minutes, in the same under-tone, he added : "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation !" Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned ; and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly ; but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said : "Anchor, Hardy ; anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying

Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed : "do you anchor." His previous orders for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard;" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings : "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy : take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek ; and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty !" Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that ?" said Nelson ; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him—for ever. Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck ; for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner ;" and after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult ; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty !" These words he repeatedly pronounced ; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four,—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity : men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us ; and it seemed as if we had never till then known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end. The fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed ; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him : the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honour ; whom every tongue would have blessed ; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church-bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and "old men from the chimney-corner" to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but

they were without joy ; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas ; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength ; for, while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening his body, that in the course of nature he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done ; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr ; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot ; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory ; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England—a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them.

XII. DR CHALMERS.

THOMAS CHALMERS was born in 1780 at Anstruther, a small fishing-town on the coast of Fife. At an early age he was sent to the University of St Andrews, where he went through the usual curriculum of study ; and, though under the age at which licence was ordinarily conferred, a special exemption was made in his case, as he was (to use his own words) "a lad of pregnant parts." He was at this time enthusiastically devoted to the study of mathematics and the physical sciences ; and after prosecuting his favourite study in Edinburgh, he became assistant to the Professor of Mathematics in St Andrews. He was also appointed pastor of Kilmany, a small parish near the university, and discharged his clerical duties with characteristic vigour, though other pursuits evidently lay nearer his heart. He lectured on chemistry, served in the volunteers, speculated in political economy, and published an "Enquiry into the National Resources." In 1809 a dangerous illness led him to think more seriously of the responsibilities of his solemn office, and his energies were from that time forward unceasingly devoted to his official duties. His growing reputation as a pulpit orator led to his removal in 1815 to a more important sphere of labour in Glasgow, where his eloquence attracted round him crowds from all quarters, and where his untiring zeal for the amelioration of the poor found a wide scope for exercise. In 1823

he removed to St Andrews where he had been appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy; and in 1828 he was transferred to the Chair of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. This post he continued to hold till the secession of the Free Church party, who appointed him to the same office in their Theological College. He was found dead in bed May 31, 1847. The works of Dr Chalmers are very numerous: the chief are "Natural Theology" (one of the Bridgewater Treatises); "Christian Evidences;" "Astronomical Sermons;" "Lectures on the Romans;" "Commercial Discourses;" various volumes of sermons and works on "Parochial Economy," "Church Extension," &c. Since his death, "Sunday Readings" and "Daily Scripture Readings" have also appeared. His works are on the whole valuable rather to the general reader than to the theological student; they are remarkable not so much for their profoundness or originality, as for their vigour of thought, force of language, and variety of illustration. What, however, most commends him to the reader is the sincerity of his religious convictions, and that broad catholic spirit and ardent desire for the benefit of his fellow-men which will long perpetuate his name in Scotland.

1. THE TRANSITORY NATURE OF VISIBLE THINGS.

Even those objects which men are most apt to count upon as imperishable, because, without any sensible decay, they have stood the lapse of many ages, will not weather the lapse of eternity. This earth will be burnt up. The light of yonder sun will be extinguished. These stars will cease from their twinkling. The heavens will pass away as a scroll: and as to those solid and enormous masses which, like the firm world we tread upon, roll in mighty circuit through the immensity around us, it seems the solemn language of revelation, of one and of all of them, that from the face of Him who sitteth on the throne, the earth and the heavens will fly away, and there will be found no place for them.

Even apart from the Bible, the eye of observation can witness in some of the hardest and firmest materials of the present system the evidence of its approaching dissolution. What more striking, for example, than the natural changes which take place on the surface of the world, and which prove that the strongest of Nature's elements must at last yield to the operation of time and of decay,—that yonder towering mountain, though propped by the rocky battlements which surround it, must at last sink under the power of corruption,—that every year brings it nearer to its end,—that, at this moment, it is wasting silently away, and letting itself down from the lofty eminence it now occupies,—that the torrent which falls from its side never ceases to consume its substance, and to carry it off in the form of sediment to the ocean,—that the frost which assails it in winter loosens the solid rock, detaches it in pieces from the main precipice, and makes it fall in fragments to its base,—that the power of the weather scales off the most flinty materials, and that the wind of heaven scatters them in dust over the surrounding country,—that

even though not anticipated by the sudden and awful convulsions of the day of God's wrath, nature contains within itself the rudiments of decay,—that every hill must be levelled with the plains, and every plain be swept away by the constant operation of the rivers which run through it,—and that, unless renewed by the hand of the Almighty, the earth on which we are now treading must disappear in the mighty roll of ages and of centuries? We cannot take our flight to other worlds, or have a near view of the changes to which they are liable. But surely if this world, which, with its mighty apparatus of continents and islands, looks so healthful and so firm after the wear of many centuries, is posting visibly to its end, we may be prepared to believe that the principles of destruction are also at work in other provinces of the visible creation—and that though of old God laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of His hands, yet they shall perish; yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment, and as a vesture shall He change them, and they shall be changed.

But there is another way in which the objects that are seen are temporal. The object may not merely be removed from us, but we may be removed from the object. The disappearance of this earth, and of these heavens from us, we look upon through the dimness of a far-placed futurity. It is an event, therefore, which may regale our imagination; which may lift our mind by its sublimity; which may disengage us, in the calm hour of meditation, from the littleness of life, and of its cares; and which may even throw a clearness and a solemnity over our intercourse with God. But such an event as this does not come home upon our hearts with the urgency of a personal interest. It does not carry along with it the excitement which lies in the nearness of an immediate concern. It does not fall with such vivacity upon our conceptions, as practically to tell on our pursuits or any of our purposes. It may elevate and solemnize us; but this effect is perfectly consistent with its having as little influence on the walk of the living, and the moving, and the acting man, as a dream of poetry. The preacher may think that he has done great things with his eloquence, and the hearers may think that great things have been done upon them; for they felt a fine glow of emotion when they heard of God sitting in the majesty of His high counsels over the progress and the destiny of created things. But the truth is, that all this kindling of devotion which is felt upon the contemplation of His greatness may exist in the same bosom with an utter distaste for the holiness of His character; with an entire alienation of the heart and of the habits from the obedience of His law; and above all, with a most nauseous and invincible contempt for the spiritualities of that revelation, in which He has actually made known His will and His ways to us. The devotion of mere taste is one thing, the devotion of principle is another. And as surely as a man may weep over the elegant sufferings of poetry, yet add to the real sufferings of life by peevishness in his family and insolence among his neighbours; so

surely may a man be wakened to rapture by the magnificence of God, while his life is deformed by its rebellions, and his heart rankles with all the foulness of idolatry against Him.

Well, then, let us try the other way of bringing the temporal nature of visible things to bear upon your interests. It is true that this earth and these heavens will at length disappear; but they may outlive our posterity for many generations. However, if they disappear not from us, we most certainly shall disappear from them. They will soon cease to be anything to you; and though the splendour and variety of all that is visible around us should last for thousands of centuries, your eyes will soon be closed upon them. The time is coming when this goodly scene shall reach its positive consummation. But, in all likelihood, the time is coming much sooner, when you shall resign the breath of your nostrils, and bid a final adieu to everything around you. Let this earth and these heavens be as enduring as they may, to you they are fugitive as vanity. Time, with its mighty strides, will soon reach a future generation, and leave the present in death and in forgetfulness behind it. The grave will close upon every one of you, and that is the dark and silent cavern where no voice is heard, and the light of the sun never enters.

2. ON SPIRITUAL BLINDNESS.

The awakening from spiritual death calls for a peculiar and a preternatural application. We say preternatural, for such is the obstinacy of this sleep of nature that no power within the compass of nature can put an end to it. It withstands all the demonstrations of arithmetic. Time moves on without disturbing it. The last messenger lifts many a note of preparation, but so deep is the lethargy that he is not heard. Every year do his approaching footsteps become more distinct and more audible; yet every year rivets the affections of sense more tenaciously than before to the scene that is around him. One would think that the fall of so many acquaintances on every side of him might at length have forced an awakening conviction into his heart. One would think that, standing alone and in mournful survey amid the wreck of former associations, the spell might have been already broken which so fastens him to a perishable world. Oh! why were the tears he shed over his children's grave not followed up by the deliverance of his soul from this sore infatuation? Why, as he hung over the dying bed of her with whom he had so oft taken counsel about the plans and the interests of life, did he not catch a glimpse of this world's vanity, and did not the light of truth break in upon his heart from the solemn and apprehended realities beyond it? But no. The enchantment, it would appear, is not so easily dissolved. The deep sleep which the Bible speaks of is not so easily broken. The conscious infirmities of age cannot do it. The frequent and touching specimens of mortality around us cannot do it. The rude entrance

of death into our own houses cannot do it. The melting of our old society away from us, and the constant succession of new faces and new families in their place, cannot do it. The tolling of the funeral-bell, which has rung so many of our companions across the confines of eternity, and in a few little years will perform the same office for us, cannot do it. It often happens, in the visions of the night, that some fancied spectacle of terror or shriek of alarm have frightened us out of our sleep and our dream together. But the sleep of worldliness stands its ground against all this. We hear the moanings of many a death-bed, and we witness its looks of imploring anguish, and we watch the decay of life as it glimmers onward to its final extinction, and we hear the last breath, and we pause in the solemn stillness that follows it, till it is broken in upon by the bursting agony of the weeping attendants; and in one day more, we revisit the chamber of him, who in white and shrouded stateliness lies the effigy of what he was; and we lift the border that is upon the dead man's countenance, and there we gaze upon that brow so cold, and those eyes so motionless; and in two days more we follow him to the sepulchre, and, mingled with the earth among which he is laid, we behold the skulls and the skeletons of those who have gone before him; and it is the distinct understanding of nature, that soon shall every one of us go through the same process of dying, and add our mouldering bodies to the mass of corruption that we have been contemplating. But mark the derangement of nature, and how soon again it falls to sleep, among the delusions of a world, of the vanity of which it has recently got so striking a demonstration. Look onward but one single day more, and you behold every trace of this loud and warning voice dissipated to nothing. The man seemed as if he had been actually awakened, but it was only the start and the stupid glare of a moment, after which he has lain him down again among the visions and the slumbers of a soul that is spiritually dead. He has not lost all sensibility any more than the man that is in a midnight trance, who is busied with the imaginations of a dream. But he has gone back again to the sensibilities of a world which he is so speedily to abandon, and in these he has sunk all the sensibilities of that everlasting world on the confines of which he was treading but yesterday. All is forgotten amid the bargains, and the adventures, and the bustle, and the expectation of the scene that is immediately around him. Eternity is again shut out, and amid the dreaming illusions of a fleeting and fantastic day, does he cradle his infatuated soul into an utter unconcern about its coming torments, or its coming triumphs. Yes! we have heard the man of serious religion denounced as a visionary. But if that be a vision which is a short-lived deceit, and that be a sober reality which survives the fluctuations both of time and of fancy—tell us if such a use of the term be not an utter misapplication, and whether, with all the justice, as well as with all the severity of truth, it may not be retorted upon the head of him who, though

prized for the sagacity of a firm, secular, and much-exercised understanding, and honoured in the market-place for his experience in the walks and ways of this world's business, has not so much as entered upon the beginning of wisdom, but is toiling away all his skill and all his energy on the frivolities of an idiot's dream.

3. CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Man is the direct agent of a wide and continual distress to the lower animals; and the question is, "Can any method be devised for its alleviation?" On this subject that Scriptural image is strikingly realized: "the whole inferior creation groaning and travailing together in pain" because of him. It signifies not to the substantive amount of the suffering, whether this be prompted by the hardness of his heart, or only permitted through the heedlessness of his mind. In either way it holds true, not only that the arch-devourer Man stands pre-eminent over the fiercest children of the wilderness as an animal of prey, but that for his lordly and luxurious appetite, as well as for his service or merest curiosity and amusement, Nature must be ransacked throughout all her elements. Rather than forego the veriest gratifications of vanity; he will wring them from the anguish of wretched and ill-fated creatures; and whether for the indulgence of his barbaric sensuality or barbaric splendour, can stalk paramount over the sufferings of that prostrate creation which has been placed beneath his feet. That beauteous domain, whereof he has been constituted the terrestrial sovereign, gives out so many blissful and benignant aspects; and whether we look to its peaceful lakes, or to its flowery landscapes, or its evening skies, or to all that soft attire which overspreads the hills and the valleys, lighted up by smiles of sweetest sunshine, and where animals disport themselves in all the exuberance of gaiety,—this surely were a more befitting scene for the rule of clemency than for the iron rod of a murderous and remorseless tyrant. But the present is a mysterious world wherein we dwell. It still bears much upon its materialism of the impress of Paradise. But a breath from the air of Pandemonium has gone over its living generations; and so "the fear of man and the dread of man is now upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, and upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into man's hands are they delivered: every moving thing that liveth is meat for him; yea, even as the green herbs, there have been given to him all things." Such is the extent of his jurisdiction, and with most full and wanton license has he revelled among its privileges. The whole earth labours and is in violence because of his cruelties; and from the amphitheatre of sentient nature, there sounds in fancy's ear the bleat of one wide and universal suffering, a dreadful homage to the power of nature's constituted lord.

These sufferings are really felt. The beasts of the field are not so

many automata without sensation, and just so constructed as to give forth all the natural expressions of it. Nature hath not practised this universal deception upon our species. These poor animals just look, and tremble, and give forth the very indications of suffering that we do. Theirs is the distinct cry of pain. Theirs is the unequivocal physiognomy of pain. They put on the same aspect of terror on the demonstrations of a menaced blow. They exhibit the same distortions of agony after the infliction of it. The bruise, or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision, or the fierce encounter with one of equal or superior strength, just affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours. They have pulsations in various parts of the body like ours. They sicken, and they grow feeble with age, and, finally, they die, just as we do. They possess the same feelings; and, what exposes them to like sufferings from another quarter, they possess the same instincts with our own species. The lioness robbed of her whelps causes the wilderness to ring aloud with the proclamation of her wrongs; or the bird whose little household has been stolen fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of deepest pathos. All this is palpable even to the general and unlearned eye; and when the physiologist lays open the recesses of their system, by means of that scalpel under whose operation they just shrink and are convulsed as any living subject of our own species, there stands forth to view the same sentient apparatus, and furnished with the same conductors for the transmission of feeling to every minutest pore upon the surface. Theirs is unmix'd and unmitigated pain, the agonies of martyrdom without the alleviation of the hopes and the sentiments whereof they are incapable. When they lay them down to die, their only fellowship is with suffering; for in the prison-house of their beset and bounded faculties, there can no relief be afforded by communion with other interests or other things. The attention does not lighten their distress as it does that of man, by carrying off his spirit from that existing pungency and pressure which might else be overwhelming. There is but room in their mysterious economy for one inmate,—and that is, the absorbing sense of their own single and concentrated anguish. And so in that bed of torment whereon the wounded animal lingers and expires, there is an unexplored depth and intensity of suffering which the poor dumb animal itself cannot tell, and against which it can offer no remonstrance—an untold and unknown amount of wretchedness of which no articulate voice gives utterance.

XIII. LORD JEFFREY.

FRANCIS JEFFREY was born in Edinburgh in 1773, and after the usual classical education at the High School of his native town, repaired to Glasgow University, and from thence to Oxford. On the completion of his education he returned to the Scottish metropolis, and

adopted the profession of the law. In 1802, in co-operation with Brougham and Sydney Smith, he began the "Edinburgh Review," a publication which must ever be linked with the name of Jeffrey. At the same time he was assiduous in his professional avocations; and his ready eloquence, command of language, powers of persuasion, and clearness of intellect, soon made him conspicuous at the bar. At length, in 1829, he was elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates; the next year, when the Reformed Ministry came into power, he was made Lord Advocate, and a few years later he was advanced to the Bench as one of the Lords of Session. He continued to discharge his duties with unabating energy, and to the satisfaction of all parties, till his death, 26th January 1850. His writings consist of his "Contributions to the Edinburgh Review," part of which have been published, and have met with a large amount of public favour. He may be considered as the founder of the modern school of criticism, and of the "Review" as it now exists. As a critic, Jeffrey is distinguished in general by strict impartiality, and an urbanity of manner unhappily not always characteristic of the critic. His language, without aspiring to eloquence, is neat, perspicuous, and varied,—in fact, possesses all the excellences which belong to the style of a literary critic. He is sometimes not explicit enough in his opinions, which he enounces boldly and then explains away by numerous qualifications; and he has been accused of having no sympathy with the profounder feelings which are said to exist in modern poetry; but on this he has been perhaps misunderstood, and perhaps, also, his opinions are not so wholly untenable as is sometimes imagined; at all events, he did good service to literature by beating down the pretensions of literary adventurers, and by constantly holding up to public admiration and imitation the glorious era of Shakspeare, and Bacon, and Taylor.

1. MORTALITY OF THE IMMORTALS.—(REVIEW OF CAMPBELL'S
SPECIMENS, MARCH 1819.)

Next to the impression of the vast fertility, compass, and beauty of our English poetry, the reflection that occurs most frequently and forcibly to us, in accompanying Mr Campbell through his wide survey, is that of the perishable nature of poetical fame, and the speedy oblivion that has overtaken so many of the promised heirs of immortality! Of near two hundred and fifty authors whose works are cited in these volumes, by far the greater part of whom were celebrated in their generation, there are not thirty that now enjoy anything that can be called popularity, whose works are to be found in the hands of ordinary readers, in the shops of ordinary booksellers, or in the press for republication. About fifty more may be tolerably familiar to men of taste or literature—the rest slumber on the shelves of collectors, and are partially known to a few antiquaries and scholars. Now the fame of a poet is popular, or nothing. He does not address himself, like the man of science, to the learned, or those who desire to learn, but to all mankind; and his purpose being to delight and be praised, necessarily extends to all who can receive pleasure or join in applause. It is strange, then,

and somewhat humiliating, to see how great a proportion of those who had once fought their way successfully to distinction, and surmounted the rivalry of contemporary envy, have again sunk into neglect. We have great deference for public opinion, and readily admit that nothing but what is good can be permanently popular. But though its *vivat*¹ be generally oracular, its *pereat*² appears to us to be often sufficiently capricious; and while we would foster all that it bids to live, we would willingly revive much that it leaves to die. The very multiplication of works of amusement necessarily withdraws many from notice that deserve to be kept in remembrance; for we should soon find it labour, and not amusement, if we were obliged to make use of them all, or even to take all upon trial. As the materials of enjoyment and instruction accumulate around us, more and more, we fear, must thus be daily rejected and left to waste. For while our tasks lengthen, our lives remain as short as ever; and the calls on our time multiply, while our time itself is flying swiftly away. This superfluity and abundance of our treasures, therefore, necessarily renders much of them worthless; and the veriest accidents may, in such a case, determine what part shall be preserved and what thrown away and neglected. When an army is *decimated*, the very bravest may fall; and many poets, worthy of eternal remembrance, have probably been forgotten, merely because there was not room in our memories for all.

By such a work as the present, however, this injustice of fortune may be partly redressed—some small fragments of an immortal strain may still be rescued from oblivion—and a wreck of a name preserved which time appeared to have swallowed up for ever. There is something pious, we think, and endearing, in the office of thus gathering up the ashes of renown that has passed away; or rather, of calling back the departed life for a transitory glow, and enabling those great spirits which seemed to be *laid* for ever still to draw a tear of pity, or a throb of admiration, from the hearts of a forgetful generation. The body of their poetry probably can never be revived; but some sparks of its spirit may yet be preserved in a narrower and feebler frame.

When we look back upon the havoc which two hundred years have thus made in the ranks of our immortals,—and, above all, when we refer their rapid disappearance to the quick succession of new competitors, and the accumulation of more good works than there is time to peruse,—we cannot help being dismayed at the prospect which lies before the writers of the present day. There never was an age so prolific of popular poetry as that in which we now live; and as wealth, population, and education extend, the produce is likely to go on increasing. The last ten years have produced, we think, an annual supply of about ten thousand lines of good staple poetry,—poetry from the very first hands that we can boast of,—that runs quickly on to three or four large editions, and is as likely

¹ *i. e.*, Sentence of approbation; literally, "Let it live."

² *i. e.*, Sentence of condemnation; literally, "Let it perish."

to be permanent as present success can make it. Now, if this goes on for a hundred years longer, what a task will await the poetical readers of 1919! Our living poets will then be nearly as old as Pope and Swift are at present; but there will stand between them and that generation nearly ten times as much fresh and fashionable poetry as is now interposed between us and those writers; and if Scott, and Byron, and Campbell, have already cast Pope and Swift a good deal into the shade, in what form and dimensions are they themselves likely to be presented to the eyes of our great-grandchildren? The thought, we own, is a little appalling; and we confess we see nothing better to imagine than that they may find a comfortable place in some new collection of specimens—the centenary of the present publication. There, if the future editor have anything like the indulgence and veneration for antiquity of his predecessor, there shall posterity still hang with rapture on the half of Campbell, and the fourth-part of Byron, and the sixth of Scott, and the scattered tithes of Crabbe, and the three *per cent.* of Southey; while some good-natured critic shall sit in our mouldering chair, and more than half prefer them to those by whom they have been superseded! It is an hyperbole of good-nature, however, we fear, to ascribe to them even those dimensions at the end of a century; after a lapse of 250 years, we are afraid to think of the space they may have shrunk into. We have no Shakspeare, alas! to shed a never-setting light on his contemporaries; and if we continue to write and rhyme at the present rate for 200 years longer, there must be some new cut of *short-hand reading* invented, or all reading will be given up in despair.

2. RISE AND DECLINE OF THE STYLE OF QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN.

It was the ambition of the authors of Queen Anne's time to improve and perfect the new style introduced at the Restoration, rather than to return to the old one; and it cannot be denied that they did improve it. They corrected its gross indecency—increased its precision and correctness—made its pleasantry and sarcasm more polished and elegant—and spread through the whole of its irony, its narration, and its reflection, a tone of clear and condensed good sense, which recommended itself to all who had, and all who had not, any relish for higher beauties. This is the praise of Queen Anne's wits, and to this praise they are justly entitled. This was left for them to do, and they did it well. They were invited to it by the circumstances of their situation, and do not seem to have been possessed of any such bold or vigorous spirit as either to neglect or to outgo the invitation. Coming into life immediately after the consummation of a bloodless revolution, effected much more by the cool sense than the angry passions of the nation, they seem to have felt that they were born in an age of reason, rather than of feeling or fancy; and that men's minds, though considerably divided and unsettled upon many points, were in a much better temper to relish

judicious argument and cutting satire, than the glow of enthusiastic passion, or the richness of a luxuriant imagination. To these, accordingly, they made no pretensions; but writing with infinite good sense, and great grace and vivacity, and, above all, writing for the first time in a tone that was peculiar to the upper ranks of society, and upon subjects that were almost exclusively interesting to them, they naturally figured, at least while the manner was new, as the most accomplished, fashionable, and perfect writers which the world had ever seen, and made the wild, luxuriant, and humble sweetness of our earlier authors appear rude and untutored in the comparison. Men grew ashamed of admiring, and afraid of imitating, writers of so little skill and smartness; and the opinion became general, not only that their faults were intolerable, but that even their beauties were puerile and barbarous, and unworthy the serious regard of a polite and distinguishing age.

These, and similar considerations, will go far to account for the celebrity which those authors acquired in their day; but it is not quite so easy to explain how they should have so long retained their ascendant. One cause, undoubtedly, was the real excellence of their productions, in the style which they had adopted. It was hopeless to think of surpassing them in that style; and, recommended as it was by the felicity of their execution, it required some courage to depart from it, and to recur to another, which seemed to have been so lately abandoned for its sake. The age which succeeded, too, was not the age of courage or adventure. There never was, on the whole, a quieter time than the reigns of the two first Georges, and the greater part of that which ensued. There were two little provincial rebellions, indeed, and a fair proportion of foreign war; but there was nothing to stir the minds of the people at large, to rouse their passions, or excite their imaginations—nothing like the agitations of the Reformation in the sixteenth century, or of the civil wars in the seventeenth. They went on, accordingly, minding their old business, and reading their old books, with great patience and stupidity; and certainly there never was so remarkable a dearth of original talent—so long an interregnum of native genius—as during about sixty years in the middle of the last century. The dramatic art was dead fifty years before, and poetry seemed verging to a similar extinction. The few sparks that appeared, too, showed that the old fire was burnt out, and that the altar must hereafter be heaped with fuel of another quality. Gray, with the talents rather of a critic than a poet,—with learning, fastidiousness, and scrupulous delicacy of taste, instead of fire, tenderness, or invention,—began and ended a small school, which we could scarcely have wished to become permanent, admirable in many respects as some of its productions are, being far too elaborate and artificial either for grace or for fluency, and fitter to excite the admiration of scholars than the delight of ordinary men. However, he had the merit of not being in any degree French, and of restoring to our poetry the dignity of seriousness, and the tone at least of force and energy.

The Whartons, both as critics and as poets, were of considerable service in discrediting the high pretensions of the former race, and in bringing back to public notice the great stores and treasures of poetry which lay hid in the records of our older literature. Akenside attempted a sort of classical and philosophical rapture, which no elegance of language could easily have rendered popular, but which had merits of no vulgar order for those who could study it. Goldsmith wrote with perfect elegance and beauty, in a style of mellow tenderness and elaborate simplicity. He had the harmony of Pope without his quaintness, and his selectness of diction without his coldness and eternal vivacity. And last of all came Cowper, with a style of complete originality, and, for the first time, made it apparent to readers of all descriptions that Pope and Addison were no longer to be the models of English poetry.

In philosophy and prose writing in general, the case was nearly parallel. The name of Hume is by far the most considerable which occurs in the period to which we have alluded. But, though his thinking was English, his style is entirely French; and, being naturally of a cold fancy, there is nothing of that eloquence or richness about him which characterizes the writings of Taylor, and Hooker, and Bacon, and continues, with less weight of matter, to please in those of Cowley and Clarendon. Warburton had great powers, and wrote with more force and freedom than the wits to whom he succeeded; but his faculties were perverted by a paltry love of paradox, and rendered useless to mankind by an unlucky choice of subjects, and the arrogance and dogmatism of his temper. Adam Smith was nearly the first who made deeper reasonings and more exact knowledge popular among us, and Junius and Johnson the first who again familiarized us with more glowing and sonorous diction, and made us feel the tameness and poorness of the serious style of Addison and Swift.

XIV. SYDNEY SMITH

SYDNEY SMITH was born in 1768, at Woodford, in Essex, and received his classical education at the famous school founded by William of Wykeham, in Winchester. From Winchester he removed to New College, Oxford, where in due course he graduated; and on taking orders he became curate in a small country parish near Amesbury. He soon after accepted the office of tutor to a son of the Member of Parliament for Cirencester, and, in company with his pupil, he resided for nearly five years in Edinburgh. Here he became acquainted with Jeffrey and Brougham, and in conjunction with them founded the "Edinburgh Review," the first few numbers of which were edited by Smith. In 1808 he married, and settling in London, became at once a highly popular preacher; while his brilliant wit and ready conversational powers made him equally popular in society. He delivered

a course of lectures on moral philosophy at the Royal Institution, which were published posthumously; and he laid the Whigs under a deep debt of obligation by his famous "Letters of Peter Plymley," which so effectually aided the cause of Catholic Emancipation. Church preferment was slowly bestowed upon him; but in 1827 he was made a Canon of Bristol Cathedral, and four years afterwards Canon Residentiary of St Paul's. He died in 1845. He has left behind him no work of any magnitude; the longest production of his pen being the famous "Letters of Peter Plymley," the wittiest in the language. He is a powerful arguer,—almost as plain in his language and allusions as Swift. He shows no respect to persons, but overwhelms every opponent with a copious and irresistible stream of ridicule. Though his works were written only to serve an occasion, their wit is ever fresh and pleasing; and their popularity is still maintained, although the circumstances that produced them are well-nigh forgotten. It ought also to be remembered that Sydney Smith was one of the loudest in denouncing the wrongs and hardships to which particular classes of the community were exposed, and that to him we are indebted in a great measure for their removal. Besides the "Letters," his works consist of the "Lectures on Moral Philosophy," "Contributions to the Edinburgh Review," "Sermons," and other miscellaneous productions.

1. ADVANTAGES OF STUDYING LATIN AND GREEK.

Latin and Greek are useful, as they inure children to intellectual difficulties, and make the life of a young student what it ought to be, a life of considerable labour. We do not, of course, mean to confine this praise exclusively to the study of Latin and Greek, or to suppose that other difficulties might not be found which it would be useful to overcome; but though Latin and Greek have this merit in common with many arts and sciences, still they have it; and, if they do nothing else, they at least secure a solid and vigorous application at a period of life which materially influences all other periods. To go through the grammar of one language thoroughly is of great use for the mastery of every other grammar; because there obtains, through all languages, a certain analogy to each other in their grammatical construction. Latin and Greek have now mixed themselves etymologically with all the languages of Modern Europe, and with none more than our own; so that it is necessary to read these two tongues for other objects than themselves.

The two ancient languages are, as mere inventions—as pieces of mechanism—incomparably more beautiful than any of the modern languages of Europe; their mode of signifying time and case by terminations, instead of auxiliary verbs and particles, would of itself stamp their superiority. Add to this, the copiousness of the Greek language, with the fancy, harmony, and majesty of its compounds; and there are quite sufficient reasons why the classics should be studied for the beauties of language. Compared to them merely

as vehicles of thought and passion, all modern languages are dull, ill-contrived, and barbarous.

That a great part of the Scriptures have come down to us in the Greek language is of itself a reason, if all others were wanting, why education should be planned so as to produce a supply of Greek scholars.

The cultivation of style is very justly made a part of education. Everything which is written is meant either to please or to instruct. The second object it is difficult to effect without attending to the first; and the cultivation of style is the acquisition of those rules and literary habits which sagacity anticipates, or experience shows to be the most effectual means of pleasing. Those works are the best which have longest stood the test of time, and pleased the greatest number of exercised minds. Whatever, therefore, our conjectures may be, we cannot be so sure that the best modern writers can afford us as good models as the ancients; we cannot be certain that they will live through the revolutions of the world, and continue to please in every climate, under every species of government, through every stage of civilisation. The moderns have been well taught by their masters; but the time is hardly yet come when the necessity for such instruction no longer exists. We may still borrow descriptive power from Tacitus; dignified perspicuity from Livy; simplicity from Cæsar; and from Homer some portion of that light and heat which, dispersed into ten thousand channels, has filled the world with bright images and illustrious thoughts. Let the cultivator of modern literature addict himself to the purest models of taste which France, Italy, and England could supply, he might still learn from Virgil to be majestic, and from Tibullus to be tender; he might not yet look upon the face of nature as Theocritus saw it, nor might he reach those springs of pathos with which Euripides softened the hearts of his audience. In short, it appears to us, that there are so many excellent reasons why a certain number of scholars should be kept up in this and in every civilised country, that we should consider every system of education from which classical education was excluded as radically erroneous, and completely absurd.

2. RECOMMENDATION OF BREVITY TO AUTHORS.

There is an event recorded in the Bible, which men who write books should keep constantly in their remembrance. It is there set forth, that many centuries ago the earth was covered with a great flood, by which the whole of the human race, with the exception of one family, were destroyed. It appears, also, that from thence a great alteration was made in the longevity of mankind, who, from a range of seven or eight hundred years, which they enjoyed before the flood, were confined to their present period of seventy or eighty years. This epoch in the history of man gave birth to the twofold division of the antediluvian and the post-

deluvian style of writing, the latter of which naturally contracted itself into those inferior limits which were better accommodated to the abridged duration of human life and literary labour. Now—to forget this event, to write without the fear of the deluge before his eyes, and to handle a subject as if mankind could lounge over a pamphlet for ten years, as before their submersion,—is to be guilty of the most grievous error into which a writer can possibly fall. The author of a book should call in the aid of some brilliant pencil, and cause the distressing scenes of the deluge to be portrayed in the most lively colours for his use. He should gaze at Noah and be brief. The ark should constantly remind him of the little time there is left for reading; and he should learn, as they did in the ark, to crowd a great deal of matter into a very little compass.

3. EXTRACTS FROM THE “LETTERS OF PETER PLYMLEY.”

I confess, it mortifies me to the very quick to contrast with our matchless stupidity and inimitable folly the conduct of Bonaparte upon the subject of religious persecution. At the moment when we are tearing the crucifixes from the necks of the Catholics, and washing pious mud from the foreheads of the Hindoos,—at that moment this man is assembling the very Jews in Paris, and endeavouring to give them stability and importance. I shall never be reconciled to mending shoes in America; but I see it must be my lot, and I will then take a dreadful revenge upon Mr Perceval, if I catch him preaching within ten miles of me. You cannot imagine, you say, that England will ever be ruined and conquered; and for no other reason that I can find, but because it seems so very odd it should be ruined and conquered. Alas! so reasoned, in their time, the Austrian, Russian, and Prussian Plymleys. But the English are brave: so were all these nations. You might get together an hundred thousand men individually brave; but without generals capable of commanding such a machine, it would be as useless as a first-rate man-of-war manned by Oxford clergymen or Parisian shopkeepers. I do not say this to the disparagement of English officers—they have had no means of acquiring experience; but I do say it to create alarm; for we do not appear to me to be half-alarmed enough, or to entertain that sense of our danger which leads to the most obvious means of self-defence. As for the spirit of the peasantry, in making a gallant defence behind hedgerows, and through plate-racks and hen-coops, highly as I think of their bravery, I do not know any nation in Europe so likely to be struck with panic as the English; and this from their total unacquaintance with the science of war. Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles round; cart-mares shot; sows of Lord Somerville's breed running wild over the country; the minister of the parish sorely wounded; Mrs Plymley in fits,—all these scenes of war an Austrian Russian has seen three or four times over; but it is now three

centuries since an English pig has fallen in a fair battle upon English ground, or a farm-house been rifled.

There is a village (no matter where) in which the inhabitants, on one day in the year, sit down to a dinner prepared at the common expense: by an extraordinary piece of tyranny (which Lord Hawkesbury would call the wisdom of the village ancestors), the inhabitants of three of the streets, about an hundred years ago, seized upon the inhabitants of the fourth street, bound them hand and foot, laid them upon their backs, and compelled them to look on while the rest were stuffing themselves with beef and beer: the next year, the inhabitants of the persecuted street (though they contributed an equal quota of the expense) were treated precisely in the same manner. The tyranny grew into a custom; and (as the manner of our nature is) it was considered as the most sacred of all duties to keep these poor fellows without their annual dinner: the village was so tenacious of this practice, that nothing could induce them to resign it; every enemy to it was looked upon as a disbeliever in Divine Providence, and, any nefarious churchwarden who wished to succeed in his election, had nothing to do but to represent his antagonist as an abolitionist, in order to frustrate his ambition, endanger his life, and throw the village into a state of the most dreadful commotion. By degrees, however, the obnoxious street grew to be so well peopled, and its inhabitants so firmly united, that their oppressors, more afraid of injustice, were more disposed to be just. At the next dinner they are unbound, the year after allowed to sit upright, then a bit of bread and a glass of water; till at last, after a long series of concessions, they are emboldened to ask, in pretty plain terms, that they may be allowed to sit down at the bottom of the table, and to fill their bellies as well as the rest. Forthwith a general cry of shame and scandal: "Ten years ago, were you not laid upon your backs? Don't you remember what a great thing you thought it to get a piece of bread? How thankful you were for cheese-parings? Have you forgotten that memorable era, when the lord of the manor interfered to obtain for you a slice of the public pudding? And now, with an audacity only equalled by your ingratitude, you have the impudence to ask for knives and forks, and to request, in terms too plain to be mistaken, that you may sit down to table with the rest, and be indulged even with beef and beer: there are not more than half a dozen dishes which we have reserved for ourselves: the rest has been thrown open to you in the utmost profusion; you have potatoes and carrots, suet dumplings, sops in the pan, and delicious toast and water, in incredible quantities. Beef, mutton, lamb, pork, and veal are ours; and if you were not the most restless and dissatisfied of human beings, you would never think of aspiring to enjoy them."

Is not this, my dainty Abraham,¹ the very nonsense, and the very insult which is talked to and practised upon the Catholics? You

¹ Abraham Plymley, to whom the letters were addressed.

are surprised that men who have tasted of partial justice should ask for perfect justice ; that he who has been robbed of coat and cloak will not be contented with the restitution of one of his garments. He would be a very lazy blockhead if he were content ; and I (who, though an inhabitant of the village, have preserved, thank God, some sense of justice) most earnestly counsel these half-fed claimants to persevere in their just demands till they are admitted to a more complete share of a dinner for which they pay as much as the others ; and if they see a little attenuated lawyer² squabbling at the head of their opponents, let them desire him to empty his pockets, and to pull out all the pieces of duck, fowl, and pudding which he has filched from the public feast, to carry home to his wife and children.

XV. PROFESSOR WILSON.

JOHN WILSON was born in Paisley in 1785. His father had been a wealthy manufacturer in the town, and young Wilson, after a course of education at the University of Glasgow, was entered at Magdalene College, Oxford. At Oxford he was distinguished both for his love of athletic sports and for his great literary ability. On leaving college he bought a small estate, called Elleray, near Lake Windermere ; and there, in the society of Wordsworth, and amid scenery whose beauties he so keenly appreciated, Wilson spent what were doubtless the happiest years of his life. Pecuniary misfortunes, however, drove him from his retirement and compelled him to adopt some profession. He became an advocate at Edinburgh, and on the death of Dr Brown, was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of that town, an office which he held till near his death. In 1851 the Queen bestowed a pension upon him, which enabled him to resign his professorship, as he was no longer able for its duties, and he died at Edinburgh in 1864. Except his poems "The Isle of Palms," and "The City of the Plague," Wilson's works were all originally prepared for "Blackwood's Magazine," a periodical which owes much of its very high reputation to Wilson's ability. His poetry is distinguished by gentle meditative sweetness. His chief prose works are his "Noctes Ambrosianæ," "Recreations of Christopher North," "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," and "Trials of Margaret Lindsay." As a critic, Wilson is the only one of our periodical writers who has been thoroughly qualified to judge of the excellences of our modern poetry ; and his works, though usually brief and fragmentary, abundantly evince his depth of thought, liveliness of fancy, kindly disposition, shrewd wit, broad humour, and unrivalled command of the riches of the language.

1. A SCOTTISH COTTAGE.—("LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE.")

Gilbert Ainslie was a poor man ; and he had been a poor man all the days of his life, which were not few, for his hair was now wax-

² Mr Perceval.

ing gray. He had been born and bred on the small moorland farm which he now occupied ; and he hoped to die there, as his father and grandfather had done before him, leaving a family just above the more bitter wants of this world. Labour, hard and unremitting, had been his lot in life ; but, although sometimes severely tried, he had never repined ; and through all the mist and gloom, and even the storms that had assailed him, he had lived on from year to year in that calm and resigned contentment which unconsciously cheers the hearthstone of the blameless poor. With his own hands he had ploughed, sowed, and reaped his often scanty harvest, assisted, as they grew up, by three sons, who, even in boyhood, were happy to work along with their father in the fields. Out of doors or in, Gilbert Ainslie was never idle. The spade, the shears, the plough-shaft, the sickle, and the flail, all came readily to hands that grasped them well ; and not a morsel of food was eaten under his roof, or a garment worn there, that was not honestly, severely, nobly earned. Gilbert Ainslie was a slave, but it was for them he loved with a sober and deep affection. The thralldom under which he lived God had imposed, and it only served to give his character a shade of silent gravity, but not austere ; to make his smiles fewer, but more heartfelt ; to calm his soul at grace before and after meals, and to kindle it in morning and evening prayer.

There is no need to tell the character of the wife of such a man. Meek and thoughtful, yet gladsome and gay withal, her heaven was in her house ; and her gentle and weaker hands helped to bar the door against want. Of ten children that had been born to them, they had lost three ; and as they had fed, clothed, and educated them respectably, so did they give them who died a respectable funeral. The living did not grudge to give up for a while some of their daily comforts for the sake of the dead ; and bought, with the little sums which their industry had saved, decent mournings, worn on Sabbath, and then carefully laid by. Of the seven that survived, two sons and a daughter were farm-servants in the neighbourhood, while two daughters and two sons remained at home, growing, or grown up, a small, happy, hard-working household.

Many cottages are there in Scotland like Moss-side, and many such humble and virtuous cottagers as were now beneath its roof of straw. The eye of the passing traveller may mark them, or mark them not, but they stand peacefully in thousands over all the land ; and most beautiful do they make it, through all its wide valleys and narrow glens,—its low holms encircled by the rocky walls of some bonny burn,—its green mounts elated with their little crowning groves of plane-trees,—its yellow corn-fields,—its bare pastoral hill-sides, and all its heathy moors, on whose black bosom lie shining or concealed glades of excessive verdure, inhabited by flowers, and visited only by the far-flying bees. Moss-side was beautiful to a careless or hasty eye ; but when looked on and surveyed, it seemed a pleasant dwelling. Its roof, overgrown with grass and moss, was almost as green as the ground out of which its weather-stained walls appeared to grow.

The moss behind it was separated from a little garden by a narrow slip of arable land, the dark colour of which showed that it had been won from the wild by patient industry, and by patient industry retained. It required a bright sunny day to make Moss-side fair; but then it was fair indeed; and when the little brown moorland birds were singing their short songs among the rushes and the heather, or a lark, perhaps lured thither by some green barley-field for its undisturbed rest, rose ringing all over the enlivened solitude, the little bleak farm smiled like the paradise of poverty, sad and affecting in its lone and extreme simplicity. The boys and girls had made some plots of flowers among the vegetables that the little garden supplied for their homely meals; pinks and carnations, brought from walled gardens of rich men farther down in the cultivated strath, grew here with somewhat diminished lustre; a bright show of tulips had a strange beauty in the midst of that moorland; and the smell of roses mixed well with that of the clover, the beautiful fair clover that loves the soil and the air of Scotland, and gives the rich and balmy milk to the poor man's lips.

2. THE SNOW-STORM.

Little Hannah Lee had left her master's house soon as the rim of the great moon was seen by her eyes, that had been long anxiously watching it from the window, rising, like a joyful dream, over the gloomy mountain-tops; and all by herself she tripped along beneath the beauty of the silent heaven. Still as she kept ascending and descending the knolls that lay in the bosom of the glen, she sang to herself a song, a hymn, or a psalm, without the accompaniment of the streams, now all silent in the frost, and ever and anon she stopped to try to count the stars that lay in some more beautiful part of the sky, or gazed on the constellations that she knew, and called them, in her joy, by the names they bore among the shepherds. There were none to hear her voice or see her smiles but the ear and eye of Providence. As on she glided, and took her looks from heaven, she saw her own little fireside—her parents waiting for her arrival—the Bible opened for worship—her own little room kept so neatly for her, with its mirror hanging by the window, in which to braid her hair by the morning light—her bed prepared for her by her mother's hand—the primroses in her garden, peeping through the snow—old Tray, who ever welcomed her home with his dim white eyes—the pony and the cow;—friends all and inmates of that happy household. So stepped she along, while the snow-diamonds glittered around her feet, and the frost wore a wreath of lucid pearls round her forehead.

She had now reached the edge of the Black-moss, which lay half-way between her master's and her father's dwelling, when she heard a loud noise coming down Glen-Skrae, and in a few seconds she felt on her face some flakes of snow. She looked up the glen, and saw

the snow-storm coming down fast as a flood. She felt no fears; but she ceased her song, and, had there been a human eye to look upon her there, it might have seen a shadow upon her face. She continued her course, and felt bolder and bolder every step that brought her nearer to her parents' house. But the snow-storm had now reached the Black-moss, and the broad line of light that had lain in the direction of her home was soon swallowed up, and the child was in utter darkness. She saw nothing but the flakes of snow, interminably intermingled and furiously wafted in the air close to her head; she heard nothing but one wild, fierce, fitful howl. The cold became intense, and her little feet and hands were fast being benumbed into insensibility.

"It is a fearful change," muttered the child to herself; but still she did not fear, for she had been born in a moorland cottage, and lived all her days among the hardships of the hills. "What will become of the poor sheep?" thought she; but still she scarcely thought of her own danger, for innocence, and youth, and joy are slow to think of aught evil befalling themselves, and, thinking benignly of all living things, forget their own fear in their pity for others' sorrow. At last she could no longer discern a single mark on the snow, either of human steps or of sheep-track, or the footprint of a wildfowl. Suddenly, too, she felt out of breath and exhausted, and, shedding tears for herself at last, sank down in the snow.

It was now that her heart began to quake with fear. She remembered stories of shepherds lost in the snow; of a mother and a child frozen to death on that very moor; and in a moment she knew that she was to die. Bitterly did the poor child weep; for death was terrible to her, who, though poor, enjoyed the bright little world of youth and innocence. The skies of heaven were dearer than she knew to her; so were the flowers of earth. She had been happy at her work, happy in her sleep, happy in the kirk on Sabbath. A thousand thoughts had the solitary child, and in her own heart was a spring of happiness, pure and undisturbed as any fount that sparkles unseen all the year through in some quiet nook among the pastoral hills. But now there was to be an end of all this; she was to be frozen to death, and lie there till the thaw might come, and then her father would find her body, and carry it away to be buried in the kirkyard.

The tears were frozen on her cheeks as soon as shed, and scarcely had her little hands strength to clasp themselves together, as the thought of an overruling and merciful Lord came across her heart. Then, indeed, the fears of this religious child were calmed, and she heard without terror the plover's wailing cry, and the deep boom of the bittern sounding in the moss. "I will repeat the Lord's Prayer;" and, drawing her plaid more closely around her, she whispered beneath its ineffectual cover, "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Had human aid been within

fifty yards, it could have been of no avail : eye could not see her, ear could not hear her in that howling wilderness. But that low prayer was heard in the centre of eternity, and that little sinless child was lying in the snow beneath the all-seeing eye of God.

The maiden, having prayed to her Father in heaven, then thought of her father on earth. Alas, they were not far separated! The father was lying but a short distance from his child; he too had sunk down in the drifting snow after having, in less than an hour, exhausted all the strength of fear, pity, hope, despair, and resignation that could rise in a father's heart, blindly seeking to rescue his only child from death, thinking that one desperate exertion might enable them to perish in each other's arms. There they lay, within a stone's-throw of each other, while a huge snow-drift was every moment piling itself up into a more insurmountable barrier between the dying parent and his dying child.

3. CRITICAL EXTRACTS : THE POETRY OF WORDSWORTH : HOMER.

With all the great and essential faculties of the poet, Wordsworth possesses the calm and self-commanding powers of the philosopher. He looks over human life with a steady and serene eye : he listens with a fine ear "to the still sad music of humanity." His faith is unshaken in the prevalence of virtue over vice, and of happiness over misery, and in the existence of a heavenly law operating on earth, and, in spite of transitory defects, always visibly triumphant in the grand field of human warfare. Hence he looks over the world of life and man with a sublime benignity; and hence, delighting in all the gracious dispensations of God, his great mind can wholly deliver itself up to the love of a flower budding in the field, or of a child asleep in its cradle; nor, in doing so, feels that poetry can be said to stoop or to descend, much less to be degraded, when she embodies, in words of music, the purest and most delightful fancies and affections of the human heart. This love of the nature to which he belongs, and which is in him the fruit of wisdom and experience, gives to all his poetry a very peculiar, a very endearing, and, at the same time, a very lofty character. His poetry is little coloured by the artificial distinctions of society. In his delineations of passion or character, he is not so much guided by the varieties produced by customs, institutions, professions, or modes of life, as by those great elementary laws of our nature which are unchangeable and the same; and therefore the pathos and the truth of his most felicitous poetry are more profound than of any other, not unlike the most touching and beautiful passages in the sacred page. The same spirit of love, and benignity, and ethereal purity which breathes over all his pictures of the virtues and the happiness of man, pervades those too of external nature. Indeed, all the poets of the age—and none can dispute that they must likewise be the best critics—have given up to him the palm in that poetry which com-

merces with the forms, and hues, and odours, and sounds of the material world. He has brightened the earth we inhabit to our eyes; he has made it more musical to our ears; he has rendered it more creative to our imaginations.

We are no great Greek scholars, but we can force our way through the *Iliad*. What we do not clearly, we dimly understand, and are happy in the glorious glimpses; in the full unbroken light, we bask like an eagle in the sunshine that emblazons his eyrie; in the gloom that sometimes falls suddenly down on his inspired rhapsodies, as if from a tower of clouds, we are for a time eyeless "as blind Mæonides," while with him we enjoy the "darkness that may be felt;" as the lightnings of his genius flash, lo! before our wide imagination ascends "stately-structured Troy," expand tented shore and masted sea; and in that thunder we dream of the nod that shuddered Olympus. Some people believe in twenty Homers—we in one. Nature is not so prodigal of her great poets. Heaven only knows the number of her own stars—no astronomer may ever count them; but the soul-stars of earth are but few, and with this Perryan pen could we name them all. Who ever heard of two Miltons—of two Shaksperes? That there should even have been one of each is a mystery, when we look at what are called men. Who, then, after considering that argument, will believe that Greece of old was glorified by a numerous brotherhood of coeval genii of mortal birth, all "building up the lofty rhyme," till, beneath their harmonious hands, arose, in its perfect proportions, immortal in its beauty and magnificence, "the tale of Troy divine?"

The *Iliad* was written by Homer. Will Wolf and Knight¹ tell us how it happened that all the heroic strains about the war before Troy, poured forth, as they opine, by many bards, regarded but one period of the siege? By what divine felicity was it that all those sons of song, though apart in time and place, united in chanting the wrath of Achilles? The poem is one, like a great wood, whose simultaneous growth overspreads a mountain. Indeed, one mighty poem, in process of time, moulded into form out of separate fragments, composed by a brotherhood of bards—not even coeval—may be safely pronounced an impossibility in nature. Achilles was not the son of many sires; nor was the part he played written for him by a succession of "eminent hands," all striving to find fit work for their common hero. He is not a creature of collected traditions. He stands there a single conception—in character and in achievement; his absence is felt like that of a thunder-cloud withdrawn behind a hill, leaving the air still sultry; his presence is as the lightning, in sudden illumination, glorifying the whole field of battle. Kill, bury, and forget him, and the *Iliad* is no more an Epic.

¹ Two noted critics, who maintained that there was no such man as Homer, and that the *Iliad* was the work of a number of unknown bards—an opinion which Wilson treats as worthy only of verbal critics and "gerund-grinders," as Carlyle calls them.

XVI. HUGH MILLER.

HUGH MILLER was born in Cromarty in 1805. His only education, in the scholastic sense of the term, was received at the burgh school of his native town, and on completing it he began life as a stone-mason. He had, however, an inquiring mind; he was blessed with some shrewd and intelligent relatives; he was given to reading; and his work in the sandstone quarries naturally attracted his attention to the practical study of geology. At length he began to write poetry; and, encouraged by the approbation of his friends, he issued at Inverness a volume of "Poems by a Stone-Mason," which, though thrown into the shade by his future works, is possessed of considerable merit. A more congenial occupation than that of a stone-mason was found for him as accountant in a bank; but literature was his proper pursuit, and fortunately an opportune and able "Letter to Lord Brougham on the Church Question" obtained for him the post of editor of the "Witness," which he held with so much honour to himself till his melancholy death by his own hand in 1867. His works are, "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland," "The Old Red Sandstone," "First Impressions of England and her People," "Foot-prints of the Creator," "My Schools and Schoolmasters" (an autobiography), and "The Testimony of the Rocks." Without ranking him with the first geologists of the day, it must be at least admitted that Miller made important geological discoveries, and it is equally undeniable that no one has done more to make geology a popular study. His style, in his earlier works especially, is exceedingly graceful and easy, resembling that of Goldsmith; his descriptions are often marked by a happy union of poetry and fancy; and, on the whole, it may be doubted whether any other self-taught writer can be placed in the same rank with Miller.

1. IMPROBABILITY OF ANY GREAT ADVANCE IN THE PRESENT STATE OF THINGS.

It is in the dynasty of the future than man's moral and intellectual faculties will receive their full development. The expectation of any very great advance in the present scene of things, great, at least, when measured by man's large capacity of conceiving of the good and fair, seems to be, like all human hopes, restricted to time, an expectation doomed to disappointment. There are certain limits within which the race improves; civilisation is better than the want of it, and the taught superior to the untaught man. There is a change, too, effected in their moral nature, through that Spirit which, by working belief in the heart, brings its aspirations into harmony with the realities of the unseen world, that, in at least its relation to the future state, cannot be estimated too highly. But conception can travel very far beyond even its best effects in their merely secular bearing; nay, it is peculiarly its nature to show the men most truly the subjects of it how miserably they fall short of

the high standard of conduct and feeling which it erects, and to teach them, more emphatically than by words, that their degree of happiness must of necessity be as low as their moral attainments are humble. Further, man, though he has been increasing in knowledge ever since his appearance on earth, has not been improving in faculty—a shrewd fact, which they who expect most from the future of the world would do well to consider. The ancient masters of mind were in no respect inferior in calibre to their successors. We have not yet shot ahead of the old Greeks in either the perception of the beautiful, or in the ability of producing it; there has been no improvement in the inventive faculty since the “*Iliad*” was written, some three thousand years ago; nor has taste become more exquisite, or the perception of the harmony of numbers more nice, since the age of the “*Æneid*.” Science is cumulative in its character; and so its votaries in modern times stand on a higher pedestal than their predecessors. But though Nature produced a Newton some two centuries ago, as she produced a Goliath of Gath at an earlier period, the modern philosophers, as a class, do not exceed in actual stature the worse informed ancients, the Euclids, the Archimedeses, and Aristotles. We would be without excuse if, with the Bacon, Milton, and Shakspeare of these latter ages of the world full before us, we recurred to the obsolete belief that the human race is deteriorating; but then, on the other hand, we have certain evidence that, since genius first began unconsciously to register in its works its own bulk and proportions, there has been no increase in the mass, or improvement in the quality, of individual mind. As for the dream that there is to be some extraordinary elevation of the general platform of the race achieved by means of education, it is simply the hallucination of the age, the world’s present alchemical expedient for converting farthings into guineas sheerly by dint of scouring. Not but that education is good; it exercises, and in the ordinary mind develops, faculty. But it will not anticipate the terminal dynasty. Yet further, man’s average capacity of happiness seems to be as limited and as incapable of increase as his average reach of intellect; it is a mediocre capacity at best; nor is it greater by a shade now, in these days of power-looms and portable manures, than in the times of the old patriarchs. So long, too, as the law of increase continues, man must be subject to the law of death, with its stern attendants, suffering and sorrow; for the two laws of necessity go together; and so long as death reigns, human creatures, in even the best of times, will continue to quit this scene of being, without professing much satisfaction at what they have found either in it or themselves. It will no doubt be a less miserable world than it is now, when the good come, as there is reason to hope they one day shall, to be a majority; but it will be felt to be an inferior sort of world even then, and be even fuller than now of wishes and longings for a better. Let it improve as it may, it will be a scene of probation and trial till the end. And so Faith, undecieved by the mirage of the midway desert, whatever form or name, political or

religious, the phantasmagoria may bear, must continue to look beyond its unsolid and tremulous glitter, its bare rocks, exaggerated by the vapour into air-drawn castles, and its stunted bushes magnified into goodly trees, and, fixing her gaze upon the re-creation yet future, the terminal dynasty yet unbegun, she must be content to enter upon her final rest (for she will not enter upon it earlier), "at return of Him, the woman's seed,"

"Last in the clouds, from heaven to be revealed
In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan, with his perverted world; then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,
New heavens, new earth, ages of endless date,
Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love,
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss."

2. TRACES OF THE OCEAN.

Was it the sound of the distant surf that was in mine ears, or the low moan of the breeze, as it crept through the neighbouring wood? Oh, that hoarse voice of Ocean, never silent since time first began!—where has it not been uttered? There is stillness amid the calm of the arid and rainless desert, where no spring rises and no streamlet flows, and the long caravan plies its weary march amid the blinding glare of the sand, and the red unshaded rays of the fierce sun. But once and again, and yet again, has the roar of Ocean been there. It is his sands that the winds heap up; and it is the skeleton remains of his vassals—shells, and fish, and the strong coral—that the rocks underneath enclose. There is silence on the tall mountain-peak, with its glittering mantle of snow, where the panting lungs labour to inhale the thin bleak air,—where no insect murmurs and no bird flies,—and where the eye wanders over multitudinous hill-tops that lie far beneath, and vast dark forests that sweep on to the distant horizon, and along long hollow valleys where the great rivers begin. And yet once and again, and yet again, has the roar of Ocean been there. The elegies of his more ancient denizens we find sculptured on the crags, where they jut from beneath the ice into the mist-wreath; and his later beaches, stage beyond stage, terrace the descending slopes. Where has the great destroyer not been,—the devourer of continents,—the blue foaming dragon, whose vocation it is to eat up the land? His ice-floes have alike furrowed the flat steppes of Siberia and the rocky flanks of Schehallion, and his nummulites and fish lie embedded in great stones of the pyramids hewn in the times of the old Pharaohs, and in rocky folds of Lebanon still untouched by the tool. So long as Ocean exists, there must be disintegration, dilapidation, change; and should the time ever arrive when the elevatory agencies, motionless and chill, shall sleep within their profound depths to awaken no more,—and should the sea still continue to impel its currents and to roll its waves,—every continent

and island would at length disappear, and again, as of old, "when the fountains of the great deep were broken up,"

"A shoreless ocean tumble round the globe."

Was it with reference to this principle, so recently recognised, that we are so expressly told in the Apocalypse respecting the renovated earth, in which the state of things shall be fixed and eternal, that "there shall be no more sea?" or are we to regard the revelation as the mere hieroglyphic—the pictured shape—of some analogous moral truth? "Reasoning from what we know,"—and what else remains to us?—an earth without a sea would be an earth without rain, without vegetation, without life,—a dead and doleful planet of waste places, such as the telescope reveals to us in the moon. And yet the ocean does seem peculiarly a creature of time,—of all the great agents of vicissitude and change, the most influential and untiring; and to a state in which there shall be no vicissitude and no change,—in which the earthquake shall not heave from beneath, nor the mountains wear down and the continents melt away,—it seems inevitably necessary that there should be "no more sea."

XVII. HENRY HALLAM.

HENRY HALLAM, son of the Dean of Wells, was born in 1778, and after a classical education at Eton was sent to Christ Church, Oxford. On completing his university career he joined the Inner Temple as a student of law, and was in due time called to the bar. His tastes, however, inclined him to a literary life, and an appointment which he fortunately obtained at an early period, as Commissioner of Audit, enabled him to gratify his inclinations. He was one of the early contributors to the "Edinburgh Review," and, like the rest, was satirized by Byron in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" an unfortunate mistake which Hallam had made in one of his articles giving additional point to the poet's sarcasm. In 1818 he published his "View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages;" in 1827 his "Constitutional History of England from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II.;" and in 1837 his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries." These works have all been received with public favour, and have from the very first taken their place as standard authorities on the subjects of which they treat. They are distinguished by great learning and extensive research, and are written in a tone of impartiality which is not very general in the historical works of the present day. Hallam, in fact, unites many of the characteristic excellences of the historians of the last as well as of the present generation; he has much of the calm philosophic impartiality of the former, with the painstaking accuracy in verifying the minutest particulars on which the latter pride themselves. The style of Hallam's histories presents few attractions to any other than the historical student, it is

in general clear and precise, but it is dry and rather uninteresting, presenting in this respect a marked contrast to the writings of the other great historian of this century, Macaulay. Hallam had the misfortune to lose two of his sons, young men of great promise; the eldest of them, who died in 1833, is well known to all readers of poetry as the accomplished youth in honour of whom Tennyson composed his "In Memoriam." The historian, after a long and studious life, died in January 1859.

1. GENERAL VIEW OF THE ADVANTAGES AND EVILS OF THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.—("EUROPE DURING THE MIDDLE AGES," CHAP. II., PART II.)

If we look at the feudal polity as a scheme of civil freedom, it bears a noble countenance. To the feudal law it is owing that the very names of right and privilege were not swept away, as in Asia, by the desolating hand of power. The tyranny which, on every favourable moment, was breaking through all barriers, would have rioted without control, if, when the people were poor and disunited, the nobility had not been brave and free. So far as the sphere of feudality extended, it diffused the spirit of liberty and the notions of private right. Every one, I think, will acknowledge this, who considers the limitations of the services of vassalage, so cautiously marked in those law-books which are the records of customs, the reciprocity of obligation between the lord and his tenant, the consent required in every measure of a legislative or a general nature, the security, above all, which every vassal found in the administration of justice by his peers, and even (we may in this sense say) in the trial by combat. The bulk of the people, it is true, were degraded by servitude, but this had no connection with the feudal tenures.

The peace and good order of society was not promoted by this system. Though private wars did not originate in the feudal customs, it is impossible to doubt that they were perpetuated by so convenient an institution, which indeed owed its universal establishment to no other cause. And as predominant habits of warfare are totally irreconcilable with those of industry, not merely by the immediate works of destruction which render its efforts unavailing, but through that contempt of peaceful occupations which they produce, the feudal system must have been intrinsically adverse to the accumulation of wealth, and the improvement of those arts which mitigate the evils or abridge the labours of mankind.

But as the school of moral discipline, the feudal institutions were perhaps most to be valued. Society had sunk, for several centuries after the dissolution of the Roman empire, into a condition of utter depravity, where, if any vices could be selected as more eminently characteristic than others, they were falsehood, treachery, and ingratitude. In slowly purging off the lees of this extreme corruption, the feudal spirit exerted its ameliorating influence. Violation of

faith stood first in the catalogue of crimes, most repugnant to the very essence of a feudal tenure, most severely and promptly avenged, most branded by general infamy. The feudal law books breathe throughout a spirit of honourable obligation. The feudal course of jurisdiction promoted, what trial by peers is peculiarly calculated to promote, a keener feeling and readier perception of moral as well as of legal distinctions. And as the judgment and sympathy of mankind are seldom mistaken in these great points of veracity and justice, except through the temporary success of crimes or the want of a definite standard of right, they gradually recovered themselves, when law precluded the one and supplied the other. In the reciprocal services of lord and vassal, there was ample scope for every magnanimous and disinterested energy. The heart of man, when placed in circumstances which have a tendency to excite them, will seldom be deficient in such sentiments. No occasions could be more favourable than the protection of a faithful supporter, or the defence of a beneficent suzerain, against such powerful aggression as left little prospect except of sharing in his ruin.

From these feelings, engendered by the feudal relation, has sprung up the peculiar sentiment of personal reverence and attachment towards a sovereign which we denominate loyalty; alike distinguishable from the stupid devotion of Eastern slaves, and from the abstract respect with which free citizens regard their chief magistrate. Men who had been used to swear fealty, to profess subjection, to follow, at home and in the field, a feudal superior and his family, easily transferred the same allegiance to the monarch. It was a very powerful feeling, which could make the bravest men put up with slights and ill-treatment at the hands of their sovereign; or call forth all the energies of disinterested exertion for one whom they never saw, and in whose character there was nothing to esteem. In ages when the rights of the community were unfelt, this sentiment was one great preservative of society; and, though collateral or even subservient to more enlarged principles, it is still indispensable to the tranquillity and permanence of every monarchy. In a moral view, loyalty has scarcely perhaps less tendency to refine and elevate the heart than patriotism itself, and holds a middle place in the scale of human motives, as they ascend from the grosser inducements of self-interest to the furtherance of general happiness and conformity to the purposes of Infinite Wisdom.

2. HOUSES AND FURNITURE OF THE NOBLES IN THE MIDDLE AGES.—
 ("EUROPE IN THE MIDDLE AGES," CHAPTER IX., PART II.)

It is an error to suppose, that the English gentry were lodged in stately or even in well-sized houses. Generally speaking, their dwellings were almost as inferior to those of their descendants in capacity as they were in convenience. The usual arrangement consisted of an entrance-passage running through the house, with a hall on one side, a parlour beyond, and one or two chambers above; and

on the opposite side, a kitchen, pantry, and other offices. Such was the ordinary manor-house of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as appears not only from the documents and engravings, but as to the latter period, from the buildings themselves—sometimes, though not very frequently, occupied by families of consideration, more often converted into farm-houses, or distinct tenements. Larger structures were erected by men of great estates during the reigns of Henry IV. and Edward IV.; but very few can be traced higher; and such has been the effect of time, still more through the advance or decline of families, and the progress of architectural improvement, than the natural decay of these buildings, that I should conceive it difficult to name a house in England, still inhabited by a gentleman, and not belonging to the order of castles, the principal apartments of which are older than the reign of Henry VII. The instances at least must be extremely few.

The two most essential improvements in architecture during this period, one of which had been missed by the sagacity of Greece and Rome, were chimneys and glass windows. Nothing apparently can be more simple than the former; yet the wisdom of ancient times had been content to let the smoke escape by an aperture in the centre of the roof; and a discovery, of which Vitruvius had not a glimpse, was made perhaps by some forgotten semi-barbarian! About the middle of the fourteenth century the use of chimneys is distinctly mentioned in England and in Italy; but they are found in several of our castles which bear a much older date. This country seems to have lost very early the art of making glass, which was preserved in France, whence artificers were brought into England to furnish the windows in some new churches in the seventh century. It is said that, in the reign of Henry III., a few ecclesiastical buildings had glazed windows. Suger, however, a century before, had adorned his great work, the Abbey of St Denis, with windows, not only glazed but painted; and I presume that other churches of the same class, both in France and England, especially after the lancet-shaped window had yielded to one of ampler dimensions, were generally decorated in a similar manner. Yet glass is said not to have been employed in the domestic architecture of France before the fourteenth century; and its introduction into England was probably by no means earlier. Nor, indeed, did it come into general use during the period of the middle ages. Glazed windows were considered as moveable furniture, and probably bore a high price. When the Earls of Northumberland, as late as the reign of Elizabeth, left Alnwick Castle, the windows were taken out of their frames and carefully laid by.

But if the domestic buildings of the fifteenth century would not seem very spacious or convenient at present, far less would this luxurious generation be content with their internal accommodations. A gentleman's house containing three or four beds was extraordinarily well provided; few probably had more than two. The walls were commonly bare, without wainscot, or even plaster, except that

some great houses were furnished with hangings, and that, perhaps, hardly so soon as the reign of Edward IV. It is unnecessary to add, that neither libraries of books nor pictures could have found a place among furniture. Silver-plate was very rare, and hardly used for the table. A few inventories of furniture that still remain exhibit a miserable deficiency. And this was incomparably greater in private gentlemen's houses than among citizens, and especially foreign merchants. We have an inventory of the goods belonging to Contarini, a rich Venetian trader, at his house in St Botolph's Lane, A.D. 1481. There appear to have been no less than ten beds, and glass windows are especially noted as moveable furniture. No mention, however, is made of chairs or looking-glasses. If we compare his account, however trifling in our estimation, with a similar inventory of furniture in Skipton Castle, the great honour of the Earls of Cumberland, and among the most splendid mansions of the north, not at the same period—for I have not found any inventory of a nobleman's furniture so ancient—but in 1572, after almost a century of continual improvement, we shall be astonished at the inferior provision of the baronial residence. There were not more than seven or eight beds in this great castle, nor had any of the chambers either chairs, glasses, or carpets. It is in this sense, probably, that we must understand *Æneas Sylvius*, if he meant anything more than to express a traveller's discontent, when he declares that the Kings of Scotland would rejoice to be as well lodged as the second class of citizens at Nuremberg. Few burghers of that town had mansions, I presume, equal to the Palaces of Dunfermline or Stirling; but it is not unlikely that they were better furnished.

3. INVENTION OF PAPER : LIBRARIES IN THE MIDDLE AGES.— ("EUROPE IN THE MIDDLE AGES," CHAP. IX. PART II.)

In the thirteenth century there seems to have been some decline of classical literature, in consequence, probably, of the scholastic philosophy, which was then in its greatest vigour. At least, we do not find so many good writers as in the preceding age. But about the middle of the fourteenth, or perhaps a little sooner, an ardent zeal for the restoration of ancient learning began to display itself. The copying of books, for some ages slowly and sparingly performed in monasteries, had already become a branch of trade; and their price was consequently reduced. *Tiraboschi* denies that the invention of making paper from linen rags is older than the middle of that century; and although doubts may be justly entertained as to the accuracy of this position, yet the confidence with which so eminent a scholar advances it is at least a proof that paper manuscripts of an earlier date are very rare. Princes became far more attentive to literature when it was no longer confined to metaphysical theology and canon law. I have already mentioned the translations from classical authors, made by command of John and

Charles V. of France. These French translations diffused some acquaintance with ancient history and learning among our own countrymen. The public libraries assumed a more respectable appearance. Louis IX. had formed one at Paris, in which it does not appear that any work of elegant literature was found. At the beginning of the fourteenth century, only four classical manuscripts existed in this collection: of Cicero, Ovid, Lucan, and Boethius. The academical library of Oxford, in 1300, consisted of a few tracts kept in chests under St Mary's Church. That of Glastonbury Abbey, in 1240, contained four hundred volumes, among which were Livy, Sallust, Lucan, Virgil, Claudian, and other ancient writers. But no other probably, of that age, was so numerous or so valuable. Richard of Bury, Chancellor of England, and Edward III. spared no expense in collecting a library—the first, perhaps, that any private man had formed. But the scarcity of valuable books was still so great, that he gave the Abbot of St Alban's fifty pounds' weight of silver for between thirty and forty volumes. Charles V. increased the Royal Library at Paris to nine hundred volumes, which the Duke of Bedford purchased and transported to London. His brother Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, presented the University of Oxford with six hundred books, which seem to have been of extraordinary value, one hundred and twenty of them having been estimated at one thousand pounds. This, indeed, was in 1440, at which time such a library would not have been thought remarkably numerous beyond the Alps; but England had made comparatively little progress in learning. Germany, however, was probably still less advanced. Louis, Elector Palatine, bequeathed in 1421 his library to the University of Heidelberg, consisting of one hundred and fifty-two volumes. Eighty-nine of these related to theology, twelve to canon and civil law, forty-five to medicine, and six to philosophy.

4. PARALLEL BETWEEN CROMWELL AND NAPOLEON.—("CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND," CHAP. X.)

The most superficial observers cannot have overlooked the general resemblances in the fortunes and character of Cromwell and of him who more recently, and upon an ampler theatre, has struck nations with wonder and awe. But the parallel may be traced more closely than perhaps has hitherto been remarked. Both raised to power by the only merit which a revolution leaves uncontroverted and untarnished, that of military achievements, in that reflux of public sentiment, when the fervid enthusiasm of democracy gives place to disgust at its excesses, and a desire of firm government. The means of greatness the same to both—the extinction of a representative assembly, once national, but already mutilated by violence, and sunk, by its submission to that illegal force, into general contempt. In military science, or the renown of their exploits, we cannot certainly rank Cromwell by the side of him for whose genius

and ambition all Europe seemed the appointed quarry; but it may be said that the former's exploits were as much above the level of his contemporaries, and more the fruits of an original uneducated capacity. In civil government, there can be no adequate parallel between one who had sucked only the dregs of a besotted fanaticism and one to whom the stores of reason and philosophy were open. But it must here be added, that Cromwell, far unlike his antitype, never showed any signs of a legislative mind, or any desire to fix his renown on that noblest basis, the amelioration of social institutions. Both were eminent masters of human nature, and played with inferior capacities in all the security of powerful minds. Though both, coming at the conclusion of a struggle for liberty, trampled upon her claims, and sometimes spoke disdainfully of her name, each knew how to associate the interests of those who had contended for her with his own ascendancy, and made himself the representative of a victorious revolution. Those who had too much philosophy or zeal for freedom to give way to popular admiration for these illustrious usurpers, were yet amused with the adulation that lawful princes showered on them, more gratuitously in one instance, with servile terror in the other. Both, too, repaid in some measure this homage of the pretended great, by turning their ambition towards those honours and titles which they knew to be so little connected with high desert. A fallen race of monarchs, which had made way for the greatness of each, cherished hopes of restoration by their power, till each, by an inexpiable act of blood, manifested his determination to make no compromise with that line. Both possessed a certain coarse good-nature and affability that covered the want of conscience, honour, and humanity; quick in passion, but not vindictive, and averse to unnecessary crimes. Their fortunes in the conclusion of life were indeed very different: one forfeited the affections of his people, which the other, in the character at least of their master, had never possessed; one furnished a moral to Europe by the continuance of his success, the other by the prodigiousness of his fall. A fresh resemblance arose afterwards, when the restoration of those royal families, whom their ascendant had kept under, revived ancient animosities and excited new ones,—those who, from love of democratical liberty, had borne the most deadly hatred to the apostates who had betrayed it, recovering some affection to their memory out of aversion to a common enemy. Our English republicans have, with some exceptions, displayed a sympathy for the name of Cromwell; and I need not observe how remarkably this holds good in the case of his mighty parallel.

XVIII. THOMAS CARLYLE.

THOMAS CARLYLE was born at Ecclefechan, in Dumfries 1795. He studied at the University of Edinburgh; and he himself given us, in his "Sartor Resartus," a highly fanciful de

of his education and juvenile opinions. He hesitated about a profession, and for some time acted as teacher in a school in Kirkcaldy, but at length devoted himself to literature, fortunately without incurring any of the ordinary risks of literary adventurers, as he had acquired some little property by marriage. The admiration of the German language and literature had then just begun, and Carlyle, attracted probably by congeniality of sentiment, was one of the most indefatigable explorers of this new field, and has done more than any other writer to foster among English readers a love of German literature. One of his earliest works was a translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," and he has also published translations from Tieck and other German writers. Of his other writings, the chief are, "History of the French Revolution," "Heroes and Hero Worship," "Past and Present," "Sartor Resartus," "Latter-day Pamphlets," "Life of Sterling," "Life of Frederick the Great," and "Miscellaneous Essays." No writer of the present day has exercised a more important influence over opinion than Carlyle. The novelty of his works, both in style and thought, their penetrating observation, their keen satire, their searching examination of the truth of first principles, their sympathy with what is noble and real, and their withering exposure of all "shams," render them especial favourites of the thinking and educated young men of the community. His style is peculiar, abounding in new words, and harsh, sometimes even ungrammatical expressions, but is nevertheless exceedingly nervous and impressive, though, in the hands of his numerous imitators, it is often highly absurd and ridiculous. As a satirist, Carlyle has done essential service by directing attention more steadily to the fundamental principles on which all opinions and conduct should rest. It may be doubted, however, whether his merely destructive process of overthrowing existing beliefs, without substituting any better in their room, has not engendered sceptical habits of dangerous tendency.

1. VISIT TO A MODEL PRISON.—("LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS.")

Several months ago some friends took me with them to see one of the London prisons—a prison of the exemplary or model kind. An immense circuit of buildings, cut out, girt with a high ring-wall, from the lanes and streets of the quarter, which is a dim and crowded one. Gateway as to a fortified place; then a spacious court, like the square of a city; broad staircases, passages to interior courts; fronts of stately architecture all round. It lodges some thousand or twelve hundred prisoners, besides the officers of the establishment. Surely one of the most perfect buildings within the compass of London. We looked at the apartments, sleeping cells, dining-rooms, working-rooms, general courts, or special and private: excellent all, the *ne plus ultra* of human care and ingenuity; probably no duke in England lives in a mansion of such perfect and thorough cleanness.

The bread, the cocoa, soup, meat, all the various sorts of food, in their respective cooking-places, we tasted; found them of excellence

superlative. The prisoners sat at work,—light work, picking oakum and the like,—in airy apartments with glass roofs, of agreeable temperature and perfect ventilation ; silent, or at least conversing only by secret signs ; others were out, taking their hour of promenade in clean, flagged courts ; methodic composure, cleanliness, peace, substantial wholesome comfort, reigned everywhere supreme. The women in other apartments, some notable murderesses among them, all in the like state of methodic composure and substantial wholesome comfort, sat sewing ; in long ranges of wash-houses, drying-houses, and whatever pertains to the getting-up of clean linen, were certain others, with all conceivable mechanical furtherances, not too arduously working. The notable murderesses were, though with great precautions of privacy, pointed out to us ; and we were requested not to look openly at them, or seem to notice them at all, as it was found to “cherish their vanity” when visitors looked at them. Schools, too, were there ; intelligent teachers, of both sexes, studiously instructing the still ignorant of these thieves.

The captain of the place, a gentleman of ancient military or royal navy habits, was one of the most perfect governors ; professionally and by nature zealous for cleanliness, punctuality, good order of every kind ; a humane heart, and yet a strong one ; soft of speech and manner, yet with an inflexible rigour of command, so far as his limits went ; “iron hand in a velvet glove,” as Napoleon defined it. A man of real worth, challenging at once love and respect ; the light of those mild bright eyes seemed to permeate the place as with an all-pervading vigilance, and kindly yet victorious illumination ; in the soft, definite voice, it was as if Nature herself were promulgating her orders,—gentlest, mildest orders, which, however, in the end, there would be no disobeying, which, in the end, there would be no living without fulfilment of. A true commander of men. A man worthy to have commanded and guided forward, in good ways, twelve hundred of the best common people in London or the world ; he was here, for many years past, giving all his care and faculty to command and guide forward in such ways as there were, twelve hundred of the worst. I looked with considerable admiration on this gentleman ; and with considerable astonishment, the reverse of admiration, on the work he had been here set upon.

This excellent captain was too old a commander to complain of anything : indeed he struggled visibly the other way, to find in his own mind that all here was best ; but I could sufficiently discern that, in his natural instincts, if not mounting up to the region of his thoughts, there was a continual protest going on against much of it ; that nature and all his inarticulate persuasion (however much forbidden to articulate itself) taught him the futility and unfeasibility of the system followed here. The visiting magistrates, he gently regretted rather than complained, had lately taken his treadmill from him—men were just now pulling it down ; and how he was henceforth to enforce discipline on these bad subjects was much a difficulty with him. “They cared for nothing but the treadmill

and for having their rations cut short ;" of the two sole penalties, hard work and occasional hunger, there remained now only one, and that by no means the better one, as he thought. The "sympathy" of the visitors, too, their "pity" for his interesting scoundrel-subjects, though he tried to like it, was evidently no joy to this practical mind. Pity, yes—but pity for the scoundrel-species? For those who will not have pity on themselves, and will force the universe and the laws of nature to have no "pity" on them? Meseems I could discover fitter objects of pity.

In fact, it was too clear this excellent man had got a field for his faculties which, in several respects, was by no means the suitable one. To drill twelve hundred scoundrels by "the method of kindness," and of abolishing your very treadmill—how could any commander rejoice to have such a work cut out for him? You had but to look in the faces of these twelve hundred, and despair, for most part, of ever "commanding" them at all. Miserable distorted blockheads, the generality; ape-faces, imp-faces, angry dog-faces, heavy sullen ox-faces; degraded underfoot perverse creatures, sons of indocility, greedy mutinous darkness, and, in one word, *stupidity*, which is the general mother of such. Stupidity-intellectual and stupidity-moral (for the one always means the other, as you will, with surprise or not, discover if you look) had borne this progeny; base-natured beings, on whom, in the course of a maleficent subterranean life of London scoundrelism, the Genius of Darkness (called Satan, Devil, and other names) had now visibly impressed his seal, and had marked them out as soldiers of Chaos and of him—appointed to serve in *his* regiments, first of the line, second ditto, and so on in their order. Him, you could perceive, they would serve; but not easily another than him. These were the subjects whom our brave captain and prison-governor was appointed to command, and reclaim to *other* service, by "the method of love," with a treadmill abolished.

Hopeless for evermore such a project! These abject, ape, wolf, ox, imp, and other diabolic-animal specimens of humanity—who of the very gods could ever have commanded them by love? A collar round the neck, and a cart-whip flourished over the back—these, in a just and steady human hand, were what the gods would have appointed them; and now when, by long misconduct and neglect, they had sworn themselves into the Devil's regiments of the line, and got the seal of Chaos impressed on their visage, it was very doubtful whether even these would be of avail for the unfortunate commander of twelve hundred men. By "love," without hope, except of peacefully teasing oakum, or fear, except of a temporary loss of dinner, he was to guide these men, and wisely constrain them—whitherward? Nowhither; that was his goal, if you will think well of it; that was a second fundamental falsity in his problem. False in the warp, and false in the woof, thought one of us; about as false a problem as any I have seen a good man set upon lately! To guide scoundrels by "love," that is a false woof, I

take it, a method that will not hold together ; hardly for the flower of men will love alone do, and for the sediment and scoundrelism of men it has not even a chance to do. And then, to guide any class of men, scoundrel or other, *nowhither*, which was this poor captain's problem in this prison, with oakum for its one element of hope or outlook, how can that prosper by "love," or by any conceivable method ? That is a warp wholly false. Out of which false warp, or originally false condition to start from, combined and daily woven into by your false woof, or methods of "love" and suchlike, there arises for our poor captain the falsest of problems, and, for a man of his faculty, the unfairest of situations. His problem was, not to command good men to do something, but bad men to do (with superficial disguises) nothing.

2. RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.

Richard Arkwright, it would seem, was not a beautiful man ; no romance-hero, with haughty eyes, Apollo-lip, and gesture like the herald Mercury ; a plain, almost gross, bag-cheeked, pot-bellied Lancashire-man, with an air of painful reflection, yet also of copious free digestion ; a man stationed by the community to shave certain dusty beards, in the northern parts of England, at a halfpenny each. To such end, we say, by forethought, oversight, accident and arrangement, had Richard Arkwright been, by the community of England and his own consent, set apart. Nevertheless, in strapping of razors, in lathering of dusty beards, and the contradictions and confusions attendant thereon, the man had notions in that rough head of his—spindles, shuttles, wheels, and contrivances plying ideally within the same—rather hopeless-looking, which, however, he did at last bring to bear. Not without difficulty. His townsmen rose in mob around him, for threatening to shorten labour ; to shorten wages, so that he had to fly, with broken washpots, scattered household, and seek refuge elsewhere. Nay, his wife too, as I learn, rebelled ; burnt his wooden model of his spinning-wheel—resolute that he should stick to his razors rather—for which, however, he decisively, as thou wilt rejoice to understand, packed her out of doors. O reader, what a historical phenomenon is that bag-cheeked, pot-bellied, much-enduring, much-inventing barber ! French Revolutions were a-brewing ; to resist the same in any measure, imperial kaisers were impotent without the cotton and cloth of England ; and it was this man that had to give England the power of cotton !

3. LABOUR.

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works ; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, near as in communication with Nature ; the real desire to get work do

will itself lead one more and more to truth,—to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth. The latest gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. "Know thyself;" long enough has this poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan. It has been written, "An endless significance lies in work;" a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away,—fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself,—all these, like hell-dogs, lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man; but he bends himself with free valour against his task, and all these are stilled; all these shrink, murmuring, far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labour in him—is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright, blessed flame! Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless chaos, once set it revolving, grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a chaos, but a round, compacted world. What would become of the Earth, did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth, as long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities, disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the potter's wheel,—one of the venerablest objects, old as the prophet Ezekiel, and far older? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes! And fancy the most assiduous potter—but without his wheel—reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle unrevolving man, the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive colouring, what gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch, not a dish; no: a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch,—a mere enamelled vessel of dishonour! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river, there it runs and flows; draining off the sour festering water, gradually, from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the

stream and its value be great or small ! Labour is life : from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force ; the sacred celestial Life-Essence breathed into him by Almighty God, from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge,—“ Self-knowledge,” and much else,—so soon as work fitly begins. Knowledge ? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that ; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly, thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working : the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge ; a thing to be argued of in schools,—a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic vortices, till we try it and fix it. “Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by action alone.”

4. LIBERTY.

Liberty ? The true liberty of a man, you would say, consisted in his finding out, or being forced to find out the right path, and to walk thereon. To learn, or to be taught, what work he actually was able for : and then by permission, persuasion, and even compulsion, to set about doing of the same ! That is his true blessedness, honour, “liberty,” and maximum of wellbeing ; if liberty be not that, I for one have small care about liberty. You do not allow a palpable madman to leap over precipices ; you violate his liberty,—you that are wise,—and keep him, were it in strait-waistcoats, away from the precipices ! Every stupid, every cowardly and foolish man, is but a less palpable madman : his true liberty were that a wiser man could, by brass collars, or in whatever milder or sharper way, lay hold of him when he was going wrong, and order and compel him to go a little righter. O, if thou really art my *Senior*, *Seigneur*, my *Elder*, *Presbyter* or *Priest*,—if thou art in very deed my *Wiser*, may a beneficent instinct lead and impel thee to conquer me, to command me ! If thou do know better than I what is good and right, I conjure thee in the name of God, force me to do it ; were it by never such brass collars, whips, and handcuffs, leave me not to walk over precipices ! That I have been called, by all the newspapers a “free man,” will avail me little, if my pilgrimage have ended in death and wreck. O that the newspapers had called me slave, coward, fool, or what it pleased their sweet voices to name me, and I had attained, not death, but life ! Liberty requires new definitions.

XIX. SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON has been long known to the public as one of the most voluminous of our novelists. He is the youngest son of the late General Bulwer, and was educated at Cambridge. His turn for composition was manifested at a precociously early period ;

he is said to have written some rhyme while in his nursery. He published in 1820, "Poems written between Thirteen and Fifteen;" and in 1826 he issued a volume of miscellaneous poems, and his first novel, "Falkland," appeared the next year. This was followed in rapid succession by "Pelham," "The Disowned," "Devereux," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," and "Godolphin." In these, his earliest works, there were exhibited considerable power of observation, a lively fancy, no small share of sarcasm, and extensive information; but they were disfigured by an air of foppishness, by occasional unsteadiness of moral purpose, and frequent digressions into the unmeaning æsthetical commonplaces of the German philosophers; and the author's knowledge of life and character was evidently limited to a few phases and one or two classes. His "Last Days of Pompeii," and "Rienzi," were more vigorous, and more healthy in their tone. Time has wonderfully developed his excellences, and corrected his faults; and his last three novels, "The Caxtons," "My Novel," and "What will he do with it?" are worthy to rank with any works of fiction in the language. In them he has taken Sterne as his model: between the first mentioned, indeed, and "Tristram Shandy," the resemblance is obvious and striking, both in the structure of the work, and in the characters of the two interesting humorists, Mr Caxton and his brother, who figure so prominently in "The Caxtons." Sir Edward is also a distinguished parliamentary orator. Some of his poems possess no ordinary merit, and his "Lady of Lyons" is one of the most popular dramas which this generation has produced.

1. UNCLE JACK.—("THE CAXTONS.")

You never saw a more charming man than Uncle Jack. All plump people are more popular than thin people. There is something jovial and pleasant in the sight of a round face! What conspiracy could succeed when its head was a lean and hungry-looking fellow like Cassius? If the Roman patriots had had Uncle Jack amongst them, perhaps they would never have furnished a tragedy to Shakspeare. Uncle Jack was as plump as a partridge—not unwieldy, not corpulent, not obese, not vast (which Cicero objects to in an orator), but every crevice comfortably filled up. Like the ocean, "Time wrote no wrinkles on his glassy (or brassy) brow." His natural lines were all upward curves, his smile most ingratiating, his eye so frank; even his trick of rubbing his clean, well-fed, English-looking hands, had something about it coaxing and *débonnaire*, something that actually decoyed you into trusting your money into hands so prepossessing. Indeed, to him might be fully applied the expression, "He had his soul's seat in his finger-ends." The critics observe, that few men have ever united in equal perfection the imaginative with the scientific faculties. "Happy he," exclaims Schiller, "who combines the enthusiast's warmth with the worldly man's light"—light and warmth, Uncle Jack had them both. He was a perfect symphony of bewitching enthusiasm and convincing

calculation. Diceopolis in his "Acharnenses," in presenting a gentleman called Nicharchus to the audience, observes:—"He is small, I confess, but there is nothing lost in him: all is knave that is not fool." Parodying the equivocal compliment, I may say, that though Uncle Jack was no giant, there was nothing lost in him. Whatever was not philanthropy was arithmetic, and whatever was not arithmetic was philanthropy. He would have been equally dear to Howard and to Cocker. Uncle Jack was comely, too, clear-skinned and florid, had a little mouth, with good teeth, wore no whiskers, shaved his beard as close as if it were one of his grand national companies; his hair, once somewhat sandy, was now rather greyish, which increased the respectability of his appearance; and he wore it flat at the sides, and raised in a peak at the top; his organs of constructiveness and identity were pronounced by Mr Squills to be prodigious, and those freely-developed bumps gave great breadth to his forehead. Well-shaped, too, was Uncle Jack, about five feet eight, the proper height for an active man of business. He wore a black coat, but to make the nap look the fresher, he had given it the relief of gilt buttons, on which were wrought a small crown and anchor; at a distance this button looked like the king's button, and gave him the air of one who has a place about court. He always wore a white neckcloth without starch, a frill, and a diamond pin; which last furnished him with observations upon certain mines of Mexico, which he had a great but hitherto unsatisfied desire of seeing worked by a Grand National United Britons Company. His waistcoat of a morning was pale buff—of an evening, embroidered velvet; wherewith were connected sundry schemes of an "association for the improvement of native manufactures." His trousers, matutinally, were of the colour vulgarly called "blotting paper;" and he never wore boots, which, he said, unfitted a man for exercise, but short drab gaiters and square-toed shoes. His watch-chain was garnished with a vast number of seals; each seal, indeed, represented the device of some defunct company, and they might be said to resemble the scalps of the slain, worn by the aboriginal Iroquois, concerning whom, indeed, he had once entertained philanthropic designs, compounded of conversion to Christianity on the principles of the English Episcopal Church, and of an advantageous exchange of beaver skins for Bibles, brandy, and gunpowder.

2. VANCE AND LIONEL AT THE COUNTRY FAIR.—("WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?")

It was a summer fair in one of the prettiest villages in Surrey. The main street was lined with booths, abounding in toys, gleaming crockery, gay ribbons, and gilded gingerbread. Farther on, where the street widened into the ample village-green, rose the more pretending fabrics which lodged the attractive forms of the Mermaid, the Norfolk Giant, the Pig-faced Lady, the Spotted

Boy, and the Calf with Two Heads; while high over even these edifices, and occupying the most conspicuous vantage-ground, a lofty stage promised to rural play-goers the "Grand Melo-dramatic Performance of the Remorseless Baron and the Bandit's Child." Music, lively if artless, resounded on every side; drums, fifes, penny-whistles, cat-calls, and a hand-organ played by a dark foreigner, from the height of whose shoulder a cynical but observant monkey eyed the hubbub and cracked his nuts.

It was now sunset—the throng at the fullest—an animated joyous scene. The day had been sultry; no clouds were to be seen, except low on the western horizon, where they stretched in lengthened ridges of gold and purple, like the border-land between earth and sky. The tall elms on the green were still, save, near the great stage, one or two, upon which had climbed young urchins, whose laughing faces peered forth, here and there, from the foliage trembling under their restless movements. Amidst the crowd, as it streamed saunteringly along, were two spectators—strangers to the place, as was notably proved by the attention they excited, and the broad jokes their dress and appearance provoked from the rustic wits, jokes which they took with amused good-humour, and sometimes retaliated with a zest which had already made them very popular personages; indeed, there was that about them which propitiated liking. They were young, and the freshness of enjoyment was so visible in their faces, that it begot a sympathy, and wherever they went, other faces brightened around them.

One of the two whom we have thus individualised was of that enviable age, ranging from five-and-twenty to seven-and-twenty, in which, if a man cannot contrive to make life very pleasant, pitiable, indeed, must be the state of his digestive organs. But you might see by this gentleman's countenance that if there were many like him, it would be a worse world for the doctors. His cheek, though not highly coloured, was yet ruddy and clear; his hazel eyes were lively and keen; his hair, which escaped in loose clusters from a jean shooting-cap set jauntily on a well-shaped head, was of that deep sunny auburn rarely seen but in persons of vigorous and hardy temperament. He was good-looking on the whole, and would have deserved the more flattering epithet of handsome, but for his nose, which was what the French call "a nose in the air"—not a nose supercilious, not a nose provocative, as such noses mostly are, but a nose decidedly in earnest to make the best of itself and of things in general—a nose that would push its way up in life, but so pleasantly, that the most irritable fingers would never itch to lay hold of it. With such a nose a man might play the violoncello, marry for love, or even write poetry, and yet not go to the dogs. Never would he stick in the mud so long as he followed that nose in the air!

By the help of that nose this gentleman wore a black velvet jacket of foreign cut; a moustache and imperial (then much rarer in England than they have been since the siege of Sebastopol); and

ret left you perfectly convinced that he was an honest Englishman, who had not only no designs on your pocket, but would not be easily duped by any designs upon his own.

The companion of the personage thus sketched might be somewhere about seventeen ; but his gait, his air, his little vigorous frame, showed a manliness at variance with the boyish bloom of his ace. He struck the eye much more than his elder comrade. Not that he was regularly handsome—far from it ; yet it is no paradox to say he was beautiful ; at least, few indeed were the women who would not have called him so. His hair, long, like his friend's, was of a dark chestnut, with gold gleaming through it where the sun fell, inclining to curl, and singularly soft and silken in its texture. His large, clear, dark-blue happy eyes were fringed with long ebony lashes, and set under brows which already wore the expression of intellectual power, and, better still, of frank courage and open loyalty. His complexion was fair and somewhat pale, and his lips, when laughing, showed teeth exquisitely white and even. But though his profile was clearly cut, it was far from the Greek ideal ; and he wanted the height of stature which is usually considered essential to the personal pretensions of the male sex. Without being positively short, he was still under middle height, and, from the compact development of his proportions, seemed already to have attained his full growth. His dress, though not foreign, like his comrade's, was peculiar :—a broad-brimmed straw-hat, with a wide blue ribbon ; shirt-collar turned down, leaving the throat bare ; a dark-green jacket of thinner material than cloth ; white trousers and waistcoat completed his costume. He looked like a mother's darling—perhaps he was one.

3. HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

They neared that stately palace, rich in associations of storm and splendour. The grand cardinal—the iron-clad protector, Dutch William, of the immortal memory, whom we try so hard to like, and, in spite of the great Whig historian, that Titian of English prose, can only frigidly respect. Hard task for us Britons to like a Dutchman who dethrones his father-in-law and drinks schnaps. Prejudice certainly ; but so it is. Harder still to like Dutch William's unfilial Frau ! Like Queen Mary ! I could as soon like Queen Goneril ! Romance flies from the prosperous phlegmatic Æneas ; flies from his plump Lavinia, his "trusty Achates," Beninck ; flies to follow the poor deserted fugitive, Stuart, with all his sins upon his head. Kings have no rights divine, except when deposed and fallen ; they are then invested with the awe that belongs to each solemn image of mortal vicissitude—vicissitude that startles the Epicurean, and strikes from his careless lyre the notes that attest a God ! Some proud shadow chases another from the throne of Cyrus, and Horace hears in the thunder the rush of Dissepiter, and identifies Providence with the fortune that snatches off the

diadem in her whirling swoop. But fronts discrowned take a new majesty to generous natures ;—in all sleek prosperity there is something commonplace—in all grand adversity, something royal.

The boat shot to the shore ; the young people landed, and entered the arch of the desolate palace. They gazed on the great hall and the presence-chambers, and the long suite of rooms, with faded portraits—Vance as an artist, Lionel as an enthusiastic well-read boy, Sophy as a wondering, bewildered, ignorant child. And then they emerged into the noble garden, with its regal trees.

XX. LORD MACAULAY.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was born at Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire, in 1800. He is the son of Zachary Macaulay, so well known for his exertions in abolishing the slave-trade, and grandson of the Mr Macaulay whom Boswell and Johnson have celebrated in their "Tours." He was educated at Cambridge, where he highly distinguished himself ; and at an early age he became one of the contributors to "Knight's Magazine," an able periodical, which was unfortunately discontinued. His first article in the "Edinburgh Review"—that on Milton—appeared in 1825, and its merits were at once admitted ; its style was indeed highly-coloured and somewhat extravagant ; "overloaded," as he himself subsequently admitted, "with gaudy and ungraceful ornament ;" but its faults were such as to make more conspicuous the luxuriance of the author's genius. The essay on Milton was followed by a long series of articles on subjects connected with history, literature, and politics, all characterized by the same extensive knowledge, the same sound judgment, and the same gorgeous flow of eloquence, gradually chastened by experience, and deprived of superfluous ornament, but gaining in power what was lost in words. In 1830 Macaulay became a member of the House of Commons, and one of the most important defenders of the principles of the Liberal party. He subsequently received a legal appointment in Calcutta, to which we owe some of his finest articles in the "Edinburgh Review," those on Clive and Hastings. On his return he was elected member for Edinburgh, and in the various Liberal administrations he served as a Cabinet Minister. In 1856 his health obliged him to withdraw from public life, and the year after, with the consent of all parties, he was raised to the peerage as the foremost literary man of the day.

In 1842 Macaulay appeared as a poet : his "Lays of Ancient Rome" were expected with some curiosity, and more than realized the most sanguine anticipations of his warmest admirers. Their vigour and energy, their simple structure, their picturesque description, their rapid action, their nervous language, combined with the innumerable associations connected with the subject to render the "Lays" one of the most popular volumes of verse which our century has produced. Macaulay's fame, however, will rest on his "History." This work was originally intended to embrace the period between the accession of James II. and the French Revolution ; but from the minuteness

with which Macaulay has completed the part which has already appeared, it does not seem very probable that the original design will ever be accomplished. Its minuteness, however, is one of its chief excellences. Thoroughly versed in all the literature of the period whose history he has undertaken to write, he has been able to illustrate his work with a profusion of interesting details, which produce in the mind of the reader a more vivid impression of life and reality than is usually derived from historical works. The style it is quite unnecessary to praise: always lively and attractive, and never by any chance obscure, it may indeed seem overcharged and exaggerated when compared with the style of Hume, but its warmth is more in accordance with the ardour and impetuosity of the present age. Some of his more violent youthful opinions have been considerably modified, and the greatest pains has been taken in the verification of facts. Only four volumes have yet appeared, but the pleasure with which they have been perused only makes the public the more anxious to have a further instalment of the greatest historical work of our day.

1. BATH AND LONDON IN 1685.

At the head of the English watering-places, without a rival, was Bath. The springs of that city had been renowned from the days of the Romans. It had been, during many centuries, the seat of a bishop. The sick repaired thither from every part of the realm. The king sometimes held his court there. Nevertheless, Bath was then a maze of only four or five hundred houses, crowded within an old wall in the vicinity of the Avon. Pictures of what were considered as the finest of those houses are still extant, and greatly resemble the lowest rag-shops and pothouses of Radcliffe Highway. Even then, indeed, travellers complained of the narrowness and meanness of the streets. That beautiful city, which charms even eyes familiar with the masterpieces of Bramante and Palladio, and which the genius of Anstey and of Smollett, of Frances Burney and of Jane Austen, has made classic ground, had not begun to exist. Milsom Street itself was an open field lying far beyond the walls; and hedgerows intersected the space which is now covered by the Crescent and the Circus. The poor patients, to whom the waters had been recommended, lay on straw in a place which, to use the language of a contemporary physician, was a covert rather than a lodging. As to the comforts and luxuries which were to be found in the interior of the houses of Bath by the fashionable visitors who resorted thither in search of health or amusement, we possess information more complete and minute than can generally be obtained on such subjects. A writer, who published an account of that city about sixty years after the Revolution, has accurately described the changes which had taken place within his own recollection. He assures us that in his younger days the gentlemen who visited the springs slept in rooms hardly as good as the garrets which he lived to see occupied by footmen. The floors of the dining-rooms were uncarpeted, and were coloured brown with a wash made of soot and

small beer, in order to hide the dirt. Not a wainscot was painted. Not a hearth or a chimney-piece was of marble. A slab of common freestone, and fire-irons which had cost from three to four shillings, were thought sufficient for any fireplace. The best apartments were hung with coarse woollen stuff, and were furnished with rush-bottomed chairs. Readers who take an interest in the progress of civilization and of the useful arts, will be grateful to the humble topographer who has recorded these facts, and will perhaps wish that historians of far higher pretensions had sometimes spared a few pages from military evolutions and political intrigues, for the purpose of letting us know how the parlours and bedchambers of our ancestors looked.

The position of London, relatively to other towns of the empire, was, in the time of Charles the Second, far higher than at present. For at present the population of London is little more than six times the population of Manchester or Liverpool. In the days of Charles the Second the population of London was more than seventeen times the population of Bristol or of Norwich. It may be doubted whether any other instance can be mentioned of a great kingdom in which the first city was more than seventeen times as large as the second. There is reason to believe that, in 1685, London had been, during about half a century, the most populous capital in Europe. The inhabitants, who are now at least nineteen hundred thousand, were then probably little more than half a million. London had in the world only one commercial rival, now long outstripped, the mighty and opulent Amsterdam. English writers boasted of the forest of masts and yard-arms, which covered the river from the Bridge to the Tower, and of the stupendous sums which were collected at the Custom-House in Thames Street. There is, indeed, no doubt that the trade of the metropolis then bore a far greater proportion than at present to the whole trade of the country; yet to our generation the honest vaunting of our ancestors must appear almost ludicrous. The shipping which they thought incredibly great appears not to have exceeded seventy thousand tons. This was, indeed, then more than a third of the whole tonnage of the kingdom, but is now less than a fourth of the tonnage of Newcastle, and is nearly equalled by the tonnage of the steam-vessels of the Thames. The customs of London amounted, in 1685, to about three hundred and thirty thousand pounds a year. In our time the net duty, at the same place, exceeds ten millions.

Whoever examines the maps of London which were published towards the close of the reign of Charles the Second, will see that only the nucleus of the present capital then existed.

The town did not, as now, fade by imperceptible degrees into the country. No long avenues of villas, embowered in lilacs and laburnums, extended from the great centre of wealth and civilization almost to the boundaries of Middlesex, and far into the heart of Kent and Surrey. In the east, no part of the immense line of warehouses and artificial lakes which now spreads from the Tower to Blackwall

ad even been projected. On the west, scarcely one of those stately piles of building which are inhabited by the noble and wealthy was a existence; and Chelsea, which is now peopled by more than forty thousand human beings, was a quiet country village, with about a thousand inhabitants. On the north, cattle fed, and sportsmen wandered with dogs and guns over the site of the borough of Mary-bone, and over far the greater part of the space now covered by the boroughs of Finsbury and of the Tower Hamlets. Islington was almost a solitude, and poets lived to contrast its silence and repose with the din and turmoil of the monster London. On the south, the capital is now connected with its suburb by several ridges, not inferior in magnificence and solidity to the noblest works of the Cæsars. In 1685, a single line of irregular arches, verhung by piles of mean and crazy houses, and garnished, after a fashion worthy of the naked barbarians of Dahomy, with scores of bouldering heads, impeded the navigation of the river.

2. CHARACTER OF WILLIAM, PRINCE OF ORANGE.

The place which William Henry, Prince of Orange Nassau, occupies in the history of England and of mankind is so great, that it may be desirable to portray, with some minuteness, the strong elements of his character.

He was now in his thirty-seventh year; but both in body and in mind he was older than other men of the same age. Indeed, it might be said that he had never been young. His external appearance is almost as well known to us as to his own captains and counsellors. Sculptors, painters, and medallists exerted their utmost skill in the work of transmitting his features to posterity; and his features were such as no artist could fail to seize, and such as, once seen, could never be forgotten. His name at once calls up before us a slender and feeble frame, a lofty and ample forehead, a nose curved like the beak of an eagle, an eye rivalling that of an eagle in brightness and keenness, a thoughtful and somewhat sullen brow, a firm and somewhat peevish mouth, a cheek pale, thin, and deeply furrowed by sickness and by care. That pensive, severe, and solemn aspect could scarcely have belonged to a happy or a good-humoured man. But it indicates, in a manner not to be mistaken, capacity equal to the most ardent enterprises, and fortitude not to be shaken by reverses or dangers. Nature had largely endowed William with the qualities of a great ruler, and education had developed those qualities in no common degree. With strong natural sense and rare force of will, he found himself, when first his mind began to open, a fatherless and motherless child, the chief of a great but depressed and disheartened party, and the heir to vast and indefinite pretensions, which excited the dread and aversion of the oligarchy then supreme in the United Provinces. The common people, fondly attached during a century to his house, indicated, whenever they saw him, in a manner not to be mistaken,

that they regarded him as their rightful head. The able and experienced ministers of the republic, mortal enemies of his name, came every day to pay their feigned civilities to him, and to observe the progress of his mind. The first movements of his ambition were carefully watched; every unguarded word uttered by him was noted down; nor had he near him any adviser on whose judgment reliance could be placed. He was scarcely fifteen years old when the domestics who were attached to his interest, or who enjoyed any share of his confidence, were removed from under his roof by the jealous government. He remonstrated with energy beyond his years, but in vain. Vigilant observers saw the tears more than once rise in the eyes of the young state-prisoner. His health, naturally delicate, sank for a time under the emotions which his desolate situation had produced. Such situations bewilder and unnerve the weak, but call forth all the strength of the strong. Surrounded by snares in which an ordinary youth would have perished, William learned to tread at once warily and firmly. Long before he reached manhood, he knew how to keep secrets; how to baffle curiosity by dry and guarded answers; how to conceal all passions under the same show of grave tranquillity. Meanwhile he made little proficiency in fashionable or literary accomplishments. The manners of the Dutch nobility of that age wanted the grace which was found in the highest perfection among the gentlemen of France, and which, in an inferior degree, embellished the Court of England; and his manners were altogether Dutch. Even his countrymen thought him blunt. To foreigners he often seemed churlish. In his intercourse with the world in general, he appeared ignorant or negligent of those arts which double the value of a favour, and take away the sting of a refusal. He was little interested in letters or science. The discoveries of Newton and Leibnitz, the poems of Dryden and Boileau, were unknown to him. Dramatic performances tired him; and he was glad to turn away from the stage and to talk about public affairs, while Orestes was raving, or while Tartuffe was pressing Elvira's hand. He had, indeed, some talent for sarcasm, and not seldom employed, quite unconsciously, a natural rhetoric,—quaint, indeed, but vigorous and original. He did not, however, in the least affect the character of a wit or of an orator. His attention had been confined to those studies which form strenuous and sagacious men of business. From a child, he listened with interest when high questions of alliance, finance, and war were discussed. Of geometry he learned as much as was necessary for the construction of a ravelin or a hornwork. Of languages, by the help of a memory singularly powerful, he learned as much as was necessary to enable him to comprehend, and answer without assistance, everything that was said to him, and every letter which he received. The Dutch was his own tongue. He understood Latin, Italian, and Spanish. He spoke and wrote French, English, and German,—inelegantly, it is true, and in exactly, but fluently and intelligibly. No qualification could be more important to a man whose life was

to be passed in organizing great alliances, and in commanding armies assembled from different countries.

His physical organization was unusually delicate. From a child he had been weak and sickly. In the prime of manhood his complaints had been aggravated by a severe attack of small-pox. He was asthmatic and consumptive. His slender frame was shaken by a constant hoarse cough. He could not sleep unless his head was propped by several pillows, and could scarcely draw his breath in any but the purest air. Cruel headaches frequently tortured him. Exertion soon fatigued him. The physicians constantly kept up the hopes of his enemies by fixing some date, beyond which, if there were anything certain in medical science, it was impossible that his broken constitution could hold out. Yet, through a life which was one long disease, the force of his mind never failed, on any great occasion, to bear up his suffering and languid body. He was born with violent passions and quick sensibilities; but the strength of his emotions was not suspected by the world. From the multitude, his joy and his grief, his affection and his resentment, were hidden by a phlegmatic serenity which made him pass for the most cold-blooded of mankind. Those who brought him good news could seldom detect any sign of pleasure. Those who saw him after defeat looked in vain for any trace of vexation. He praised and reprimanded, rewarded and punished, with the stern tranquillity of a Mohawk chief; but those who knew him well, and saw him near, were aware that under all this ice a fierce fire was constantly burning. It was seldom that anger deprived him of power over himself; but when he was really outraged, the first outbreak of his passion was terrible. It was indeed scarcely safe to approach him. On these rare occasions, however, as soon as he regained his self-command, he made such ample reparation to those whom he had wronged as tempted them to wish that he would go into a fury again. His affection was as impetuous as his wrath. Where he loved, he loved with the whole energy of his strong mind. When death separated him from what he loved, the few who witnessed his agonies trembled for his reason and his life. To a very small circle of intimate friends, on whose fidelity and secrecy he could absolutely depend, he was a different man from the reserved and stoical William whom the multitude supposed to be destitute of human feelings. He was kind, cordial, open, even convivial and jocose, would sit at table many hours, and would bear his full share in festive conversation.¹

3. THE COMMITTAL OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS TO THE TOWER.

The Bishops were repeatedly sent out into the antechamber, and repeatedly called back into the council-room. At length James

¹ The reader may compare with this character of William, drawn from study and fancy, the character already given by Burnet from long personal knowledge; the difference of the style at the beginning of the eighteenth and middle of the nineteenth centuries will be very apparent.

positively commanded them to answer the question.¹ He did not expressly engage that their confession should not be used against them; but they not unnaturally supposed that, after what had passed, such an engagement was implied in his command. Sancroft acknowledged his handwriting; and his brethren followed his example. They were then interrogated about the meaning of some words in the petition, and about the letter which had been circulated with so much effect all over the kingdom; but their language was so guarded that nothing was gained by the examination. The Chancellor then told them, that a criminal information would be exhibited against them in the Court of King's Bench, and called upon them to enter into recognisances. They refused. They were peers of the realm, they said. They were advised by the best lawyers in Westminster Hall, that no peer could be required to enter into a recognisance in a case of libel; and they should not think themselves justified in relinquishing the privilege of their order. The King was so absurd as to think himself personally affronted because they chose, on a legal question, to be guided by legal advice. "You believe everybody," he said, "rather than me." He was, indeed, mortified and alarmed. For he had gone so far that, if they persisted, he had no choice left but to send them to prison; and, though he by no means foresaw all the consequences of such a step, he foresaw probably enough to disturb him. They were resolute. A warrant was therefore made out directing the Lieutenant of the Tower to keep them in safe custody, and a barge was manned to convey them down the river.

It was known all over London that the Bishops were before the Council. The public anxiety was intense. A great multitude filled the courts of Whitehall, and all the neighbouring streets. Many people were in the habit of refreshing themselves at the close of a summer day with the cool air of the Thames; but on this evening the whole river was alive with wherries. When the Seven came forth under a guard, the emotions of the people broke through all restraint. Thousands fell on their knees, and prayed aloud for the men who had, with the Christian courage of Ridley and Latimer, confronted a tyrant inflamed by all the bigotry of Mary. Many dashed into the stream, and, up to their waists in ooze and water, cried to the holy fathers to bless them. All down the river, from Whitehall to London Bridge, the royal barge passed between lines of boats, from which arose a shout of "God bless your Lordships!" The king, in great alarm, gave orders that the garrison of the Tower should be doubled, that the guards should be held ready for action, and that two companies should be detached from every regiment in the kingdom, and sent up instantly to London. But the force on which he relied as the means of coercing the people shared all the feelings of the people. Sir Edward Hales was Lieutenant of the Tower. He was little inclined to treat his prisoners with kindness,

¹ Namely, whether the petition was in their handwriting.

for he was an apostate from that Church for which they suffered, and he held several lucrative posts by virtue of that dispensing power against which they had protested. He learned with indignation that his soldiers were drinking the healths of the Bishops. He ordered his officers to see that it was done no more; but the officers came back with a report that the thing could not be prevented, and that no other health was drank in the garrison. Nor was it only by carousing that the troops showed their reverence for the fathers of the Church. There was such a show of devotion throughout the Tower, that pious divines thanked God for bringing good out of evil, and for making the persecution of His faithful servants the means of saving many souls. All day the coaches and liveries of the first nobles of England were seen round the prison gates. Thousands of humbler spectators constantly covered Tower Hill. But among the marks of public respect and sympathy which the prelates received, there was one which more than all the rest enraged and alarmed the King. He learned that a deputation of ten Nonconformist ministers had visited the Tower. He sent for four of these persons, and himself upbraided them. They courageously answered that they thought it their duty to forget past quarrels, and to stand by the men who stood by the Protestant religion.

4. DISTRESS AND RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY.

July was far advanced; and the state of the city was, hour by hour, becoming more frightful. The number of the inhabitants had been thinned more by famine and disease than by the fire of the enemy. Yet that fire was sharper and more constant than ever. One of the gates was beaten in; one of the bastions was laid in ruins; but the breaches made by day were repaired by night with indefatigable activity. Every attack was still repelled; but the fighting men of the garrison were so much exhausted that they could scarcely keep their legs. Several of them, in the act of striking at the enemy, fell down from mere weakness. A very small quantity of grain remained, and was doled out by mouthfuls. The stock of salted hides was considerable, and by gnawing them the garrison appeased the rage of hunger. Dogs, fattened on the blood of the slain who lay unburied around the town, were luxuries which few could afford to purchase. The price of a whelp's paw was five shillings and sixpence. Nine horses were still alive, and but barely alive; they were so lean that little meat was likely to be found upon them. It was, however, determined to slaughter them for food. The people perished so fast that it was impossible for the survivors to perform the rites of sepulture. There was scarcely a cellar in which some corpse was not decaying. Such was the extremity of distress, that the rats who came to feast in those hideous dens were eagerly hunted and greedily devoured. A small fish, caught in the river, was not to be purchased with money; the only price for which such a treasure could be obtained was some handfuls of oat-

meal. Leprosies, such as strange and unwholesome diet engenders, made existence a constant torment. The whole city was poisoned with the stench exhaled from the bodies of the dead, and of the half dead. That there should be fits of discontent and insubordination among men enduring such misery was inevitable. At one moment it was suspected that Walker¹ had laid up somewhere a secret store of food, and was revelling in private, while he exhorted others to suffer resolutely for the good cause. His house was strictly examined; his innocence was fully proved; he regained his popularity; and the garrison, with death in near prospect, thronged to the cathedral to hear him preach, drank in his earnest eloquence with delight, and went forth from the house of God with haggard faces and tottering steps, but with spirits still unsubdued. There were, indeed, some secret plottings. A very few obscure traitors opened communication with the enemy. But it was necessary that all such dealings should be carefully concealed. None dared to utter publicly any words save words of defiance and stubborn resolution. Even in that extremity the general cry was "No surrender." And there were not wanting voices which, in low tones, added, "First the horses and hides; and then the prisoners; and then each other." It was afterwards related, half in jest, yet not without a horrible mixture of earnest, that a corpulent citizen, whose bulk presented a strange contrast to the skeletons which surrounded him, thought it expedient to conceal himself from the numerous eyes which followed him with cannibal looks whenever he appeared in the streets.

It was no slight aggravation of the sufferings of the garrison that all this time the English ships were seen far off in Lough Foyle. Communication between the fleet and the city was almost impossible. One diver who had attempted to pass the boom was drowned. Another was hanged. The language of signals was hardly intelligible. On the thirteenth of July, however, a piece of paper sewed up in a cloth button came to Walker's hands. It was a letter from Kirke, and contained assurances of speedy relief. But more than a fortnight of intense misery had since elapsed, and the hearts of the most sanguine were sick with deferred hope. By no art could the provisions which were left be made to hold out two days more. Just at this time Kirke received a despatch from England, which contained positive orders that Londonderry should be relieved. He accordingly determined to make an attempt, which, as far as appears, he might have made, with at least an equally fair prospect of success, six weeks earlier.

Among the merchant-ships which had come to Loch Foyle under his convoy was one called the *Mountjoy*. The master, Micajah Browning, a native of Londonderry, had brought from England a large cargo of provisions. He had, it is said, repeatedly remonstrated against the inaction of the armament. He now eagerly volunteered to take the first risk of succouring his fellow-citizens;

¹ Rector of Donoughmore, and the heroic governor of Londonderry.

and his offer was accepted. Andrew Douglas, master of the *Phoenix*, who had on board a great quantity of meal from Scotland, was willing to share the danger and the honour. The two merchantmen were to be escorted by the Dartmouth frigate of thirty-six guns, commanded by Captain John Leake, afterwards an admiral of great fame.

It was the thirtieth of July. The sun had just set—the evening sermon in the cathedral was over—and the heartbroken congregation had separated, when the sentinels on the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The besiegers were on the alert for miles along both shores. The ships were in extreme peril; for the river was low, and the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the head-quarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous. Leake performed his duty with a skill and spirit worthy his noble profession, exposed his frigate to cover the merchantmen, and used his guns with great effect. At length the little squadron came to the place of peril. Then the *Mountjoy* took the lead, and went right at the boom. The huge barricade cracked and gave way; but the shock was such that the *Mountjoy* rebounded, and stuck in the mud. A yell of triumph rose from the banks; the Irish rushed to their boats, and were preparing to board; but the Dartmouth poured on them a well-directed broadside, which threw them into disorder. Just then the *Phoenix* dashed at the breach which the *Mountjoy* had made, and was in a moment within the fence. Meantime the tide was rising fast. The *Mountjoy* began to move, and soon passed safe through the broken stakes and floating spars. But her brave master was no more. A shot from one of the batteries had struck him; and he died by the most enviable of all deaths, in sight of the city which was his birth-place, which was his home, and which had just been saved by his courage and self-devotion from the most frightful form of destruction. The night had closed in before the conflict of the boom began; but the flash of the guns was seen, and the noise heard, by the lean and ghastly multitude which covered the walls of the city. When the *Mountjoy* grounded, and when the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the hearts of the besieged died within them. One who endured the unutterable anguish of that moment, has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes. Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half-hour of suspense. It was ten o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay. The whole population was there to welcome them. A screen made of casks filled with earth was hastily thrown up to protect the landing-place from the batteries on the other side of the river, and then the work of unloading began. First were rolled on shore barrels containing six thousand bushels of meal. Then came great cheeses, casks of beef, fitches of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks of pease and biscuit, ankers of brandy. Not many hours before, half a pound of tallow, and three-quarters

of a pound of salted hide, had been weighed out with niggardly care to every fighting man. The ration which each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beef, and a pint of pease. It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said over the suppers of that evening. There was little sleep on either side of the wall. The bonfires shone bright along the whole circuit of the ramparts. The Irish guns continued to roar all night; and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyous defiance. Through the whole of the thirty-first of July the batteries of the enemy continued to play. But, soon after the sun had again gone down, flames were seen arising from the camp; and when the first of August dawned, a line of smoking ruins marked the site lately occupied by the huts of the besiegers; and the citizens saw far off the long column of pikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle towards Strabane.

5. DR JOHNSON; THE CAREER OF LITERARY MEN IN JOHNSON'S YOUTH.—(REVIEW OF CROKER'S BOSWELL, REPRINTED IN THE "ESSAYS.")

At the time when Johnson commenced his literary career, a writer had little to hope from the patronage of powerful individuals. The patronage of the public did not yet furnish the means of comfortable subsistence. The prices paid by booksellers to authors were so low that a man of considerable talents and unremitting industry could do little more than provide for the day which was passing over him. The lean kine had eaten up the fat kine. The thin and withered ears had devoured the good ears. The season of rich harvests was over, and the period of famine had begun. All that is squalid and miserable might now be summed up in the word Poet! That word denoted a creature dressed like a scarecrow, familiar with compters and spunging-houses, and perfectly qualified to decide on the comparative merits of the Common Side in the King's Bench Prison and of Mount Scoundrel in the Fleet. Even the poorest pitied him,—and they well might pity him; for if their condition was equally abject, their aspirations were not equally high, nor their sense of insult equally acute. To lodge in a garret up four pair of stairs, to dine in a cellar among footmen out of place, to translate ten hours a day for the wages of a ditcher, to be hunted by bailiffs from one haunt of beggary and pestilence to another, from Grub Street to St George's Fields, and from St George's Fields to the alleys behind St Martin's Church, to sleep on a bulk in June, and amidst the ashes of a glass-house in December, to die in an hospital and to be buried in a parish vault, was the fate of more than one writer, who, if he had lived thirty years earlier, would have been admitted to the sittings of the Kitcat or the Scriblerus Club—would have sat in Parliament, and would have been entrusted with embassies to the high Allies; who, if he had lived in our time, would have found

encouragement scarcely less munificent in Albemarle Street or in Paternoster Row.

As every climate has its peculiar diseases, so every walk of life has its peculiar temptations. The literary character, assuredly, has always had its share of faults—vanity, jealousy, morbid sensibility. To these faults were now superadded the faults which are commonly found in men whose livelihood is precarious, and whose principles are exposed to the trial of severe distress. All the vices of the gambler and of the beggar were blended with those of the author. The prizes in the wretched lottery of book-making were scarcely less ruinous than the blanks. If good fortune came, it came in such a manner that it was almost certain to be abused. After months of starvation and despair, a full third-night or a well-received dedication filled the pocket of the lean, ragged, unwashed poet with guineas. He hastened to enjoy those luxuries with the images of which his mind had been haunted while he was sleeping amidst the cinders, and eating potatoes at the Irish ordinary in Shoe Lane. A week of taverns soon qualified him for another year of night-cellars. Such was the life of Savage, of Boyse, and of a crowd of others. Sometimes blazing in gold-laced hats and waistcoats; sometimes lying in bed because their coats had gone to pieces, or wearing paper cravats because their linen was in pawn; sometimes drinking Champagne and Tokay with Betty Careless; sometimes standing at the window of an eating-house in Porridge Island, to sniff up the scent of what they could not afford to taste. They knew luxury; they knew beggary; but they never knew comfort. These men were irreclaimable. They looked on a regular and frugal life with the same aversion which an old gipsy or a Mohawk hunter feels for a stationary abode, and for the restraints and securities of civilized communities. They were as untameable, as much wedded to their desolate freedom, as the wild ass. They could no more be broken in to the offices of social man than the unicorn could be trained to serve and abide by the crib. It was well if they did not, like beasts of a still fiercer race, tear the hands which ministered to their necessities. To assist them was impossible; and the most benevolent of mankind at length became weary of giving relief which was dissipated with the wildest profusion as soon as it had been received. If a sum was bestowed on the wretched adventurer, such as, properly husbanded, might have supplied him for six months, it was instantly spent in strange freaks of sensuality; and, before forty-eight hours had elapsed, the poet was again pestering all his acquaintances for twopence to get a plate of shin of beef at a subterraneous cookshop. If his friends gave him an asylum in their houses, those houses were forthwith turned into taverns. All order was destroyed; all business was suspended. The most good-natured host began to repent of his eagerness to serve a man of genius in distress when he heard his guest roaring for fresh punch at five o'clock in the morning.

A few eminent writers were more fortunate. Pope had been raised above poverty by the active patronage which, in his youth,

both the great political parties had extended to his Homer. Young had received the only pension ever bestowed, to the best of our recollection, by Sir Robert Walpole, as the reward of mere literary merit. One or two of the many poets who attached themselves to the opposition—Thomson in particular, and Mallet—obtained, after much severe suffering, the means of subsistence from their political friends. Richardson, like a man of sense, kept his shop; and his shop kept him, which his novels, admirable as they are, would scarcely have done. But nothing could be more deplorable than the state even of the ablest men who at that time depended for subsistence on their writings. Johnson, Collins, Fielding, and Thomson, were certainly four of the most distinguished persons that England produced during the eighteenth century. It is well known that they were all four arrested for debt.

Into calamities and difficulties such as these Johnson plunged in his twenty-eighth year. From that time, till he was three or four and fifty, we have little information respecting him; little, we mean, compared with the full and accurate information which we possess respecting his proceedings and habits towards the close of his life. He emerged at length from cocklofts and sixpenny-ordinaries into the society of the polished and the opulent. His fame was established. A pension sufficient for his wants had been conferred on him; and he came forth to astonish a generation with which he had almost as little in common as with Frenchmen or Spaniards.

In his early years he had occasionally seen the great; but he had seen them as a beggar. He now came among them as a companion. The demand for amusement and instruction had, during the course of twenty years, been gradually increasing. The price of literary labour had risen; and those rising men of letters with whom Johnson was henceforth to associate, were for the most part persons widely different from those who had walked about with him all night in the streets for want of a lodging. Burke, Robertson, the Wartons, Gray, Mason, Gibbon, Adam Smith, Beattie, Sir William Jones, Goldsmith, and Churchill, were the most distinguished writers of what may be called the second generation of the Johnsonian age. Of these men, Churchill was the only one in whom we can trace the stronger lineaments of that character which, when Johnson first came up to London, was common among authors. Of the rest, scarcely any had felt the pressure of severe poverty. Almost all had been early admitted into the most respectable society on an equal footing. They were men of quite a different species from the dependents of Curll and Osborne.

Johnson came among them the solitary specimen of a past age—the last survivor of the genuine race of Grub Street hacks; the last of that generation of authors whose abject misery and whose dissolute manners had furnished inexhaustible matter to the satirical genius of Pope. From nature he had received an uncouth figure, a diseased constitution, and an irritable temper. The manner in

which the earlier years of his manhood had been passed had given to his demeanour, and even to his moral character, some peculiarities appalling to the civilized beings who were the companions of his old age. The perverse irregularity of his hours, the slovenliness of his person, his fits of strenuous exertion, interrupted by long intervals of sluggishness, his strange abstinence, and his equally strange voracity, his active benevolence, contrasted with the constant rudeness and the occasional ferocity of his manners in society, made him, in the opinion of those with whom he lived during the last twenty years of his life, a complete original. An original he was, undoubtedly, in some respects. But if we possessed full information concerning those who shared his early hardships, we should probably find that what we call his singularities of manner were, for the most part, failings which he had in common with the class to which he belonged. He ate at Streatham Park as he had been used to eat behind the screen at St John's Gate, when he was ashamed to show his ragged clothes. He ate as it was natural that a man should eat, who, during a great part of his life, had passed the morning in doubt whether he should have food for the afternoon. The habits of his early life had accustomed him to bear privation with fortitude, but not to taste pleasure with moderation. He could fast; but when he did not fast, he tore his dinner like a famished wolf, with the veins swelling on his forehead, and the perspiration running down his cheeks. He scarcely ever took wine, but when he drank it, he drank it greedily and in large tumblers. These were, in fact, mitigated symptoms of that same moral disease which raged with such deadly malignity in his friends Savage and Boyse. The roughness and violence which he showed in society were to be expected from a man whose temper, not naturally gentle, had been long tried by the bitterest calamities, by the want of meat, of fire, and of clothes, by the importunity of creditors, by the insolence of patrons, by that bread which is the bitterest of all food, by those stairs which are the most toilsome of all paths, by that deferred hope which makes the heart sick. Through all these things the ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedant had struggled manfully up to eminence and command. It was natural that, in the exercise of his power, he should be the more austere because he had himself endured, that, though his heart was undoubtedly generous and humane, his demeanour in society should be harsh and despotic. For severe distress he had sympathy, and not only sympathy, but munificent relief. But for the suffering which a harsh word inflicts upon a delicate mind he had no pity; for it was a kind of suffering which he could scarcely conceive. He would carry home on his shoulders a sick and starving girl from the streets. He turned his house into a place of refuge for a crowd of wretched old creatures who could find no other asylum; nor could all their peevishness and ingratitude weary out his benevolence. But the pangs of a wounded vanity seemed to him ridiculous; and he scarcely felt sufficient compassion even for the pangs of wounded

affection. He had seen and felt so much of sharp misery, that he was not affected by paltry vexations; and he seemed to think that everybody ought to be as much hardened to these vexations as himself. He was angry with Boswell for complaining of a headache, with Mrs Thrale for grumbling about the dust on the road, or the smell of the kitchen. These were, in his phrase, "foppish lamentations," which people ought to be ashamed to utter in a world so full of sin and sorrow. Goldsmith crying because the "Good-natured Man" had failed, inspired him with no pity. Though his own health was not good, he detested and despised valetudinarians. Pecuniary losses, unless they reduced the loser absolutely to beggary, moved him very little. People whose hearts had been softened by prosperity might weep, he said, for such events; but all that could be expected of a plain man was not to laugh. He was not much moved even by the spectacle of Lady Tavistock dying of a broken heart for the loss of her lord. Such grief he considered as a luxury reserved for the idle and the wealthy. A washerwoman, left a widow, with nine small children, would not have sobbed herself to death.

XXI. ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

RICHARD WHATELY, the present Archbishop of Dublin, is the son of the Rev. Dr Whately of Norwich Park, Surrey, and was born in 1787. He was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, of which he was elected a Fellow; and the ability which he displayed procured for him one of the most important offices in the university, that of Bampton lecturer. In 1822 he was nominated rector of Halesworth; in 1830 he became Principal of St Alban's Hall, and Professor of Political Economy at Oxford; and in the following year he was consecrated Archbishop of Dublin. Dr Whately is one of the most conspicuous members of what is called the "Broad Church" party; is an influential writer; has always been an able and consistent advocate of liberal politics; and a distinguished promoter of university and educational reform. His works are numerous, and are all distinguished by good sense and sound reasoning; they make no pretensions to eloquence, but no one can read them without feeling himself a wiser man. His "Logic," though not very profound, is a very useful manual, so is his "Rhetoric;" his "Easy Lessons on Money Matters," and other similar works prepared for use in elementary schools, are admirable productions; and his various theological works, his "Essays on the Difficulties in the Writings of St Paul," "On the Errors of Romanism," "On the Kingdom of Christ," "Bampton Lectures," &c., are all well worthy of the extensive popularity which they have enjoyed.

1. ON WAGES.—("EASY LESSONS ON MONEY MATTERS.")

Some labourers are paid higher than others. A carpenter earns more than a ploughman, and a watchmaker more than either; and

yet this is not from the one working harder than the other. And it is the same with the labour of the mind as with that of the body. A banker's clerk, who has to work hard at keeping accounts, is not paid so high as a lawyer or a physician. You see, from this, that the rate of wages does not depend on the hardness of the labour, but on the value of the work done. But on what does the value of the work depend ! The value of each kind of work is like the value of anything else ; it is greater or less according to the limitation of the supply,—that is, the difficulty of procuring it. If there were no more expense, time, and trouble, in obtaining a pound of gold than a pound of copper, then gold would be of no more value than copper.

But why should the supply of watchmakers and surgeons be more limited than that of carpenters and ploughmen ? That is, why is it more difficult to make a man a watchmaker than a ploughman ? The chief reason is, that the education required costs a great deal more. A long time must be spent in learning the business of a watchmaker or a surgeon before a man can acquire enough skill to practise. So that, unless you have enough to support you all this time, and also to pay your master for teaching you the art, you cannot become a watchmaker or a surgeon. And no father would go to the expense of breeding up his son a surgeon or watchmaker, even though he could well afford it, if he did not expect him to earn more than a carpenter, whose education costs much less. But sometimes a father is disappointed in his expectation. If the son should turn out stupid, or idle, he would not acquire skill enough to maintain himself by his business ; and then the expense of his education would be lost. For it is not the expensive education of a surgeon that causes him to be paid more for setting a man's leg than a carpenter is for mending the leg of a table ; but the expensive education causes fewer people to become surgeons. It causes the supply of surgeons to be more limited,—that is, confined to a few ; and it is this limitation that is the cause of their being better paid. So that, you see, the value of each kind of labour is higher or lower, like that of all other things, according as the supply is limited. Natural genius will often have the same effect as the expensiveness of education, in causing one man to be better paid than another. For instance, one who has a natural genius for painting may become a very fine painter, though his education may not have cost more than that of an ordinary painter, and he will then earn, perhaps, ten times as much without working any harder at his picture than the other. But the cause why a man of natural genius is higher paid for his work than another is still the same. Men of genius are scarce ; and their work, therefore, is of the more value, from their being more limited in supply. Some kinds of labour, again, are higher paid from the supply of them being limited by other causes, and not by the cost of learning them, or the natural genius they require. Any occupation that is unhealthy, or dangerous, or disagreeable, is paid the higher on that account ; because

people would not otherwise engage in it. There is this kind of limitation in the supply of house-painters, miners, gunpowder-makers, and several others.

Some people fancy that it is unjust that one man should not earn as much as another who works no harder than himself. And there certainly would be a hardship if one man could force another to work for him at whatever wages he chose to pay. This is the case with those slaves who are forced to work, and are only supplied by their masters with food and other necessities, like horses. So, also, it would be a hardship if I were to force any one to sell me anything, whether his labour, or his cloth, or cattle, or corn, at any price I might choose to fix. But there is no hardship in leaving all buyers and sellers free; the one to ask whatever price he may think fit; the other, to offer what he thinks the article worth. A labourer is a seller of labour; his employer is a buyer of labour, and both ought to be left free. If a man chooses to ask ever so high a price for his potatoes, or his corn, he is free to do so; but, then, it would be very hard that he should be allowed to force you to buy them at that price whether you would or no. In the same manner, an ordinary labourer may ask as high wages as he likes; but it would be very hard to oblige others to employ him at that rate whether they would or not. And so the labourer himself would think if the same rule were applied to him;—that is, if a tailor, and a carpenter, and a shoemaker could oblige him to employ them whether he wanted their articles or not, at whatever price they chose to fix.

In former times, laws used to be often made to fix the wages of labour. It was forbidden, under a penalty, that higher or lower wages should be asked or offered for each kind of labour than what the law fixed. But laws of this kind were found never to do any good; for when the rate fixed by law for farm labourers, for instance, happened to be higher than it was worth a farmer's while to give for ordinary labourers, he turned off all his workmen except a few of the best hands, and employed those on the best land only; so that less corn was raised, and many persons were out of work who would have been glad to have it at a lower rate rather than earn nothing. Then, again, when the fixed rate was lower than it would answer for a farmer to give to the best workmen, some farmers would naturally try to get these into their service by paying them privately at a higher rate. And this they could easily do (so as to escape the law) by agreeing to supply them with corn at a reduced price, or in some such way; and then the other farmers were driven to do the same thing, that they might not lose all their best workmen. So that laws of this kind come to nothing.

Labourers often suffer great hardships, from which they might save themselves by looking forward beyond the present day. They are apt to complain of others when they ought rather to blame their own imprudence. If, when a man is earning good wages, he spends all, as fast as he gets it, in thoughtless intemperance, instead of lay-

ing by something against hard times, he may afterwards have to suffer great want when he is out of work, or when wages are lower. But then he must not blame others for this, but his own improvidence. So thought the bees in the following fable:—

“A grasshopper, half-starved with cold and hunger at the approach of winter, came to a well-stored bee-hive, and humbly begged the bees to relieve his wants with a few drops of honey. One of the bees asked him how he had spent his time all the summer, and why he had not laid up a store of food like them?—“Truly,” said he, “I spent my time very merrily in drinking, dancing, and singing, and never once thought of winter,” “Our plan is very different,” said the bee; “we work hard in the summer to lay by a store of food against the season when we foresee we shall want it; but those who do nothing but drink, and dance, and sing in the summer, must expect to starve in the winter.”

2. ON GOOD READING.—(“WHATELY’S RHETORIC.”)

The practical rule to be adopted in order to secure good reading, is, not only to pay no studied attention to the voice, but studiously to withdraw the thoughts from it, and to dwell as intently as possible on the sense; trusting to nature to suggest spontaneously the proper emphases and tones.

Many persons are so far impressed with the truth of the doctrine here inculcated as to acknowledge that “it is a great fault for a reader to be *too much* occupied with thoughts respecting his own voice;” and thus they think to steer a middle course between opposite extremes. But it should be remembered that this middle course entirely nullifies the whole advantage proposed by the plan recommended. A reader is sure to pay too much attention to his voice, not only if he pays any at all, but if he does not strenuously labour to withdraw his attention from it altogether. He who not only understands fully what he is reading, but is earnestly occupying his mind with the matter of it, will be likely to read as if he understood it, and thus to make others understand it; and, in like manner, with a view to the *impressiveness* of the delivery, he who not only feels it, but is exclusively absorbed with that feeling, will be likely to read as if he felt it, and to communicate the impression to his hearers. But this cannot be the case if he is occupied with the thought of what their opinion will be of his reading, and how his voice ought to be regulated; if, in short, he is thinking of himself, and, of course, in the same degree, abstracting his attention from that which ought to occupy it exclusively.

It is not, indeed, desirable that in reading the Bible, for example, or any thing which is not intended to appear as his own composition, he should deliver what are avowedly another’s sentiments in the same style as if they were such as arose in his own mind; but it is desirable that he should deliver them as if he were reporting another’s sentiments, which were both fully understood and felt in

all their force by the reporter ; and the only way to do this effectually—with such modulations of voice, &c., as are suitable to each word and passage—is to fix his mind earnestly on the *meaning*, and leave nature and habit to suggest the utterance.

Some may, perhaps, suppose that this amounts to the same thing as *taking no pains* at all ; and if, with this impression, they attempt to try the experiment of a natural delivery, their ill-success will probably lead them to censure the proposed method for the failure resulting from their own mistake. In truth, it is by no means a very easy task to fix the attention on the meaning, in the manner and to the degree now proposed. The thoughts of one who is reading anything very familiar to him are apt to wander to other subjects, though perhaps such as are connected with that which is before him. If, again, it be something new to him, he is apt (not, indeed, to wander to another subject, but) to get the start, as it were, of his readers, and to be thinking, while uttering each sentence, not of that, but of the sentence which comes next. And in both cases, if he is careful to avoid these faults, and is desirous of reading well, it is a matter of no small difficulty, and calls for a constant effort to prevent the mind from wandering in another direction, viz., into thoughts respecting his own voice, respecting the effect produced by each sound, the approbation he hopes for from the hearers, &c. And this is the prevailing fault of those who are commonly said to take *great pains* in their reading—pains which will always be taken in vain with a view to the true object to be aimed at, as long as the effort is thus applied in a wrong direction. With a view, indeed, to a very different object, the approbation bestowed on the reading, this artificial delivery will often be more successful than the natural. Pompous spouting, and many other descriptions of unnatural tone and measured cadence, are frequently admired by many as excellent reading, which admiration is itself a proof that it is not deserved ; for when the delivery is *really* good, the hearers (except any one who may deliberately set himself to observe and criticise) *never think about it*, but are exclusively occupied with the sense it conveys and the feelings it excites.

Still more to increase the difficulty of the method here recommended (for it is no less wise than honest to take a fair view of difficulties), this circumstance is to be noticed, that he who is endeavouring to bring it into practice is in a great degree precluded from the advantage of *imitation*. A person who hears and approves a good reader in the natural manner may, indeed, so far imitate him with advantage as to adopt his plan of fixing his attention on the matter, and not thinking about his voice ; but this very plan, evidently by its nature, precludes any further imitation ; for if, while reading, he is thinking of copying the manner of his model, he will for that very reason be unlike that model ; the main principle of the proposed method being carefully to exclude every such thought. Whereas any artificial system may as easily be learned
 v imitation as the notes of a song.

Practice also (i.e., private practice for the sake of learning) is much more difficult in the proposed method; because the rule being to use such a delivery as is suited, not only to the matter of what is said, but also, of course, to the place and occasion—and this, not by any studied modulations, but according to the spontaneous suggestions of the matter, place, and occasion, to one whose mind is fully and exclusively occupied with these—it follows that he who would practise this method in private must, by a strong effort of vivid imagination, figure to himself a place and an occasion which are not present; otherwise, he will either be thinking of his delivery (which is fatal to his proposed object), or else will use a delivery suited to the situation in which he actually is, and not to that for which he would prepare himself. Any system, on the contrary, of studied emphasis and regulation of the voice may be learned in private practice as easily as singing.

XXII. CHARLES DICKENS.

CHARLES DICKENS was born in 1812 at Landport, Portsmouth, where his father, during the war, held an office in connection with the navy. Young Dickens was educated for the law, but, disgusted with the necessary preliminary studies, he abandoned the profession, and became a parliamentary reporter. His first work, his "Sketches by Boz," appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, and were published in 1836, and the succeeding year. In 1837 he began the work which at once placed him at the head of all contemporary novelists, "The Pickwick Papers." It was published in monthly parts, and its overflowing humour, happy delineation of character, and warmth and kindness of feeling, rendered it universally popular. "Pickwick" was followed by "Nicholas Nickleby," in which the same excellences were exhibited, with greater perfection in the management of his plot. "Oliver Twist" had scenes of deeper interest than either of his preceding works; in "Master Humphrey's Clock" we have the finest of all Dickens's female characters, "Little Nell;" "Barnaby Rudge," part of "Humphrey's Clock," contains Dickens's only attempt at historical painting in the style of Scott, in which he has been highly successful. Dickens next produced his "American Notes," to the great scandal of our Transatlantic brethren; and these were followed by his "Martin Chuzzlewit," which contains some of his best drawn characters. In 1843 he issued his "Christmas Carol;" and at succeeding returns of the same genial season appeared "The Chimes," "Cricket on the Hearth," "Battle of Life," and "The Haunted Man," light but kindly productions, in admirable keeping with the season. His other novels are "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," "Hard Times," and "Little Dorrit." Dickens was also for some time editor of "Bentley's Magazine," of the "Daily News," and subsequently of "Household Words," and at present edits a periodical entitled "All the Year Round." The popularity of Dickens has been almost unbounded, his works have enjoyed an enormous circulation,

and have been translated into almost every European language. In ability to portray character to the life, he is universally admitted to be worthy of being ranked with Scott, while in broad humour and fun no English writer can be compared to him. His hasty composition, and the desire to produce effect, have betrayed him into several faults; he is apt to draw caricatures rather than characters, and to indulge in an affected style of sentiment, by no means attractive to readers of good taste. It is to be hoped that his future works may exhibit a return to the genial and less artificial style of his earlier writings.

1. BURIAL OF A PAUPER.—("OLIVER TWIST.")

The next day, Oliver and his master returned to the miserable abode, where Mr Bumble, the beadle, had already arrived, accompanied by four men from the workhouse who were to act as bearers. An old black cloak had been thrown over the rags of the old woman and the man; the bare coffin, having been screwed down, was then hoisted on the shoulders of the bearers, and carried down stairs into the street.

"Now, you must put your best leg foremost, old lady," whispered Sowerberry, the undertaker, in the old woman's ear; "we are rather late, and it won't do to keep the clergyman waiting. Move on, my men, as quick as you like."

Thus directed, the bearers trotted on under their light burden, and the two mourners kept as near them as they could. Mr Bumble and Sowerberry walked at a good smart pace in front; and Oliver, whose legs were not so long as his master's, ran by the side.

There was not so great a necessity for hurrying as Mr Sowerberry had anticipated, however; for, when they reached the obscure corner of the churchyard, in which the nettles grew, and the parish graves were made, the clergyman had not arrived, and the clerk, who was sitting by the vestry-room fire, seemed to think it by no means improbable that it might be an hour or so before he came. So they set the bier down on the brink of the grave; and the two mourners waited patiently in the damp clay, with a cold rain drizzling down, while the ragged boys, whom the spectacle had attracted into the churchyard, played a noisy game at hide-and-seek among the tombstones, or varied their amusements by jumping backwards and forwards over the coffin. Mr Sowerberry and Bumble, being personal friends of the clerk, sat by the fire with him, and read the paper.

At length, after the lapse of something more than an hour, Mr Bumble, and Sowerberry, and the clerk, were seen running towards the grave; and immediately afterwards the clergyman appeared, putting on his surplice as he came along. Mr Bumble then thrashed a boy or two, to keep up appearances; and the reverend gentleman, having read as much of the burial-service as could be compressed into four minutes, gave his surplice to the clerk, and ran away again.

"Now, Bill," said Sowerberry to the gravedigger, "fill up."

It was no very difficult task; for the grave was so full that the uppermost coffin was within a few feet of the surface. The gravedigger shovelled in the earth, stamped it loosely down with his feet, shouldered his spade, and walked off, followed by the boys, who murmured very loud complaints at the fun being over so soon.

"Come, my good fellow," said Bumble, tapping the man on the back, "they want to shut up the yard."

The man, who had never once moved since he had taken his station by the grave-side, started, raised his head, stared at the person who had addressed him, walked forward for a few paces, and then fell down in a fit. The crazy old woman was too much occupied in bewailing the loss of her cloak, which the undertaker had taken off, to pay him any attention; so they threw a can of cold water over him, and when he came to, saw him safely out of the churchyard, locked the gate, and departed on their different ways.

"Well, Oliver," said Sowerberry, as they walked home, "how do you like it?"

"Pretty well, thank you, sir," replied Oliver, with considerable hesitation. "Not very much, sir."

"Ah! you'll get used to it in time, Oliver," said Sowerberry.—
"Nothing when you *are* used to it, my boy."

Oliver wondered in his own mind whether it had taken a very long time to get Mr Sowerberry used to it; but he thought it better not to ask the question, and walked back to the shop, thinking over all he had seen and heard.

2. DEATH OF PAUL DOMBEY.—("DOMBEY AND SON.")

Paul had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching it, and watching everything about him with observing eyes. When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the hosts of stars—and more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the street became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they passed, and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-coloured ring about the candle, and wait patiently for dar-

His only trouble was, the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it—to stem it with his childish hands—or choke its way with sand—and when he saw it coming on resistless, he cried out. But a word from Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself; and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

When day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun; and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself—pictured?—he saw the high church towers rising up into the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river glistening as it rolled (but rolling fast as ever), and the country bright with dew. Familiar sounds and cries came by degrees into the street below; the servants in the house were roused and busy; faces looked in at the door, and voices asked his attendants softly how he was. Paul always answered for himself, "I am better. I am a great deal better, thank you! Tell papa so!" By little and little, he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, and people passing and repassing; and would fall asleep, or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense again—the child could hardly tell whether this were in his sleeping or his waking moments—of that rushing river. "Why, will it never stop, Floy?" he would sometimes ask her. "It is bearing me away, I think."

But Floy could always soothe and reassure him; and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillow, and take some rest. "You are always watching me, Floy. Let me watch you now!" They would prop him up with cushions in a corner of his bed, and there he would recline the while she lay beside him; bending forward oftentimes to kiss her, and whispering to those who were near that she was tired, and how she had sat up so many nights beside him. Thus the flush of the day, in its heat and light, would gradually decline; and again the golden water would be dancing on the wall.

He was visited by as many as three grave doctors—they used to assemble downstairs, and come up together—and the room was so quiet, and Paul was so observant of them (though he never asked of anybody what they said), that he even knew the difference in the sound of their watches. But his interest centred in Sir Parker Peps, who always took his seat on the side of the bed. For Paul had heard them say long ago, that that gentleman had been with his mamma when she clasped Florence in her arms, and died. And he could not forget it now. He liked him for it. He was not afraid. The people round him changed as unaccountably as on that first night at Dr Blimber's—except Florence; Florence never changed—and what had been Sir Parker Peps was now his father, sitting with his head upon his hand. Old Mrs Pipchin, dozing in an easy-chair, often changed to Miss Fox, or his aunt; and Paul was quite content to shut his eyes again, and see what happened next without emotion. But this figure with its head upon its hand

returned so often, and remained so long, and sat so still and solemn, never speaking, never being spoken to, and rarely lifting up its face, that Paul began to wonder languidly if it were real; and in the night-time saw it sitting there with fear.

"Floy," he said, "what is that?" "Where, dearest?" "There! at the bottom of the bed." "There's nothing there except papa!" The figure lifted up its head, and rose, and coming to the bedside, said—"My own boy, don't you know me?" Paul looked it in the face, and thought, Was this his father? But the face, so altered to his thinking, thrilled while he gazed, as if it were in pain; and before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them, and draw it towards him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door. Paul looked at Florence with a fluttering heart, but he knew what she was going to say, and stopped her with his face against her lips. The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it, "Don't be so sorry for me, dear papa; indeed I am quite happy!" His father coming, and bending down to him—which he did quickly, and without first pausing by the bedside—Paul held him round the neck, and repeated these words to him several times, and very earnestly; and Paul never saw him again in his room at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, "Don't be so sorry for me; indeed I am quite happy." This was the beginning of his always saying in the morning that he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall; how many nights the dark dark river rolled towards the sea in spite of him; Paul never counted, never sought to know. If their kindness, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and he more grateful every day; but whether they were many days or few, appeared of little moment now to the gentle boy. One night he had been thinking of his mother, and her picture in the drawing-room downstairs, and had thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did, to have held her in her arms when she felt that she was dying; for even he, her brother, who had such dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother; for he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no, the river running very fast, and confusing his mind. "Floy, did I ever see mamma?" "No, darling; why?" "Did I never see any kind face, like mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?" he asked, incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him. "Oh yes, dear!" "Whose, Floy?" "Your old nurse's; often." "And where is my old nurse?" said Paul. "Is she dead too? Floy, are we *all* dead, except you?"

There was a hurry in the room, for an instant—longer, perhaps; but it seemed no more—then all was still again; and Florence, with her face quite colourless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much. "Show me that old nurse, Floy, if

you please!" "She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow."—"Thank you, Floy!"

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in. Yes, yes! No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity. "Floy, this is a kind good face!" said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here!"

"Now lay me down," he said; "and Floy, come close to me, and let me see you!" Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together. "How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so." Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on; and now there was a shore before them. Who stood on the bank? He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck. "Mamma is like you, Floy; I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

3. CHARACTER AND APPEARANCE OF MR PECKSNIFF.— ("MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.")

It has been remarked that Mr Pecksniff was a moral man. So he was. Perhaps there never was a more moral man than Mr Pecksniff, especially in his conversation and correspondence. It was once said of him by a homely admirer, that he had a Fortunatus's purse of good sentiments in his inside. In this particular he was like the girl in the fairy tale, except that if they were not actual diamonds which fell from his lips, they were the very brightest paste, and shone prodigiously. He was a most exemplary man:

fuller of virtuous precept than a copy-book. Some people likened him to a direction-post, which is always telling the way to a place, and never goes there; but these were his enemies; the shadows cast by his brightness; that was all. His very throat was moral. You saw a good deal of it. You looked over a very low fence of white cravat (whereof no man had ever beheld the tie, for he fastened it behind), and there it lay, a valley between two jutting heights of collar, serene and whiskerless before you. It seemed to say, on the part of Mr Pecksniff, "There is no deception, ladies and gentlemen, all is peace; a holy calm pervades me." So did his hair, just grizzled with an iron-gray, which was all brushed off his forehead and stood bolt upright, or slightly drooped in kindred action with his heavy eyelids. So did his person, which was sleek, though free from corpulency. So did his manner, which was soft and oily. In a word, even his plain black suit, and state of widower, and dangling double eye-glass, all tended to the same purpose, and cried aloud, "Behold the Moral Pecksniff!"

The brazen-plate upon the door (which, being Mr Pecksniff's, could not lie) bore this inscription, "PECKSNIFF, ARCHITECT;" to which Mr Pecksniff, on his cards of business, added, "AND LAND SURVEYOR." In one sense, and only one, he may be said to have been a land surveyor on a pretty large scale, as an extensive prospect lay stretched out before the windows of his house. Of his architectural doings nothing was clearly known, except that he had never designed or built anything; but it was generally understood that his knowledge of the science was almost awful in its profundity.

Mr Pecksniff's professional engagements, indeed, were almost, if not entirely, confined to the reception of pupils; for the collection of rents, with which pursuit he occasionally varied and relieved his graver toils, can hardly be said to be a strictly architectural employment. His genius lay in ensnaring parents and guardians, and pocketing premiums. A young gentleman's premium being paid, and the young gentleman come to Mr Pecksniff's house, Mr Pecksniff borrowed his case of mathematical instruments (if silver-mounted or otherwise valuable); entreated him, from that moment, to consider himself one of the family; complimented him highly on his parents or guardians, as the case might be; and turned him loose in a spacious room on the two-pair front; where, in the company of certain drawing-boards, parallel rulers, very stiff-legged compasses, and two, or perhaps three, other young gentlemen, he improved himself, for three or five years, according to his articles, in making elevations of Salisbury Cathedral from every possible point of sight; and in constructing in the air a vast quantity of castles, Houses of Parliament, and other public buildings. Perhaps in no place in the world were so many gorgeous edifices of this class erected as under Mr Pecksniff's auspices; and if but one-twentieth part of the churches which were built in that front room, with one or other of the Miss Pecksniffs at the altar, in the act of marrying the architect, could only be made available by the parliamentary

commissioners, no more churches would be wanted for at least five centuries.

4. MRS GAMP'S APARTMENT.—("MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.")

Mrs Gamp's apartment in Kingsgate Street, High Holborn, wore, metaphorically speaking, a robe of state. It was swept and garnished for the reception of a visitor. That visitor was Betsy Prig; Mrs Prig of Bartlemy's; or, as some said, Barklemy's; or, as some said, Bardlemy's; for by all these endearing and familiar appellations had the hospital of Saint Bartholomew become a household word among the sisterhood which Betsy Prig adorned.

Mrs Gamp's apartment was not a spacious one, but, to a contented mind, a closet is a palace; and the first-floor front at Mrs Sweedlepipe's may have been, in the imagination of Mrs Gamp, a stately pile. If it were not exactly that to restless intellects, it at least comprised as much accommodation as any person not sanguine to insanity could have looked for in a room of its dimensions. For only keep the bedstead always in your mind, and you were safe. That was the grand secret. Remembering the bedstead, you might even stoop to look under the little round table for anything you had dropped, without hurting yourself much against the chest of drawers, or qualifying as a patient of Saint Bartholomew by falling into the fire. Visitors were much assisted in their cautious efforts to preserve an unflagging recollection of this piece of furniture by its size, which was great. It was not a turn-up bedstead, nor yet a French bedstead, nor yet a four-post bedstead, but what is poetically called a tent; the sacking whereof was low and bulgy, insomuch that Mrs Gamp's box would not go under it, but stopped half way, in a manner which, while it did violence to the reason, likewise endangered the legs of a stranger. The frame, too, which would have supported the canopy and hangings, if there had been any, was ornamented with divers pippins carved in timber, which on the slightest provocation, and frequently on none at all, came tumbling down, harassing the peaceful guest with inexplicable terrors. The bed itself was decorated with a patchwork quilt of great antiquity; and at the upper end, upon the side nearest to the door, hung a scanty curtain of blue check, which prevented the zephyrs that were abroad in Kingsgate Street from visiting Mrs Gamp's head too roughly.

The chairs in Mrs Gamp's apartment were extremely large and broad-backed, which was more than a sufficient reason for their being but two in number. They were both elbow-chairs of ancient mahogany; and were chiefly valuable for the slippery nature of their seats, which had been originally horsehair, but were now covered with a shiny substance of a blueish tint, from which the visitor began to slide away with a dismayed countenance immediately after sitting down. What Mrs Gamp wanted in chairs she made up in handboxes; of which she had a great collection, devoted to the reception of various

miscellaneous valuables, which were not, however, as well protected as the good woman, by a pleasant fiction, seemed to think; for, though every handbox had a carefully-closed lid, not one among them had a bottom; owing to which cause the property within was merely, as it were, extinguished. The chest of drawers having been originally made to stand upon the top of another chest, had a dwarfish, elfin look alone; but, in regard of security, it had a great advantage over the handboxes, for as all the handles had been long ago pulled off, it was very difficult to get at its contents. This, indeed, was only to be done by one of two devices; either by tilting the whole structure forward until all the drawers fell out together, or by opening them singly with knives, like oysters.

Mrs Gamp stored all her household matters in a little cupboard by the fireplace; beginning below the surface (as in nature) with the coals, and mounting gradually upwards to the spirits, which, from motives of delicacy, she kept in a teapot. The chimney-piece was ornamented with an almanack; it was also embellished with three profiles; one, in colours, of Mrs Gamp herself in early life; one, in bronze, of a lady in feathers, supposed to be Mrs Harris, as she appeared when dressed for a ball; and one, in black, of Mr Gamp, deceased. The last was a full-length, in order that the likeness might be rendered more obvious and forcible, by the introduction of the wooden leg. A pair of bellows, a pair of pattens, a toasting-fork, a kettle, a spoon for the administration of medicine to the refractory, and lastly, Mrs Gamp's umbrella, which, as something of great price and rarity, was displayed with particular ostentation, completed the decorations of the chimney-piece and adjacent wall.

XXIII. JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE has within the last few years turned the attention of the public once more to the eventful period of the English Reformation, and has endeavoured to counterbalance the tedium of a ten-times-told tale by giving an entirely different reading of the character and motives of the principal agents, especially Henry and Anne Boleyn. He is a graduate of Oxford University, where he occupied a conspicuous place, and was a fellow of Exeter College. Previous to the issue of his "History," he was known to the public as the author of the "Nemesis of Faith," "Shadows of the Clouds," and an essay on the "Book of Job." To him it appears that Anne Boleyn, of whom Cranmer entertained so high an opinion, was a woman of the most abandoned habits, and addicted to profligacy in its most revolting shape; and Henry VIII., the husband of six wives, and the executioner of More, Surrey, and Cromwell, is, in Mr Froude's eyes, a highly chaste and virtuous man! Such startling conclusions Mr Froude supports by a plausible show of evidence, of which it is sufficient to remark, that Burnet, Hume, and Hallam, our best and most competent authorities on the

subject, after examining the same documents, pronounced unanimously and decisively, that they afforded no ground whatever for the opinions which Mr Froude has advanced. The history furnishes a strong illustration of the natural but unfortunate tendency of our modern historians to exaggerate the value of the manuscript documents which curious research is constantly bringing to light, and which, without any deliberate attempt to estimate their worth, are at once presumed to form a sufficient ground for denying the truth of everything that had been previously printed on the subject. Apart from this, the history of Froude is highly meritorious; the language is vigorous, and the narrative lively; the only fault which in this respect can be charged against it is the occasional imitation of the peculiarities of Carlyle—always an objectionable feature, and quite out of place in Mr Froude, whose mind is of an entirely different cast from that of the object of his literary idolatry.

The characters of Henry and Anne Boleyn, given below, contain in brief the novel views of Mr Froude, and furnish a good specimen of his style.

1. CHARACTER OF HENRY VIII.

If Henry VIII. had died previous to the first agitation of the divorce, his loss would have been deplored as one of the heaviest misfortunes which had ever befallen the country; and he would have left a name which would have taken its place in history by the side of that of the Black Prince, or of the conqueror of Agincourt. Left at the most trying age, with his character unformed, with the means at his disposal of gratifying every inclination, and married by his ministers, when a boy, to an unattractive woman far his senior, he had lived for thirty-six years almost without blame, and bore through England the reputation of an upright and virtuous king. Nature had been prodigal to him of her rarest gifts. In person he is said to have resembled his grandfather, Edward IV., who was the handsomest man in Europe. His form and bearing were princely; and, amidst the easy freedom of his address, his manner remained majestic. No knight in England could match him in the tournament except the Duke of Suffolk; he drew with ease as strong a bow as was borne by any yeoman of his guard; and these powers were sustained in unflinching vigour by a temperate habit and by constant exercise. Of his intellectual ability we are not left to judge from the suspicious panegyrics of his contemporaries. His state papers and letters may be placed by the side of those of Wolsey or of Cromwell, and they lose nothing in the comparison. Though they are broadly different, the perception is equally clear, the expression equally powerful, and they breathe throughout an irresistible vigour of purpose. In addition to this, he had a fine musical taste, carefully cultivated; he spoke and wrote in four languages; and his knowledge of a multitude of other subjects, with which his versatile ability made him conversant,

would have formed the reputation of any ordinary man.¹ He was among the best physicians of his age; he was his own engineer, inventing improvements in artillery, and new constructions in ship-building; and this, not with the condescending incapacity of a royal amateur, but with thorough workmanlike understanding. His reading was vast, especially in theology, which has been ridiculously ascribed by Lord Herbert to his father's intention of educating him for the Archbishopric of Canterbury; as if the scientific mastery of such a subject could have been acquired by a boy of twelve years of age, for he was no more when he became Prince of Wales. He must have studied theology with the full maturity of his understanding; and he had a fixed and perhaps unfortunate interest in the subject itself.

In all directions of human activity Henry displayed natural powers of the highest order, at the highest stretch of industrious culture. He was attentive, as it is called, to his religious duties, being present at the services in chapel two or three times a-day with unflinching regularity, and showing, to outward appearance, a real sense of religious obligation in the energy and purity of his life. In private, he was good-humoured and good-natured. His letters to his secretaries, though never undignified, are simple, easy, and unrestrained; and the letters written by them to him are similarly plain and business-like, as if the writers knew that the person whom they were addressing disliked compliments, and chose to be treated as a man. Again, from their correspondence with one another, when they describe interviews with him, we gather the same pleasant impression. He seems to have been always kind, always considerate, inquiring into their private concerns with genuine interest, and winning, as a consequence, their warm and unaffected attachment. As a ruler, he had been eminently popular. All his wars had been successful. He had the splendid tastes in which the English people most delighted, and he had substantially acted out his own theory of his duty, which was expressed in the following words:—"Scripture taketh princes to be, as it were, fathers and nurses to their subjects; and by Scripture it appeareth that it appertaineth to the office of princes to see that right religion and true doctrine be maintained and taught, and that their subjects may be well ruled and governed by good and just laws, and to provide and care for them, that all things necessary may be plenteous, and that the people and commonweal may increase, and to defend them from oppression and invasion, as well within the realm as without, and to see that justice be administered unto them indifferently; and to hear benignly all their complaints, and to show towards them, although they offend, fatherly pity; and, finally, so to correct them that be evil, that they had yet rather save them than lose

¹ Of Henry's music, one anthem, "O Lord, the maker of all things," is alone generally known; and when we remember that it was written in the age of Tallis and Farrant, it can scarcely be entitled to more praise than that of being very good for a king.

them, if it were not for respect of justice and maintenance of peace and good order in the commonweal." These principles do really appear to have determined Henry's conduct in his earlier years. It is certain that if, as I said, he had died before the divorce was mooted, Henry VIII., like that Roman emperor said by Tacitus to have been, "by universal consent, capable of reigning had he not reigned,"¹ would have been considered by posterity as formed by Providence for the conduct of the Reformation, and his loss would have been deplored as a perpetual calamity. We must allow him, therefore, the benefit of his past career, and be careful to remember it when interpreting his later actions. Not many men would have borne themselves through the same trials with the same integrity; but the circumstances of those trials had not tested the true defects in his moral constitution. Like all princes of the Plantagenet blood, he was a person of a most intense and imperious will. His impulses, in general nobly directed, had never known contradiction; and late in life, when his character was formed, he was forced into collision with difficulties with which the experience of discipline had not fitted him to contend. Education had done much for him; but his nature required more correction than his position had permitted; whilst unbroken prosperity and early independence of control had been his most serious misfortune. He had capacity, if his training had been equal to it, to be one of the greatest of men. With all his faults about him, he was still, perhaps, the greatest of his contemporaries, and the man best able of all living Englishmen to govern England, had he not been set to do it by the condition of his birth.

2. CHARACTER OF ANNE BOLEYN.

Anne Boleyn was the second daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, a gentleman of noble family, though moderate fortune, who, by a marriage with the daughter of the Duke of Norfolk, was brought into connection with the highest blood in the realm. The year of her birth has not been certainly ascertained, but she is supposed to have been seven years old in 1514, when she accompanied the Princess Mary into France, on the marriage of that lady with Louis XII. Louis dying a few months subsequently, the princess married Sir Charles Brandon, afterwards created Duke of Suffolk, and returned to England. Anne Boleyn did not return with her; she remained in Paris to become accomplished in the graces and elegances, if she was not contaminated by the vices, of that court, which, even in those days of royal licentiousness, enjoyed an undesirable pre-eminence in profligacy. Among those scenes she could not have failed to see, to hear, and to become familiar with, occurrences with

¹ Mr Froude here misquotes, in a very inexplicable way, the famous expression of Tacitus, in his character of Galba (History, i. 49):—" *Omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset*;" or, in Mr Froude's version, "*Consensu omnium dignus imperii, nisi imperasset*," which, to say nothing of the mistake in an expression that has become proverbial, is a violation of one of the most ordinary rules of Latin grammar.

which no young girl can be brought in contact with impunity; and this poisonous atmosphere she continued to breathe for nine years. She came back to England in 1525, to be maid of honour to Queen Catherine, and to be distinguished at the court, by general consent, for her talents, her accomplishments, and her beauty. Her portraits, though all by Holbein, or copied from pictures by him, are singularly unlike each other. The profile in the picture which is best known is pretty, innocent, and piquant, though rather insignificant; there are other pictures, however, in which we see a face more powerful, though less prepossessing. In these the features are full and languid. The eyes are large; but the expression, though remarkable, is not pleasing, and indicates cunning more than thought, and passion more than feeling; while the lips and mouth wear a look of sensuality which is not to be mistaken. Possibly all are like the original, but represented her under different circumstances, or at different periods of her life. Previous to her engagement with the king, she was the object of floating attentions from the young noblemen about the court.

From the account which was written of her by the grandson of Sir Thomas Wyatt, the poet, we still gather the impression (in spite of the admiring sympathy with which Wyatt writes) of a person with whom young men took liberties, however she might seem to forbid them. In her diet, she was an epicure, fond of dainty and delicate eating, and not always contented if she did not obtain what she desired. When the king's attention towards her became first marked, Thomas Heneage, afterwards Lord Chamberlain, wrote to Wolsey that he had one night been "commanded down with a dish for Mistress Anne for supper; she caused me," he added, "to sup with her, and she wished she had some of your good meat, as carps, shrimps, and others." And this was not said in jest, since Heneage related it as a hint to Wolsey, that he might know what to do if he wished to please her. In the same letter he suggested to the cardinal that she was a little displeased at not having received a token or present from him; she was afraid she was forgotten, he said, and "my lady, her mother, desired me to send unto your Grace, and desired your Grace to bestow a morsel of tunny upon her." Wolsey made her presents also at times of a more valuable character, as we find her acknowledging in language of exaggerated gratitude; and perhaps the most painful feature in all her earlier history lies in the contrast between the servility with which she addressed the cardinal so long as he was in power, and the bitterness with which the Bishop of Bayonne (and, in fact, all contemporary witnesses) tells us that she pressed upon his decline. Wolsey himself spoke of her under the title of the "night-crow," as the person to whom he owed all which was most cruel in his treatment; as "the enemy that never slept, but studied and continually imagined, both sleeping and waking, his utter destruction."

Taking these things together,—and there is nothing to be placed beside them of a definitely pleasing kind, except beauty and accom-

plishments,—we form, with the assistance of her pictures, a tolerable conception of this lady; a conception of her as a woman not indeed questionable, but as one whose antecedents might lead consistently to a future either of evil or good; and whose character removes the surprise which we might be inclined to feel at the position with respect to Queen Catherine in which she consented to be placed. A harsh critic would describe her, on this evidence, as a self-indulgent coquette, indifferent to the obligations of gratitude, and something careless of the truth. From the letter referring to her preserved by Cromwell, it appears that she had broken a definite promise at a time when such promises were legally binding, and that she had really done so is confirmed by her subsequent confession. The breach of such promises by a woman who could not be expected to understand the grounds on which the law held them to be sacred, implies no more than levity, and levity of this kind has been found compatible with many other high qualities. Levity, however, it does undoubtedly imply, and the symptom, if a light one, must be allowed the weight which is due to it.

3. EXECUTION OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

At daybreak More was awoke by the entrance of Sir Thomas Pope, who had come to confirm his anticipations, and to tell him it was the king's pleasure that he should suffer at nine o'clock that morning. He received the news with utter composure. "I am much bounden to the king," he said, "for the benefits and honours he has bestowed on me; and so help me God, most of all I am bounden to him that it pleaseth his Majesty to rid me so shortly out of the miseries of this present world." Pope told him the king desired that he would not "use many words on the scaffold." "Mr Pope," he answered, "you do well to give me warning, for otherwise I had purposed somewhat to have spoken; but no matter wherewith his Grace should have cause to be offended. Howbeit, whatever I intended, I shall obey his Highness's command." He afterwards discussed the arrangements for his funeral, at which he begged that his family might be present; and when all was settled, Pope rose to leave him. He was an old friend. He took More's hand and wrung it, and, quite overcome, burst into tears. "Quiet yourself, Mr Pope," More said, "and be not discomforted, for I trust we shall once see each other full merrily, when we shall live and love together in eternal bliss."

As soon as he was alone, he dressed in the most elaborate costume. It was for the benefit, he said, of the executioner who was to do him so great a service.¹ Sir William Kingston remonstrated, and with some difficulty induced him to put on a plainer suit; but that his intended liberality should not fail, he sent the man a gold angel in compensation, "as a token that he maliced him

¹ According to custom, the executioner received the clothes which the unhappy victim wore on the scaffold.

nothing, but rather loved him extremely." "So about nine of the clock he was brought by the lieutenant out of the Tower, his beard being long,—which fashion he had never before used,—his face pale and lean, carrying in his hands a red cross, casting his eyes often towards heaven." He had been unpopular as a judge, and one or two persons in the crowd were insolent to him ; but the distance was short and soon over, as all else was nearly over now.

The scaffold had been awkwardly erected, and shook as he placed his foot upon the ladder. "See me safe up," he said to Kingston ; "for my coming down I can shift for myself." He began to speak to the people, but the Sheriff begged him not to proceed, and he contented himself with asking for their prayers, and desiring them to bear witness for him that he died in the faith of the holy Catholic Church, and a faithful servant of God and the king. He then repeated the *Miserere* psalm¹ on his knees ; and when he had ended, and had risen, the executioner, with an emotion which promised ill for the manner in which his part in the tragedy would be accomplished, begged his forgiveness. More kissed him ; "Thou art to do me the greatest benefit that I can receive," he said ; "pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thine office. My neck is very short ; take heed, therefore, that thou strike not awry, for saving of thine honesty." The executioner offered to tie his eyes : "I will cover them myself," he said ; and binding them in a cloth which he had brought with him, he knelt and laid his head upon the block. The fatal stroke was about to fall, when he signed for a moment's delay while he moved aside his beard. "Pity that should be cut," he murmured, "that has not committed treason." With which strange words,—the strangest, perhaps, ever uttered at such a time,—the lips most famous through Europe for eloquence and wisdom closed for ever.

"So," concludes his biographer, "with alacrity and spiritual joy he received the fatal axe, which no sooner had severed the head from the body, but his soul was carried by angels into everlasting glory, where a crown of martyrdom was placed upon him which can never fade nor decay ; and then he found those words true which he had often spoken, that a man may lose his head and have no harm."

This was the execution of Sir Thomas More, an act which sounded out into the far corners of the earth, and was the world's wonder, as well for the circumstances under which it was perpetrated, as for the preternatural composure with which it was borne. Something of his calmness may have been due to his natural temperament, something to an unaffected weariness of a world which in his eyes was plunging into the ruin of the latter days. But those fair hues of sunny cheerfulness caught their colour from the simplicity of his faith ; and never was there a grander Christian victory over death than in that last scene lighted with its lambent humour.

¹ Psalm II.

XXIV. DR. GUTHRIE.

DR THOMAS GUTHRIE is well known as the most eloquent among the preachers of the Free Church, and as the able advocate of "Ragged Schools," and every other philanthropic measure for advancing the moral and social welfare of the lower classes of the community. He is a native of Forfarshire, where he was born in 1800, and has been for nearly twenty years a clergyman in Edinburgh. Within the last few years he has published "A Plea for Ragged Schools," a volume of "Sermons on some Passages in Ezekiel," another on part of Colossians, and a series of four Sermons on "The City, its Sins and Sorrows." His works have been more extensively popular than those of any contemporary theological writer; and the eloquence, pathos, lively fancy, brilliant imagination, and, above all, the strong and never-failing sympathy for sorrow and distress which they everywhere exhibit, have irresistibly gained the esteem of thousands of readers.

1. GRADUAL DEGRADATION OF TOWNS.—("THE CITY: ITS SINS AND SORROWS.")

There is a remarkable phenomenon to be seen on certain parts of our coast. Strange to say, it proves, notwithstanding such expressions as the stable and solid land, that it is not the land, but the sea, which is the stable element. On some summer day, when there is not a wave to rock her, nor breath of wind to fill her sail or fan a cheek, you launch your boat upon the waters, and, pulling out beyond lowest tide-mark, you idly lie upon her bows to catch the silvery glance of a passing fish, or watch the movements of the many curious creatures that travel the sea's sandy bed, or creeping out of their rocky homes, wander its tangled mazes. If the traveller is surprised to find a deep-sea shell embedded in the marbles of a mountain peak, how great is your surprise to see beneath you a vegetation foreign to the deep! Below your boat, submerged many feet beneath the surface of the lowest tide, away down in these green crystal depths, you see no rusting anchor, no mouldering remains of some shipwrecked one, but, in the standing stumps of trees, the mouldering vestiges of a forest, where once the wild cat prowled, and the birds of heaven, singing their loves, had nestled and nursed their young. In counterpart to those portions of our coast where sea-hollowed caves, with sides the waves have polished, and floors still strewn with shells and sand, now stand high above the level of the strongest stream-tides, there stand these dead decaying trees—entombed in the deep. A strange phenomenon, which admits of no other explanation than this, that there the coast-line has sunk beneath its ancient level.

Many of our cities present a phenomenon as melancholy to the eye of a philanthropist, as the other is interesting to a philosopher or geologist. In their economical, educational, moral, and religious

aspects, certain parts of this city bear palpable evidence of a corresponding subsidence. Not a single house, nor a block of houses, but whole streets, once from end to end the houses of decency, and industry, and wealth, and rank, and piety, have been engulfed. A flood of ignorance, and misery, and sin, now breaks and roars above the top of their highest tenements. Nor do the old stumps of a forest, still standing up erect beneath the sea-wave, indicate a greater change, a deeper subsidence, than the relics of ancient grandeur and the touching memorials of piety which yet linger about these wretched dwellings, like evening twilight on the hills—like some traces of beauty on a corpse. The unfurnished floor, the begrimed and naked walls, the stifling, sickening atmosphere, the patched and dusty window through which a sunbeam, like hope, is faintly stealing, the ragged, hunger-bitten, and sad-faced children, the ruffian man, the heap of straw where some wretched mother, in muttering dreams, sleeps off last night's debauch, or lies unshrouded and unconfined in the ghastliness of a hopeless death, are sad scenes. We have often looked on them. And they appear all the sadder for the restless play of fancy. Excited by some vestiges of a fresco-painting that still looks out from the foul and broken plaster, the massive marble rising over the cold and cracked hearth-stone, an elaborately carved cornice too high for shivering cold to pull it down for fuel, some stucco flowers or fruit yet pendent on the crumbling ceiling; fancy, kindled by these, calls up the gay scenes and actors of other days—when beauty, elegance, and fashion graced these lonely halls, and plenty smoked on groaning tables, and where these few cinders, gathered from the city dust-heap, are feebly smouldering, hospitable fires roared up the chimney. But there is that in and about these houses which bear witness of a deeper subsidence, a yet sadder change. Bent on some mission of mercy, you stand at the foot of a dark and filthy stair. It conducts you to the crowded rooms of a tenement, where, with the exception of some old decent widow who has seen better days, and when her family are all dead, and her friends are all gone, still clings to God and her faith in the dark hour of adversity and amid the wreck of fortune—from the cellar-dens below to the cold garrets beneath the roof-tree, you shall find none either reading their Bible, or even with a Bible to read. Alas! of prayer, of morning or evening psalms, of earthly or heavenly peace, it may be said, the place that once knew them knows them no more. But before you enter the doorway, raise your eyes to the lintel-stone. Dumb, it yet speaks of other and better times. Carved in Greek or Latin, or our own mother-tongue, you decipher such texts as these: "Peace be to this house!" "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." "We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "Fear God;" or this, "Love your neighbour." Like the mouldering remnants of a forest that once resounded with the melody of birds, but hears nought now save the angry dash or melancholy moan of breaking waves, these vestiges of piety furnish

a gauge which enables us to measure how low in these dark localities the whole stratum of society has sunk.

2. JUVENILE IGNORANCE AND MISERY.

People who find it difficult enough, with all the appliances of a good education and religious training, to keep their children in the paths of honesty and rectitude, wonder that there is so much crime. If they saw what some of us have seen, and knew what some of us have known, they would still wonder, but wonder there was so little crime. To expect from those who have been reared in the darkest ignorance, and in a very hot-bed of temptations, anything else but crime, is sheer folly. A man might as well wonder that he does not see wheat or barley growing in our streets—where plough never goes, and where no seed is sown. What can a farmer expect to find in a field left fallow, abandoned to wild nature, to the floating thistle-down, and every seed furnished with wings to fly, but evidence of his own neglect, in a rank vile crop of weeds?

Look at the case of a boy whom I saw lately. He was but twelve years of age, and had been seven times in jail. The term of his imprisonment had run out, and so he had doffed the prison garb and resumed his own. It was the depth of winter; and having neither shoes nor stockings, his red, naked feet, were upon the frozen ground. Had you seen him shivering in his scanty dress—the misery pictured on an otherwise comely face—the tears that went dropping over his cheeks as the child told his pitiful story—you would have forgotten that he had been a thief, and only seen before you an unhappy creature more worthy of a kind word, a loving look, a helping hand, than the guardianship of a turnkey and the dreary solitude of a jail. His mother was in the grave. His father had married another woman. They both were drunkards. Their den, which is in the High Street—I know the place—contained one bed, reserved for the father, his wife, and her child. No couch was kindly spread for this poor child and his brother, a mother's son, then also immured in the jail. When they were fortunate enough to be allowed to lie at home, their only bed was the hard bare floor. I say fortunate enough, because on many a winter night their own father hounded them out. Ruffian that he was, he drove his infants weeping from the door, to break their young hearts and bewail their cruel lot in the corner of some filthy stair, and sleep away the cold dark hours as best they could, crouching together for warmth, like two houseless dogs. A friend listened with me to that too true tale, and when he saw the woe, the utter woe in that child's face, the trembling of his lip, the great big tears that came rolling from his eyes, and fell on one's heart like red-hot drops of iron, no wonder that he declared, with indignation flashing in his eyes, "They have not a chance, sir; they have not a chance." In circumstances as hopeless, how many are there in every large city of the kingdom!

XXV. AUSTIN LAYARD.

AUSTIN LAYARD, the most famous traveller of our day, was born in Paris in 1817. His grandfather had been Dean of Bristol, and his father held an important office in Ceylon. Part of his youth was spent in Florence, where he acquired the Italian language, a taste for antiquities, and considerable skill as an artist. On his return to England, it was intended that he should study for the law; but after a brief trial of the profession, his love of adventure prevailed, and he set out on a continental tour, in which he visited Russia, and several of the northern kingdoms, Germany, and Turkey. From Turkey he passed into Asia, and in the course of a lengthened sojourn in Arabia and Asiatic Turkey, he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the languages, customs, and objects of interest of these countries. Of these early travels several memoirs were written and communicated to the Royal Geographical Society. In 1842, while passing through Mosul on his way to Constantinople, he heard of the excavations of the French Consul, M. Botta, on the site of the ancient Nineveh, and this first excited his interest in the subject with which his name is now indissolubly connected. In 1845, by the assistance of the British ambassador, Sir Stratford Canning, he was enabled to commence operations at Nimroud. The amazing discoveries which were made, so full of interest to the antiquarian and the student of sacred history, have been narrated by him in his "Nineveh and its Remains," which was published in London in 1849, in two volumes; and a subsequent volume contains an account of the discoveries made since that date. No discovery of equal importance has been made by any modern traveller; and his works, without any pretensions to the graces of style, are among the most interesting which this age has produced.

I. DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT LIONS AT NIMROUD.

In the morning I rode to the encampment of Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman, and was returning to the mound, when I saw two Arabs of his tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching me they stopped. "Hasten, O Bey," exclaimed one of them, "hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true! we have seen him with our eyes. There is no God but God!" and both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

On reaching the ruins I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen—who had already seen me as I approached—standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. Whilst Awad¹ advanced and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country

¹ Chief of a small Arab tribe, and the host of Mr Layard.

They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsabad and Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm, yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and, unlike that of the human-headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded and without ornament at the top.

I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of the imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country as appearing to mortals slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket and run off towards Mosul as fast as his legs could carry him. I learned this with regret, as I anticipated the consequences.

Whilst I was superintending the removal of the earth, which still clung to the sculpture, and giving directions for the continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen was heard, and presently Abd-urrahman, followed by half his tribe, appeared on the edge of the trench. As soon as the two Arabs had reached the tents, and published the wonders they had seen, every one mounted his mare and rode to the mound, to satisfy himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head, they all cried together, "There is no God but God, and Mahommed is His prophet!" It was some time before the Sheikh could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit, and convince himself that the image he saw was of stone. "This is not the work of men's hands," exclaimed he, "but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet (peace be with him!) has said that they were higher than the tallest date-tree; this is one of the idols which Noah (peace be with him!) cursed before the flood." In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the bystanders concurred.

I ascertained by the end of March the existence of a second pair of winged human-headed lions, differing from those previously discovered in form, the human shape being continued to the waist, and furnished with arms. In one hand each figure carried a goat or stag, and in the other, which hung down by the side, a branch with three flowers. They formed a northern entrance into the chamber of which the lions previously described were the southern portal. I completely uncovered the latter, and found them to be entire. They were about twelve feet in height, and the same number in length. The body and limbs were admirably portrayed; the muscles and bones, although strongly developed to display the strength of the animal, showed at the same time a correct knowledge of its anatomy and form. Expanded wings sprung from the shoulder and spread

over the back ; a knotted girdle, ending in tassels, encircled the loins. These sculptures, forming an entrance, were partly in full and partly in relief. The head and fore-part, facing the chamber, were in full ; but only one side of the rest of the slab was sculptured, the back being placed against the wall of sun-dried bricks. That the spectator might have both a perfect front and side view of the figures, they were furnished with five legs ; two were carved on the end of the slab to face the chamber, and three on the side. The relief of the body and three limbs was high and bold, and the slab was covered, in all parts not occupied by the image, with inscriptions in the cuneiform character. These magnificent specimens of Assyrian art were in perfect preservation ; the most minute lines in the details of the wings and in the ornaments had been retained with their original freshness. Not a character was wanting in the inscriptions.

I used to contemplate for hours these mysterious emblems, and muse over their intent and history. What more noble forms could have ushered the people into the temple of their gods ? What more sublime images could have been borrowed from nature by men who sought, unaided by the light of revealed religion, to embody their conception of the wisdom, power, and ubiquity of a Supreme Being ? They could find no better type of intellect and knowledge than the head of the man ; of strength, than the body of the lion ; of rapidity of motion, than the wings of the bird. These winged human-headed lions were not idle creations, the offspring of mere fancy ; their meaning was written upon them. They had awed and instructed races which flourished three thousand years ago. Through the portals which they guarded, kings, priests, and warriors had borne sacrifices to their altars, long before the wisdom of the East had penetrated to Greece, and had furnished its mythology with symbols long recognised by the Assyrian votaries. They may have been buried, and their existence may have been unknown, before the foundation of the eternal city. For twenty-five centuries they had been hidden from the eye of man, and now they stood forth once more in their ancient majesty. But how changed was the scene around them ! The luxury and civilization of a mighty nation had given place to the wretchedness and ignorance of a few half-barbarous tribes. The wealth of temples, and the riches of great cities, had been succeeded by ruins and shapeless heaps of earth. Above the spacious hall in which they stood, the plough had passed and the corn now waved. Egypt has monuments no less ancient and no less wonderful ; but they have stood forth for ages to testify her early power and renown ; whilst those before me had but now appeared to bear witness, in the words of the prophet, that once "the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon, with fair branches and with a shadowing shroud of an high stature ; and his top was among the thick boughs . . . his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied ; and his branches became long, because of the multitude of waters when

he shot forth. All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations;" for now is "Nineveh a desolation and dry like a wilderness, and flocks lie down in the midst of her: all the beasts of the nations, both the cormorant and bittern, lodge in the upper lintels of it; their voice sings in the windows; and desolation is in the thresholds."¹

2. LOWERING AND REMOVING THE GREAT BULL.—("NINEVEH,"
CHAP. XIII.)

The men being ready, and all my preparations complete, I stationed myself on the top of the high bank of earth over the second hill, and ordered the wedges to be struck out from under the sculpture to be moved. Still, however, it remained firmly in its place. A rope having been passed round it, six or seven men easily tilted it over. The thick, ill-made cable, stretched with the strain, and almost buried itself in the earth round which it was coiled. The ropes held well. The mass descended gradually, the Chaldeans propping it up firmly with the beams. It was a moment of great anxiety. The drums and shrill pipes of the Kurdish musicians increased the din and confusion caused by the war-cry of the Arabs, who were half frantic with excitement. They had thrown off nearly all their garments; their long hair floated in the wind; and they indulged in the wildest postures and gesticulations as they clung to the ropes. The women had congregated on the sides of the trenches, and by their incessant screams, and by the ear-piercing *tablehl*, added to the enthusiasm of the men. The bull once in motion, it was no longer possible to obtain a hearing. The loudest cries I could produce were buried in the heap of discordant sounds. Neither the hippopotamus-hide whips of the cawasses, nor the bricks and clods of earth with which I endeavoured to draw attention from some of the most noisy of the group, were of any avail. Away went the bull, steady enough as long as supported by the props behind; but as it came nearer to the rollers, the beams could no longer be used. The cable and ropes stretched more and more. Dry from the climate, as they felt the strain, they creaked and threw out dust. Water was thrown over them, but in vain, for they all broke together when the sculpture was within four or five feet of the rollers. The bull was precipitated to the ground. Those who held the ropes, thus suddenly released, followed its example, and were rolling one over the other, in the dust. A sudden silence succeeded to the clamour. I rushed into the trenches, prepared to find the bull in many pieces. It would be difficult to describe my satisfaction, when I saw it lying precisely where I had wished to place it, and uninjured! The Arabs no sooner got on their legs

¹ Ezekiel xxxi. 3, &c.; Zephaniah ii. 13 and 14.

again, than seeing the result of the accident, they darted out of the trenches, and seizing by the hands the women who were looking on, formed a large circle, and yelling their war-cry with redoubled energy, commenced a most mad dance. The musicians exerted themselves to the utmost; but their music was drowned by the cries of the dancers. It would have been useless to endeavour to put any check upon these proceedings. I preferred allowing the men to wear themselves out, a result which, considering the amount of exertion and energy displayed both by limbs and throat, was not long in taking place.

The night was, of course, looked upon as one of rejoicing. Abdur-rahman and his brother dined with me; although, had it not been for the honour and distinction conferred by the privilege of using knives and forks, they would rather have exercised their fingers with the crowds gathered round the wooden platters in the court-yard. Sheep were of course killed, and boiled or roasted whole;—they formed the essence of all entertainments and public festivities. They had scarcely been devoured before dancing was commenced. There were fortunately relays of musicians; for no human lungs could have furnished the requisite amount of breath. When some were nearly falling from exhaustion, the ranks were recruited by others. And so the Arabs went on until dawn. It was useless to preach moderation, or to entreat for quiet. Advice and remonstrances were received with deafening shouts of the war-cry and outrageous antics, as proofs of gratitude for the entertainment, and of ability to resist fatigue.

After passing the night in this fashion, these extraordinary beings, still singing and capering, started for the mound. Everything had been prepared on the previous day for moving the bull, and the men had now only to haul on the ropes. As the sculpture advanced, the rollers left behind were removed to the front; and thus, in a short time, it reached the end of the trench. There was little difficulty in dragging it down the precipitous side of the mound. When it arrived within three or four feet of the bottom, sufficient earth was removed from beneath it to admit the cart, upon which the bull was then lowered by further digging away the soil. It was soon ready to be dragged to the river. Buffaloes were first harnessed to the yoke; but, although the men pulled with ropes fastened to the rings attached to the wheels and to other parts of the cart, the animals, feeling the weight behind them, refused to move. We were compelled, therefore, to take them out; and the Tajari, in parties of eight, lifted by turns the pole, whilst the Arabs, assisted by the people of Naifa and Nimroud, dragged the cart. The procession was thus formed :—I rode first, with the Bairakdar, to point out the road. Then came the musicians, with their drums and fifes, drumming and fifing with might and main. The cart followed, dragged by about three hundred men, all screeching at the top of their voices, and urged on by the cawasses and superintendents. The procession was closed by the women, who

kept up the enthusiasm of the Arabs by their shrill cries. Abd-urrahman's horsemen performed divers feats round the group, dashing backwards and forwards, and charging with their spears.

We advanced well enough, although the ground was very heavy, until we reached the ruins of the former village of Nimroud. It is the custom, in this part of Turkey, for the villagers to dig deep pits to store their corn, barley, and straw for the autumn and winter. These pits generally surround the villages. Being only covered with a light framework of boughs and stakes, plastered over with mud, they become, particularly when half empty, a snare and a trap to the horsemen, who, unless guided by some one acquainted with the localities, is pretty certain to find the hind legs of his horse on a level with its ears, and himself suddenly sprawling in front. The corn-pits around Nimroud had long since been emptied of their supplies, and had been concealed by the light sand and dust, which, blown over the plain during summer, soon fill up every hole and crevice. Although I had carefully examined the ground before starting, one of these holes had escaped my notice, and into it two wheels of the cart completely sank. The Arabs pulled and yelled in vain. The ropes broke; but the wheels refused to move. We tried every means to release them, but unsuccessfully. After working until dusk, we were obliged to give up the attempt. Next morning we succeeded in clearing away the earth, and in placing thick planks beneath the buried wheels. After a few efforts, the cart moved forwards, amidst the shouts of the Arabs, who, as was invariably their custom on such occasions, indulged, whilst pulling at the ropes, in the most outrageous antics. The procession was formed as on the previous day, and we dragged the bull triumphantly down to within a few hundred yards of the river. Here the wheels buried themselves in the sand, and it was night before we contrived, with the aid of planks, and by increased exertions, to place the sculpture on the platform prepared to receive it, and from which it was to slide down on the raft.

XXVI. JOHN RUSKIN.

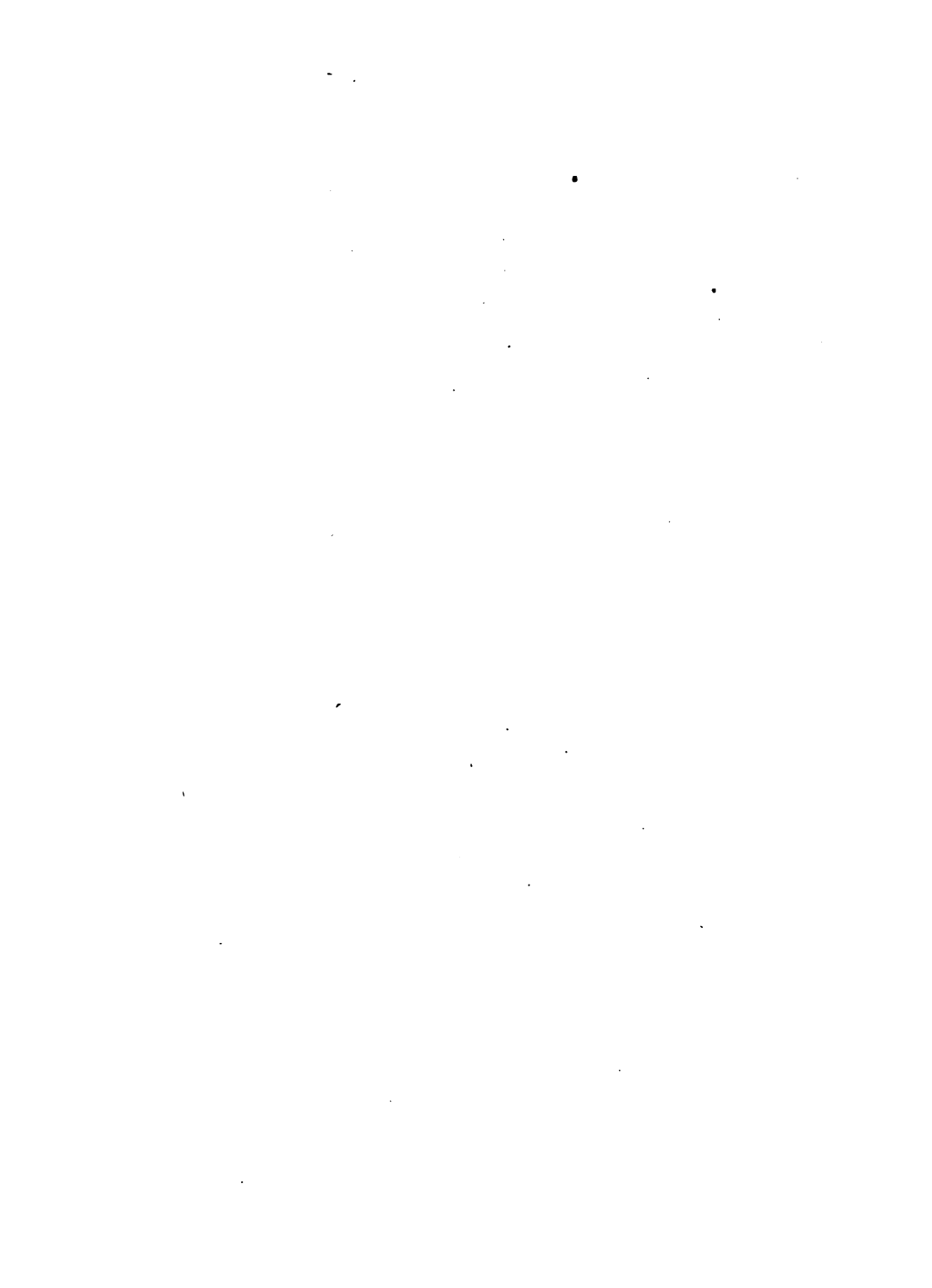
Few writers of the present day have exhibited a more thorough command of all the resources of the English language than the great art-critic Ruskin. Some ten years ago he published the first volume of his "Modern Painters, by an Oxford Graduate," and the courage with which he attacked the recognized principles of artistic criticism was not more remarkable than the lofty and copious eloquence with which the subject was treated. Other volumes of the work appeared subsequently; and in addition to numerous smaller works, Mr Ruskin has also produced another large work, "The Stones of Venice."

APPEARANCE OF THE SKY.

It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about
 ~ sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more

for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered if, once in three days or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well-watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with, perhaps, a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing, scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain that it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them: he injures them by his presence; he ceases to feel them if he be always with them. But the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright nor good for human nature's daily food;" it is fitted, in all its functions, for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart; for the soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful; never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost Divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it; we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration. If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits, until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds, when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it, like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted or unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even

for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake nor in the fire, but in the still small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty; the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual; that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting, and never repeated; which are to be found always, yet each found but once. It is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught and the blessing of beauty given.



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